JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES of LIFE & CHARACTER

from the Collection of "MR PUNCH"

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LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.
1887.

LONDON :

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

78/7000

PUNCH'S PICTURES

OF

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

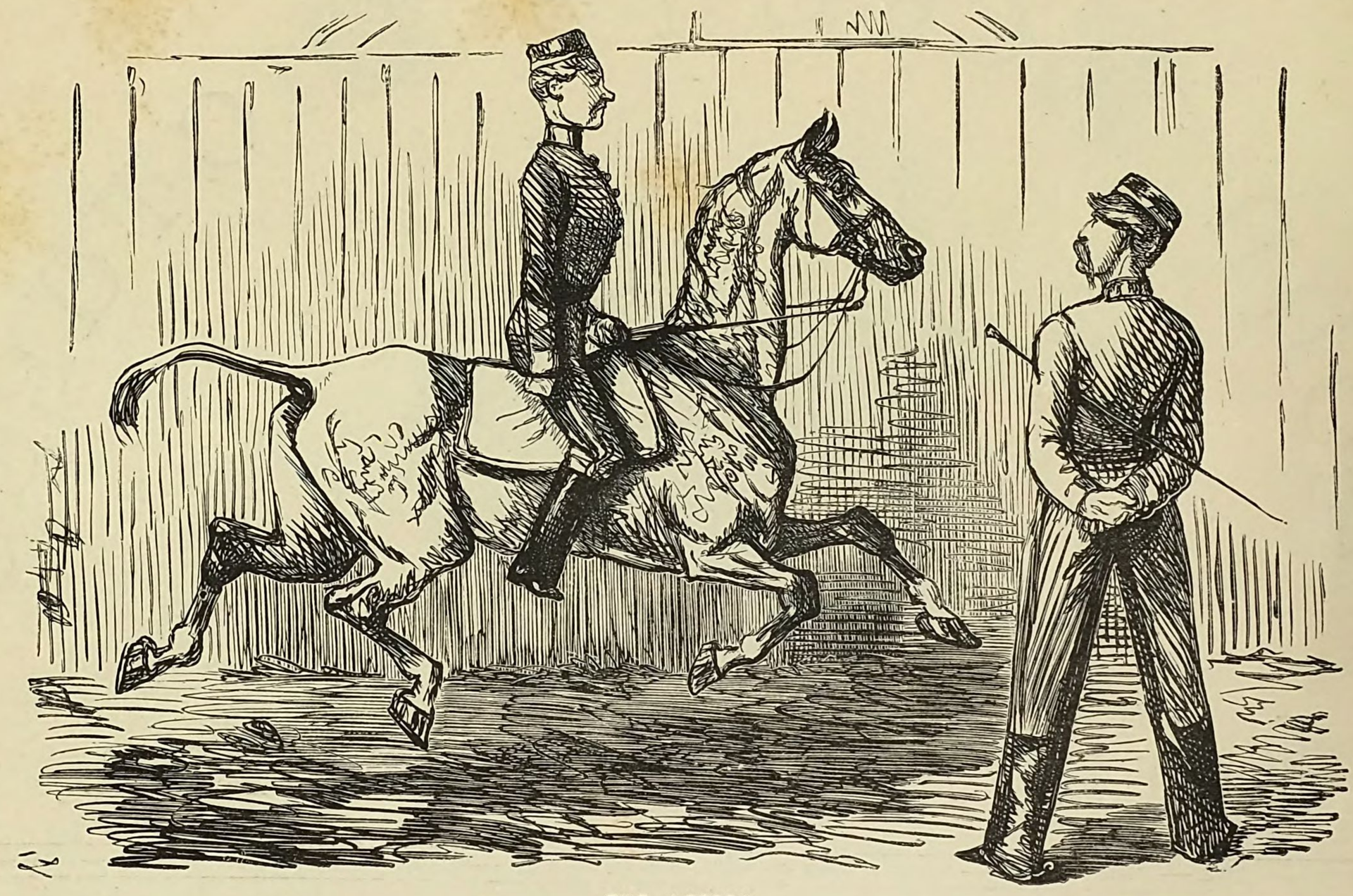
HISTORY.—THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

Emily (reads). "IN THE SUMMER THEY WERE NAKED, AND INSTEAD OF CLOTHES THEY PUT PAINT UPON THEIR BODIES. THEY WERE FOND OF A FINE BLUE COLOUR, WHICH THEY MADE OF A PLANT CALLED WOAD, WHICH THEY FOUND IN THEIR WOODS. THEY SQUEEZED OUT THE JUICE OF THE WOAD, AND THEN STAINED THEMSELVES ALL OVER WITH IT, SO THAT IN SUMMER THEY LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE DRESSED IN TIGHT BLUE CLOTHES." *Arthur.* "AND DID THEY WALK IN THE PARK AND GO TO CHURCH SO?"

A REAL TREASURE.

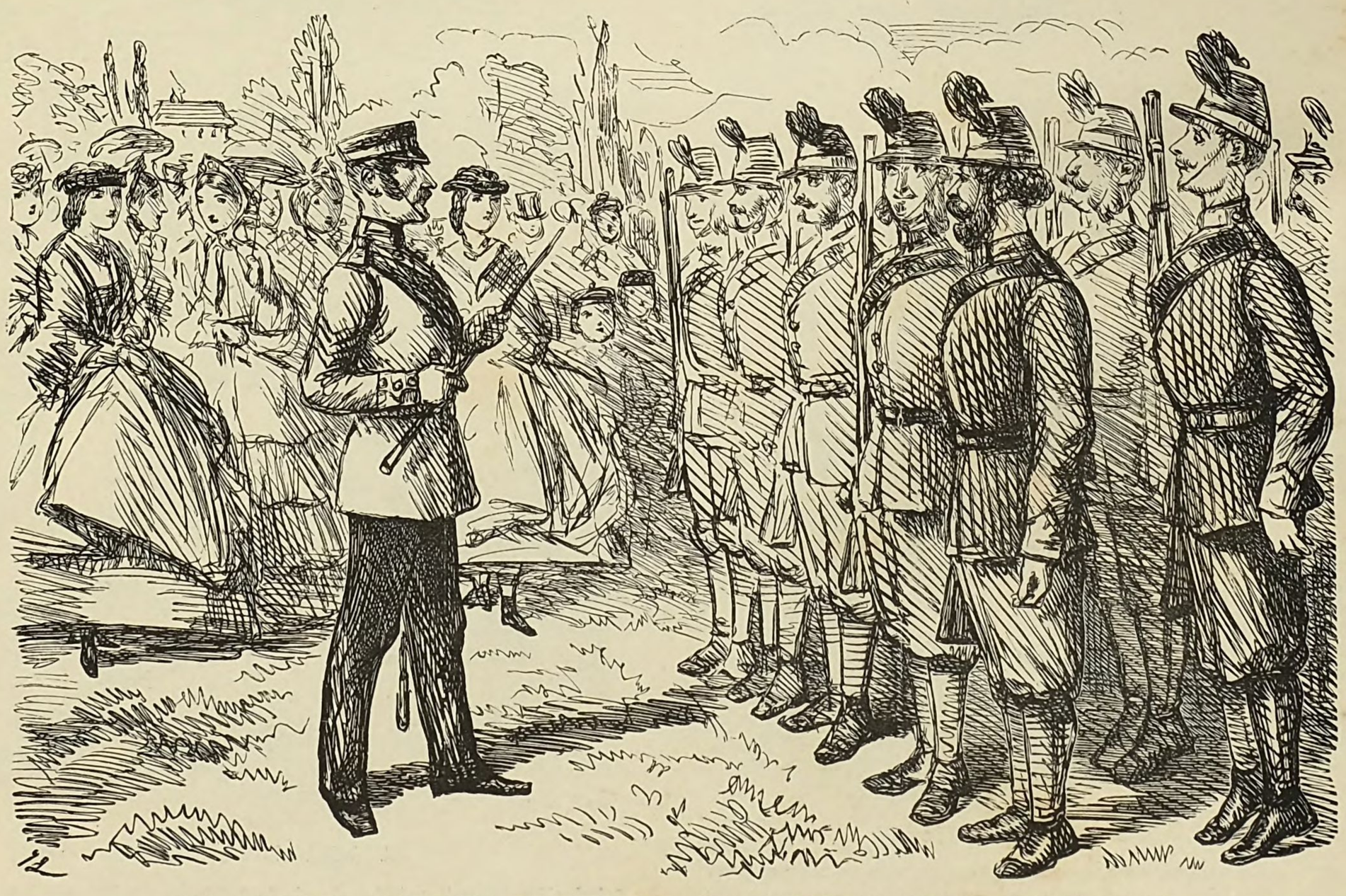
Paterfamilias (suddenly arrived in Town). "GOOD GRACIOUS, MRS. WILKINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU FORWARD THESE LETTERS? THEY ARE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE."

Mrs. Wilkins (the Treasure). "LOR, SIR! I SHOULD NEVER THINK O' FORWARDING SICH THINGS AS THEM. WHY, I SEE THEY WAS ONLY BUSINESS LETTERS FROM THE HORFICE, OR SOMETHINK O' THAT!"



THE LESSON.

Disgusted Instructor of Plungers. "THERE YOU GO AGAIN! STICKING OUT YOUR TOES LIKE A *HINFANTRY HADJUTANT!*"



THE DARLINGS COME OUT TO SEE THE 38TH OTHERSEX VOLUNTEERS DRILLED.

Sergeant (appealingly). "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, ONCE MORE. EYES FRONT!—AND PRAY, GENTLEMEN—PRAY DON'T *STARE ABOUT YOU AS IF YOU WERE IN CHURCH!*"

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by Papa). "ARE YOU CUR NEW NURSE?"

Nurse. "YES, DEAR!"

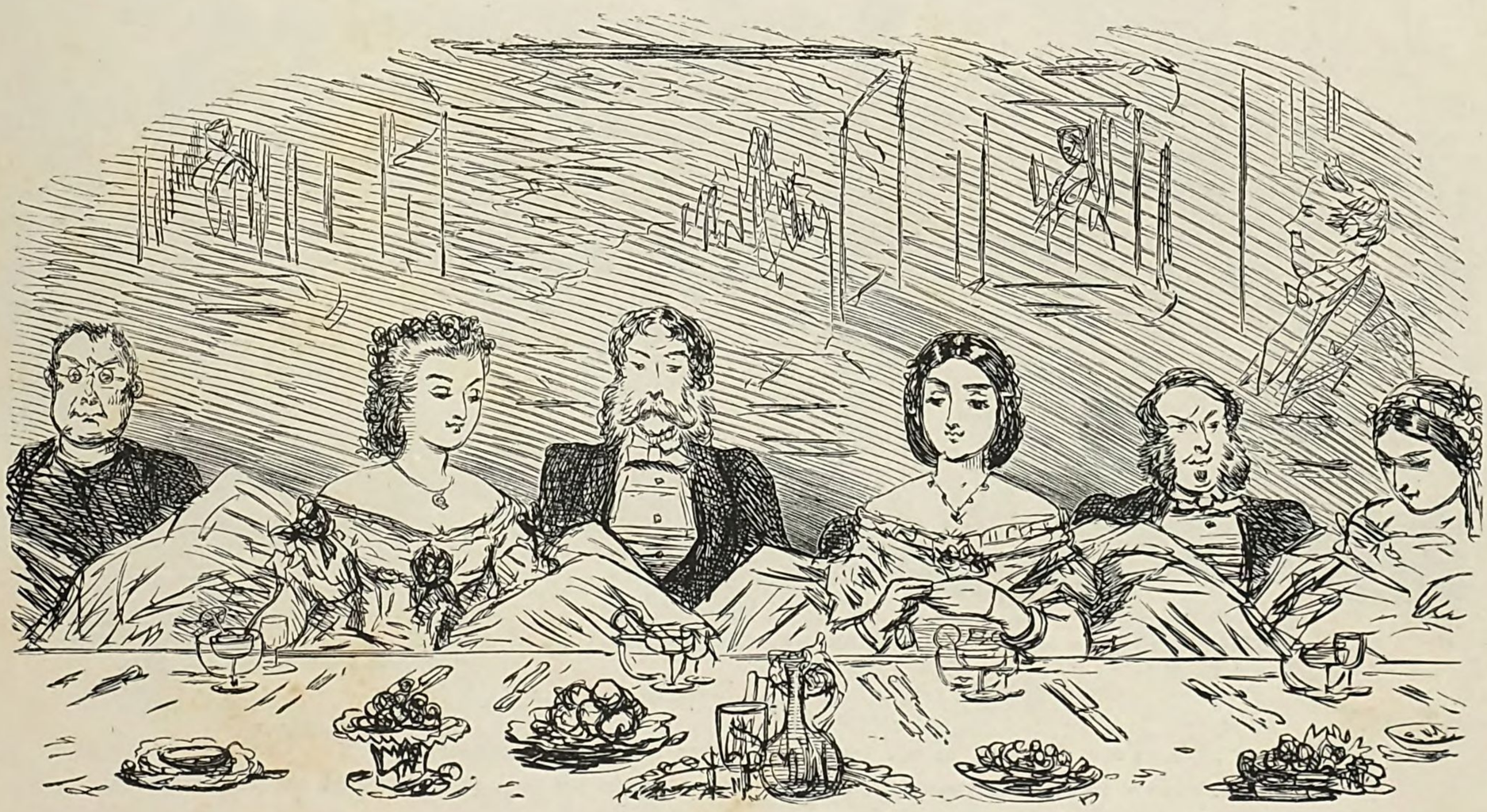
Child. "WELL, THEN, I'M ONE OF THOSE BOYS WHO CAN ONLY BE MANAGED WITH KINDNESS—SO YOU HAD BETTER GET SOME SPONGE-CAKES AND ORANGES AT ONCE!"

A POSER.

Precocious Pupil. "PLEASE, MISS JONES, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SUBURBS?"

Governess (who is extensively Crinolined). "THE OUTSKIRTS OF A PLACE, MY DEAR."

Pupil (seizing Miss J. by the dress). "THEN, MISS JONES, ARE THESE *YOUR* SUBURBS?"



DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

EMPHATIC.

Boy (to Nurse). "WHAT DID YOU SAY 'MADE HER ILL'?"

Nurse. "'ARK AT YOU, HALFRED! I DIDN'T SAY, 'MADE 'ER HILL'; I SAID, 'SHE LIVED AT MAIDA 'ILL!!"

CRUEL.

Young Swell (loq.). "I SAY, THOMPSON, DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER HAVE ANY WHISKERS?"

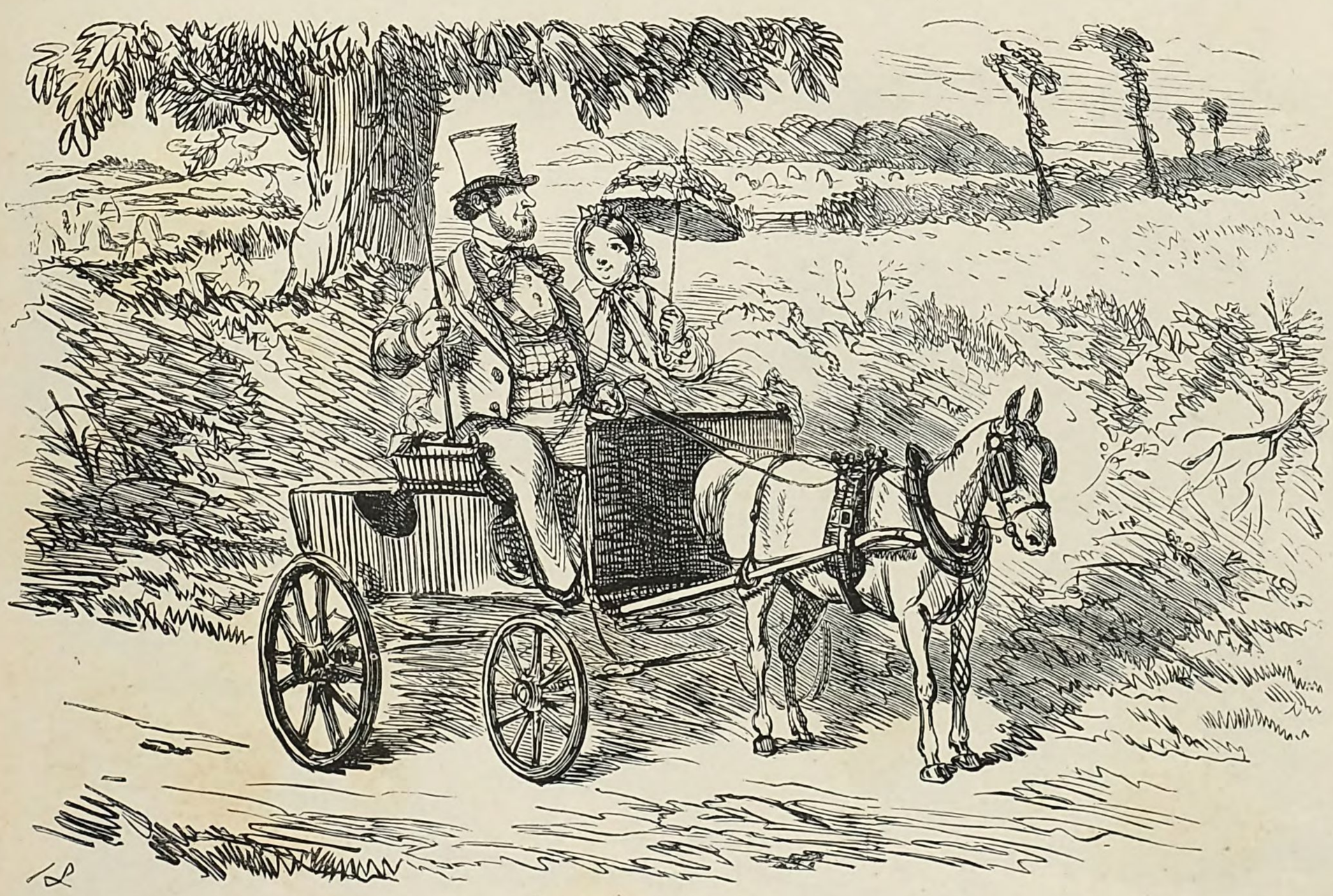
Thompson (after careful examination). "WELL, SIR, I REALLY DON'T THINK AS YOU EVER WILL—LEASTWAYS NOT TO SPEAK OF!"

Young Swell. "THAT'S RATHER HARD, FOR MY PAP—I MEAN GOVERNOR—HAS PLENTY!"

Thompson (facetiously). "YES, SIR,—BUT P'R'APS YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR *MA!*" [*Total collapse of Y. S.*

SEA-FISHING.

Boatman. "DON'T YER FEEL ANYTHINK YET, SIR? P'RAPS YOU'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER WORM."



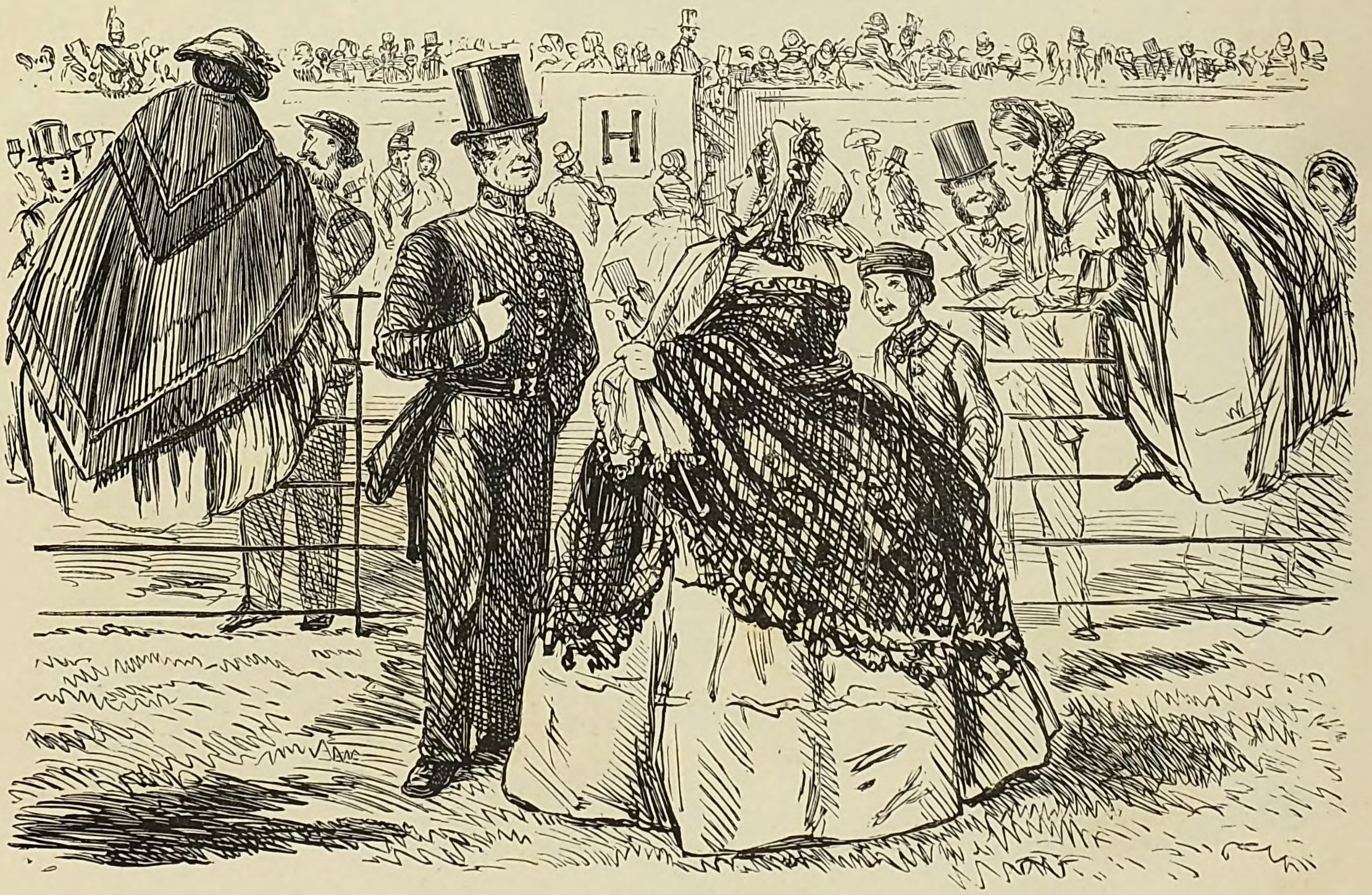
PROFESSIONAL.

Mrs. Tongs. "LOR, ADOLPHUS! HOW BEAUTIFUL THOSE BEANS SMELL!"

Adolphus (probably in the hair-cutting line). "THEY DO, INDEED, MY LOVE! THEY REMIND ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS 'AIR OIL!"

ONE NIGHT FROM HOME.

Wife (to Unreasonable Monster). "IT'S OF NO USE, GEORGE, YOUR SAYING, 'HANG IT, MARIA;' I MUST HAVE SOME PLACE TO PUT MY THINGS!"



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Policeman (who, we are bound to say, is extremely civil). "WHITE TICKET, MA'AM? LETTER H?—YES, MA'AM. QUITE RIGHT. OVER THE HURDLES, IF YOU PLEASE!"

A SKETCH IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Odious Juvenile. "OH, LOOK YE 'ERE, BILL, 'ERE'S A VOLUNTEER CORPSE FOR YER!"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

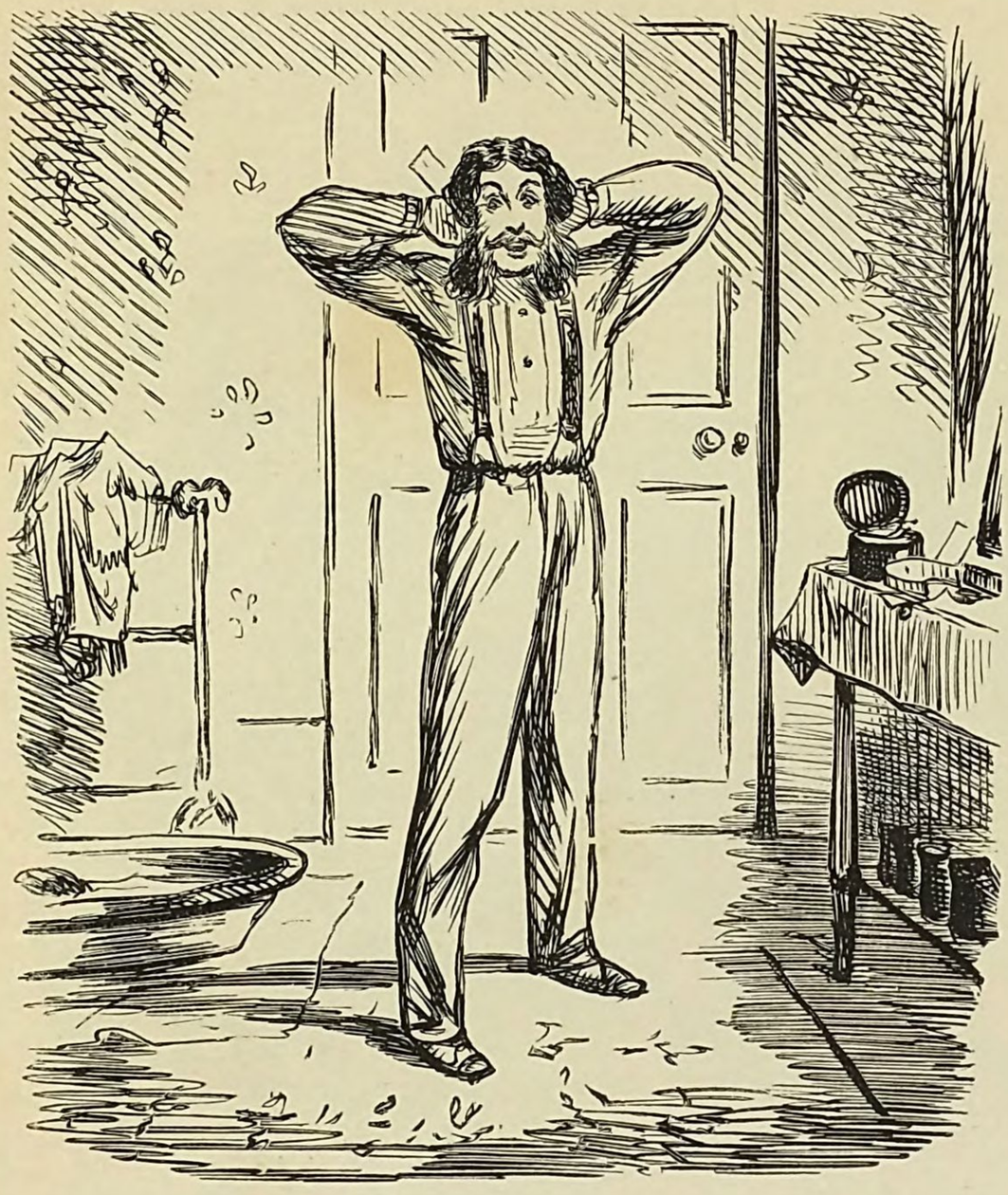
Irate Proctor. "SIR, I SENT YOU BACK TO YOUR COLLEGE ONLY FIVE MINUTES AGO, TO INVEST YOURSELF IN YOUR ACADEMICAL COSTUME!"

Fast Freshman (with affability). "YES! AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN! ISN'T IT ODD?"

A FACETIOUS INFERENCE.

Sarcastic Peeler. "GOING TO 'AVE A NEW 'ORSE, THEN, CABBY?" *Cabby.* "NEW 'OSS! 'OW DY'E MEAN?"

Sarcastic Peeler. "WHY, YOU'VE GOT THE FRAMEWORK TOGETHER ALREADY!"



UNEXPECTED BLISS.

Swell (dressing). "HURRAH!! BY JOVE, THERE'S A BUTTON AT THE BACK OF MY SHIRT!!!"

TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

First Boy. "ARE YOU IN A HURRY WITH THAT LETTER, BILL?"

Second Ditto. "YES. IT'S TO BE DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY, AND I'M TO WAIT."

First Boy. "WELL! WAIT HERE, AND HAVE A GAME AT PITCH AND TOSS, AND DELIVER IT IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS."

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER NUISANCE.

A SERIOUS DRAWBACK.

Hideous Old Lady of Fashion (with Plain Daughter). "CHARMING BALL AT SIR CHARLES'S LAST NIGHT! EVERYBODY THERE — GOOD ROOMS, NOT OVER-CROWDED—CAPITAL SUPPER! DEAREST BARBARA ENJOYED HERSELF PRODIGIOUSLY! I DON'T SEE, HOWEVER, HOW I CAN WELL AVOID ASKING *HIS* SISTER AND NIECE TO *MY* BALL, NEXT WEEK, HE IS SO FOND OF THEM; AND YET YOU KNOW THAT THEY ARE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT GO OUT NEARLY AS MUCH AS WE DO, AND ARE NOT AT ALL IN OUR POSITION IN SOCIETY!"

A TU QUOQUE.

Sunday-School Teacher. "OH, JOHNNY, I'M SHOCKED TO SEE YOU PLAYING WITH YOUR TOP. YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR TOYS AT HOME ON A SUNDAY!"

Johnny (quick, but impudent). "THEN WHY DO YOU COME OUT WITH YOUR HOOP?"

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

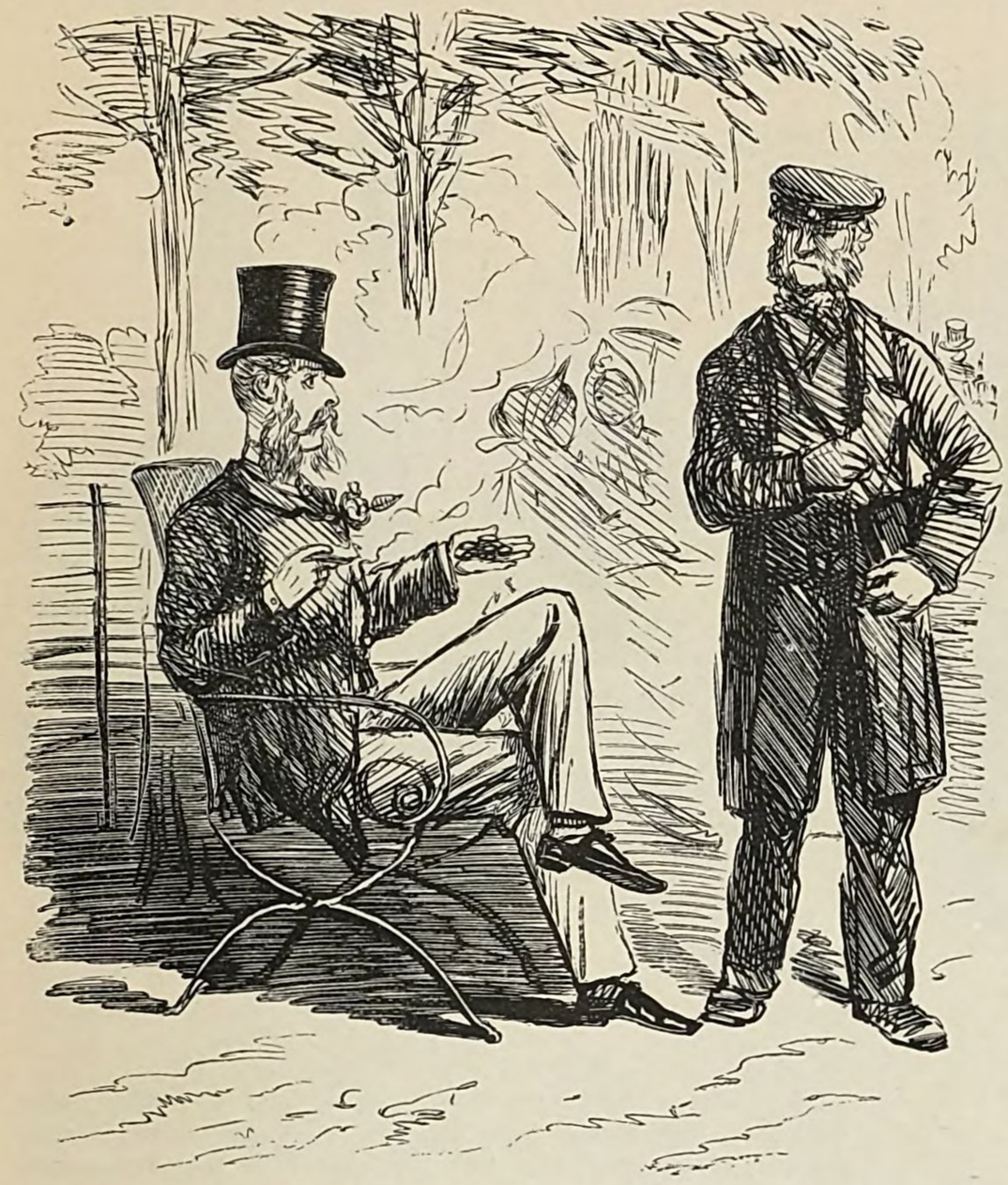
Clara. "WHAT DOES TOMMY THINK? WHY, TOMMY HAS JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!"

Tommy. "HAVE I, THOUGH? HOW JOLLY!—THERE'LL BE SOMEBODY NOW TO WEAR MY OLD CLOTHES!"

SERVANTGALISM.—No. XIII.

Lady. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF PERFECTLY COMPETENT TO HEAR THE CHILDREN THEIR LESSONS, SHOULD THEY STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL ANY DAY?"

Candidate for Situation. "HOH, YES, MEM! THE FAMILY I WERE WITH, SAID I HADN'T OUGHTER BE ANYTHINK BUT A NUSSERY GUVNESS!"



A FINANCIAL DIFFICULTY.

Swell (who has received Four Penn'orth of Coppers in Change). "HERE! BY JOVE, YOU KNOW LOOK HERE! HI! WHAT THE DEUCE!—I SAY—WHAT AM I TO DO WITH THESE HA'PENCE, YOU KNOW?"

BEWARE OF ARTILLERY WHISKERS!

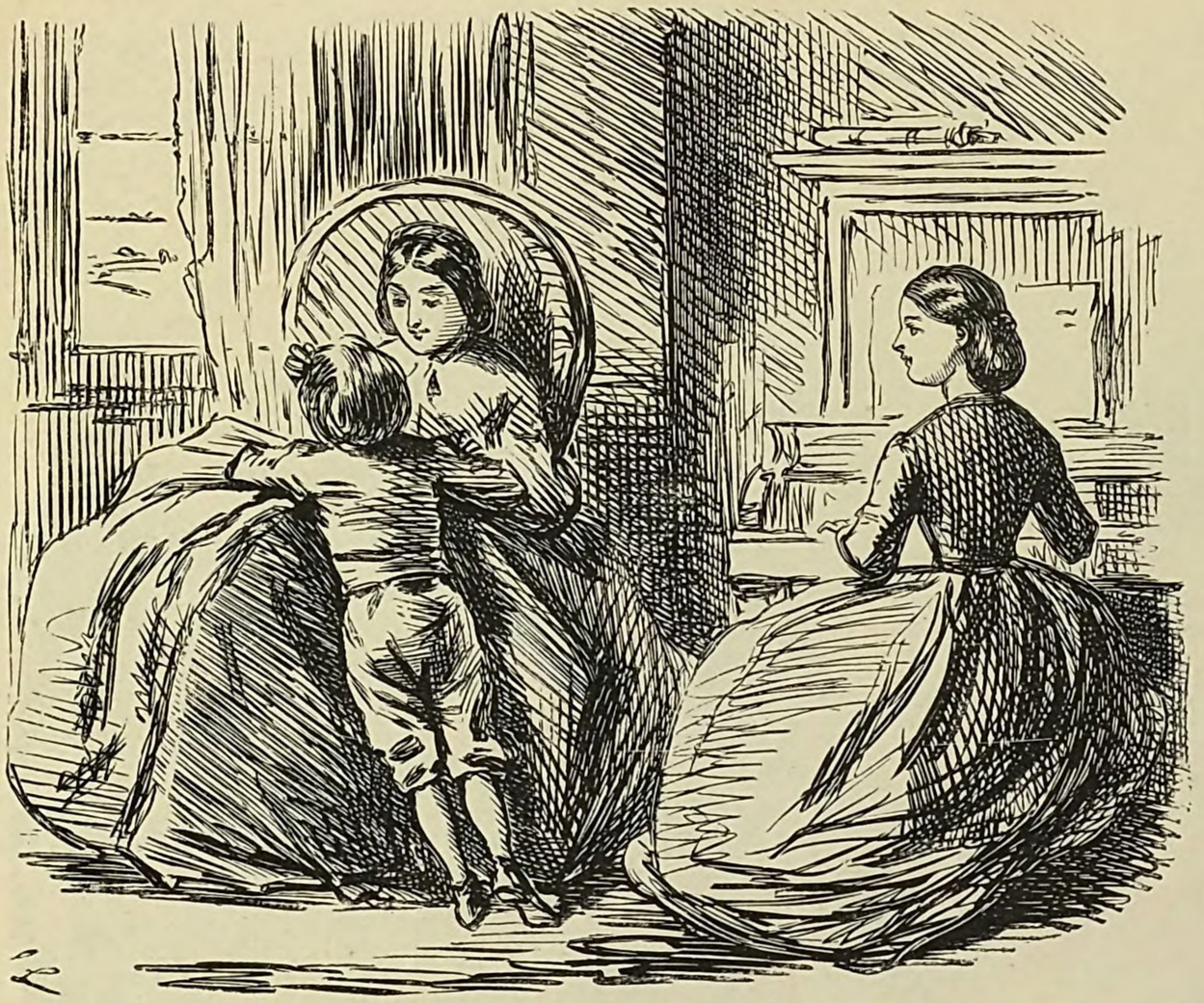
THIS IS THE CRITICAL POSITION OF LOUISA AND CAPTAIN CHARLEY BANG—HIS WHISKER CAUGHT IN HER EARRING, AND PAPA KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Small Cousin. "DO YOU KNOW, ALICE, IT JUST OCCURS TO ME THAT THE GUARD THINKS WE ARE A RUNAWAY COUPLE!"

IN SEARCH OF A VICTIM.

Alfred. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, UNCLE, WE WANT TO PLAY AT BEING WILLIAM TELL; WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO STAND WITH THE APPLE ON YOUR HEAD?"



A DIFFERENCE IN OPINION.

Boy. "ISN'T IT VERY NAUGHTY OF PAPA TO TELL STORIES?"

Mamma. "WELL, DEAR, IT WOULD BE—BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Boy. "WHY, PAPA SAYS, THAT TOFFEE IS NASTY TRASH—AND IT'S SO VERY DELICIOUS, YOU KNOW!"

SEVERE.

Old Lady. "AH THIN, BAD LUCK TO YE, GRIGORY! WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS? ONE WOULD THINK YE WAS IN A GINTLEMAN'S HOUSE, STANDIN' BEFORE THE FIRE WITH YER COAT-TAILS UP, AND LADIES PRESENT, TOO!"

LATE FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

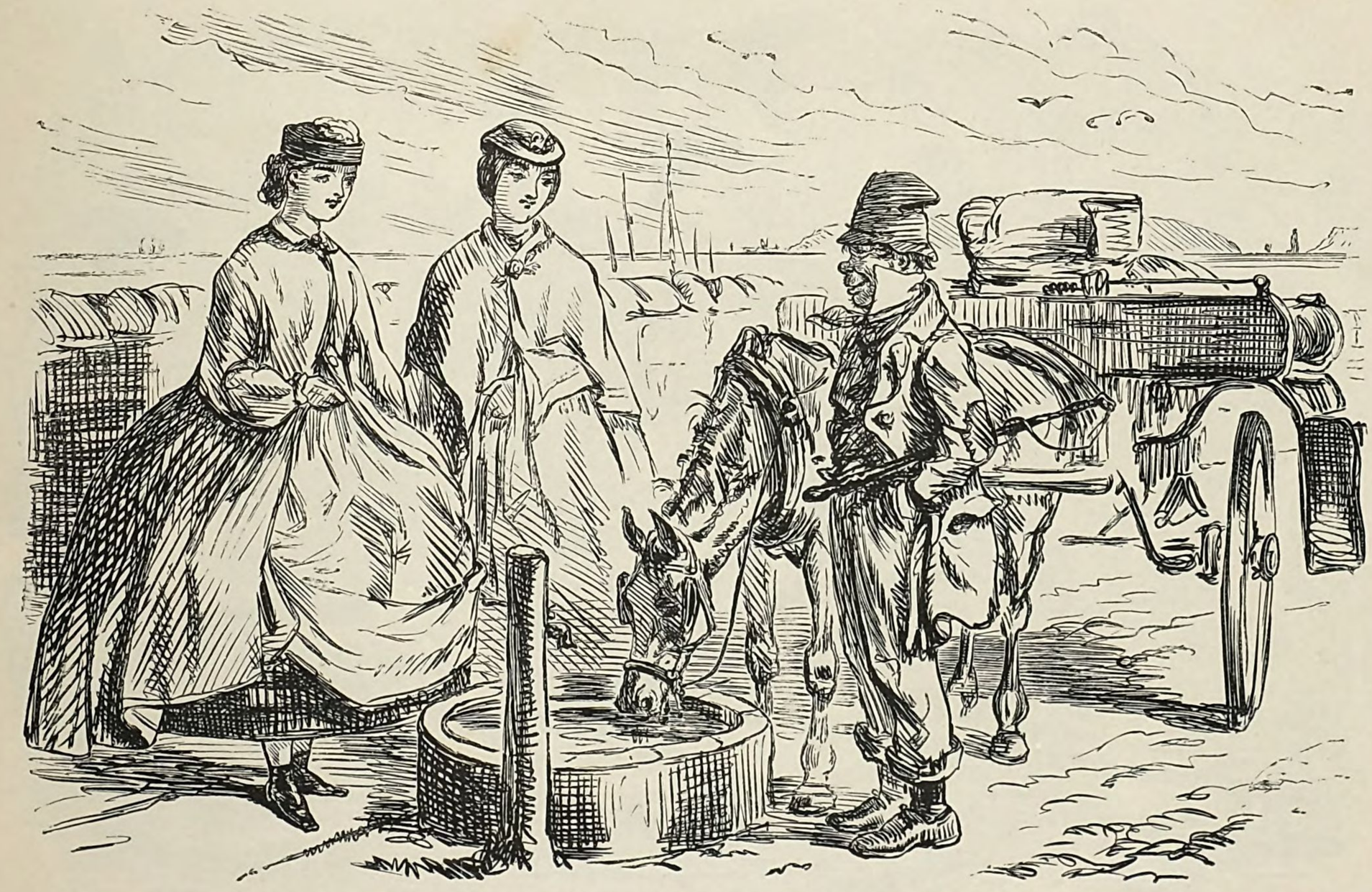
Minnie. "I AM READING SUCH A PRETTY TALE."

Governess. "YOU MUST SAY NARRATIVE, MINNIE—NOT TALE!"

Minnie. "YES, MA'AM; AND DO JUST LOOK AT MUFF, HOW HE'S WAGGING HIS NARRATIVE!"

POSITIVE FACT, OF COURSE.

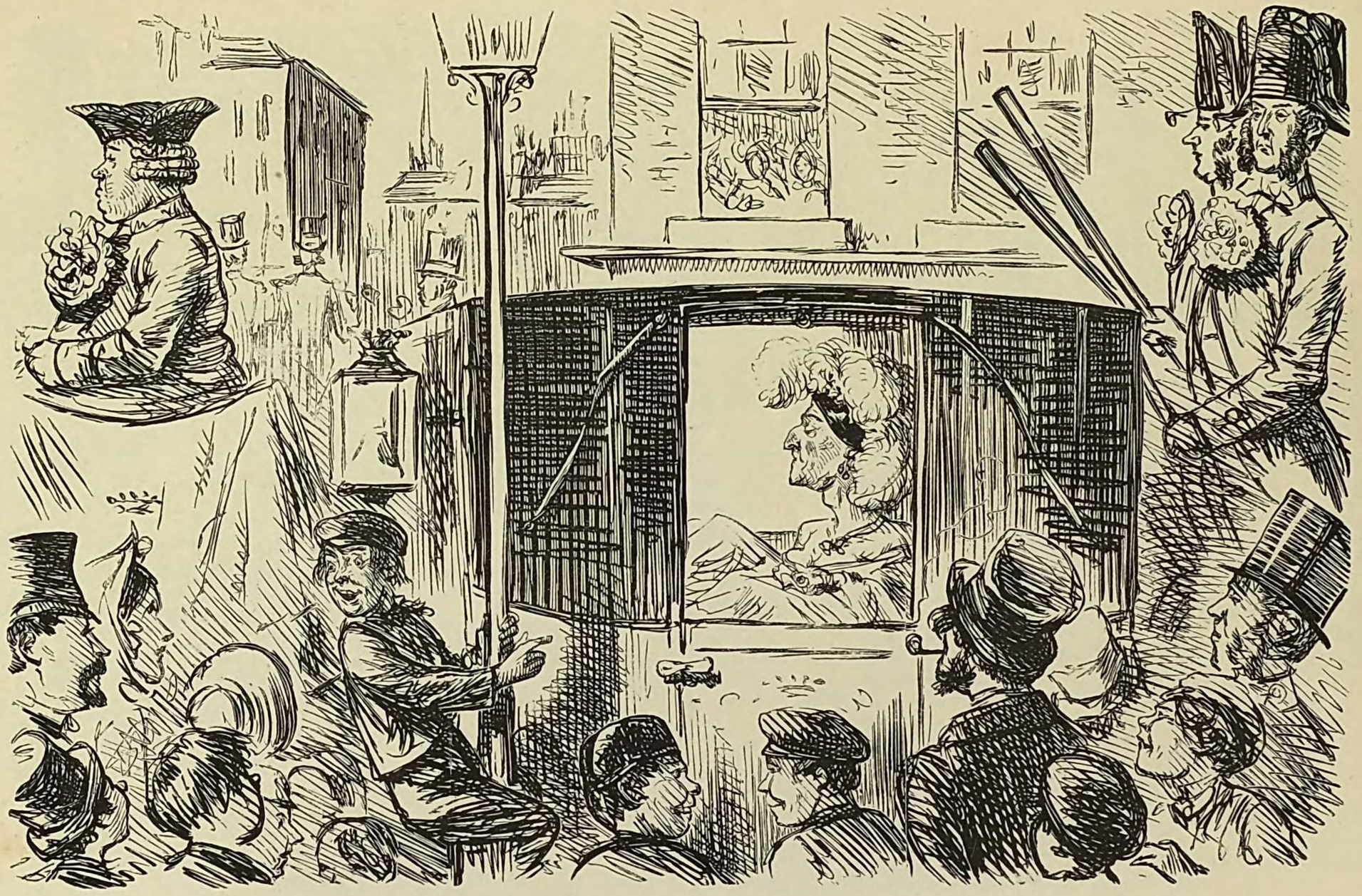
A MESSAGE COMES OFF ON MRS. BLUEBAG'S LINEN, WHICH SHE IS HANGING, AS USUAL, ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.



A DELICATE HINT.

Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend). "OH, ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE POOR HORSE DRINK!"

Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly). "SURE, THIN, IT WOULD BE A DALE PRETTIER SIGHT, MISS, TO SEE *ME* DRINK!"



THE DRAWING ROOM.

(*A stoppage of a few minutes is supposed to take place.*)

Dreadful Boy (on Lamp Post). "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSE-BUD!"

A CAUTION TO THE UNWARY.

THE READER IS REQUESTED TO OBSERVE, THAT THE LOWER EXTREMITIES REPRESENTED ABOVE DO *NOT* BELONG TO THE FAIR DAMSEL ON THE PLANK, BUT TO THE BOATMAN BEYOND, UPON WHOSE SHOULDER SHE IS LEANING.—WE, HOWEVER, RECOMMEND FLORA TO BE MORE CAREFUL HOW SHE COMPOSES HERSELF THE NEXT TIME SHE GETS OUT OF A BOAT.

THE DIGNITY OF AGE.

"SO, CHARLEY, I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN TO A JUVENILE PARTY!"

Precocious Boy. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CALL JUVENILE. THERE WAS NO ONE THERE UNDER FIVE YEARS OLD!"

AN INJURED BROTHER.

Mamma. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—WHAT A PITY IT IS YOU CAN'T AGREE!"

Small Boy. "WELL, MAMMA, WE SHOULD AGREE, ONLY SHE'S SO UNKIND!—SHE WON'T BE A PIG, AND LET ME DRIVE HER ABOUT BY THE LEG!"

THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

Boy (to distinguished Volunteer.) "NOW, CAPTING! CLEAN YER BOOTS, AND LET YER 'AVE A SHOT AT ME FOR A PENNY!"

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Paterfamilias. "I WAS THINKING, DARLING, THAT PERHAPS, AS IT IS A VERY LONG JOURNEY, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I WENT *FIRST*, AND GOT EVERYTHING COMFORTABLE. YOU COULD THEN TRAVEL DOWN WITH NURSE AND THE CHILDREN AFTERWARDS."

[Mamma doesn't seem to see it, and Nurse and Mamma-in-Law think him a brute.

COMPLIMENTARY TO PATERFAMILIAS.

Sister Amy. "MY DEAR ROSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—MAMMA WILL BE VERY ANGRY!"

Rose. "WHY, WALTER WANTS TO BE LIKE PAPA, SO I'M JUST THINNING HIS HAIR AT THE TOP!"

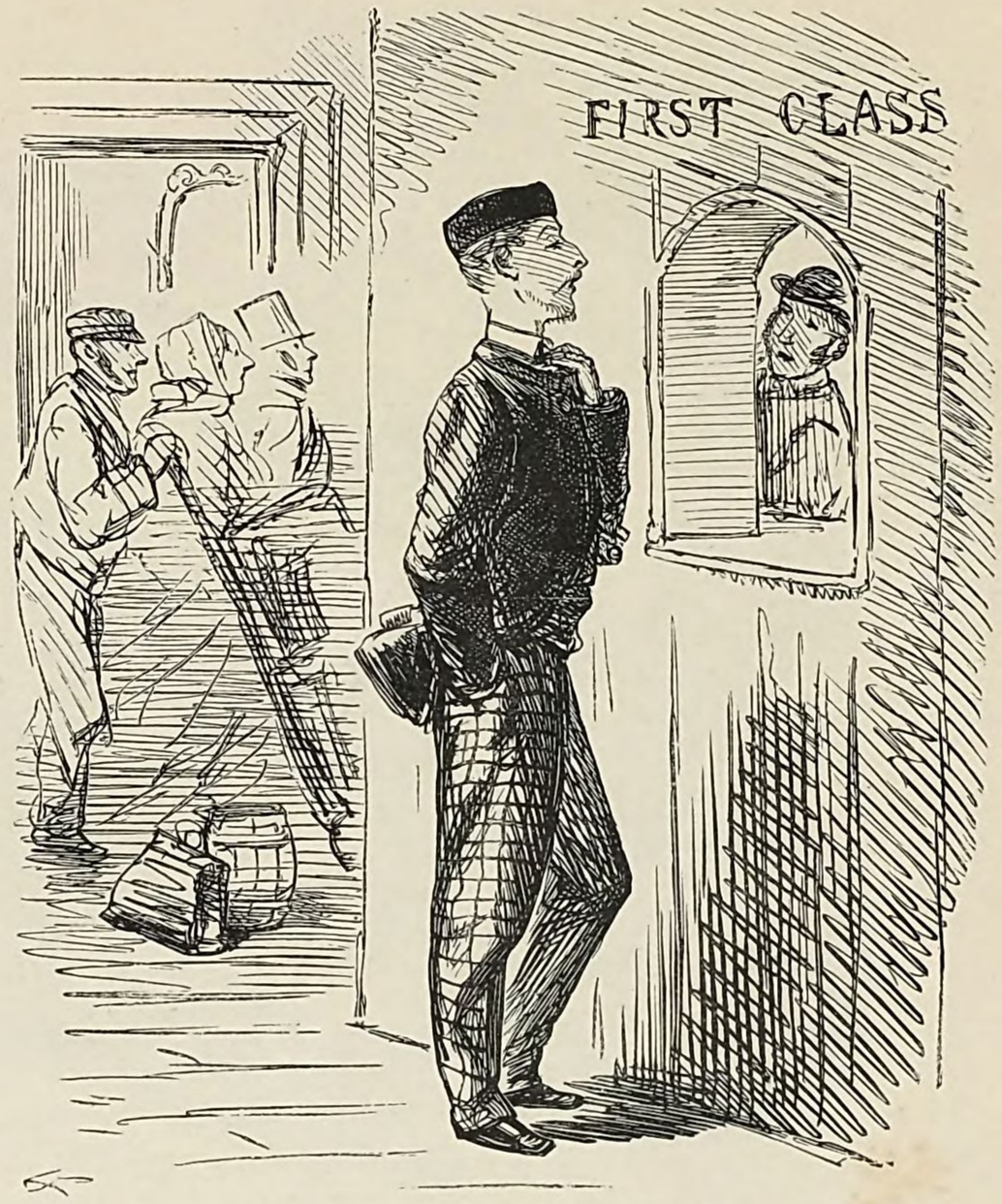
YES, ON SOME PEOPLE.

THE DEAR LITTLE SPANISH HAT. OH, SO CHARMING, AND SO MUCH MORE SENSIBLE THAN A HORRID BONNET.

UNMINDFUL OF DIGNITARIES.

Officious Proctor. "SIR!!—PRAY, ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THIS UNIVERSITY?"

Military Swell. "NO, I'M NOT, OLD FELLOW.—ARE YOU?"



AN UNEXPECTED "CHANGE."

Railway Clerk. "HAVE YOU GOT TWOPENCE, SIR?"

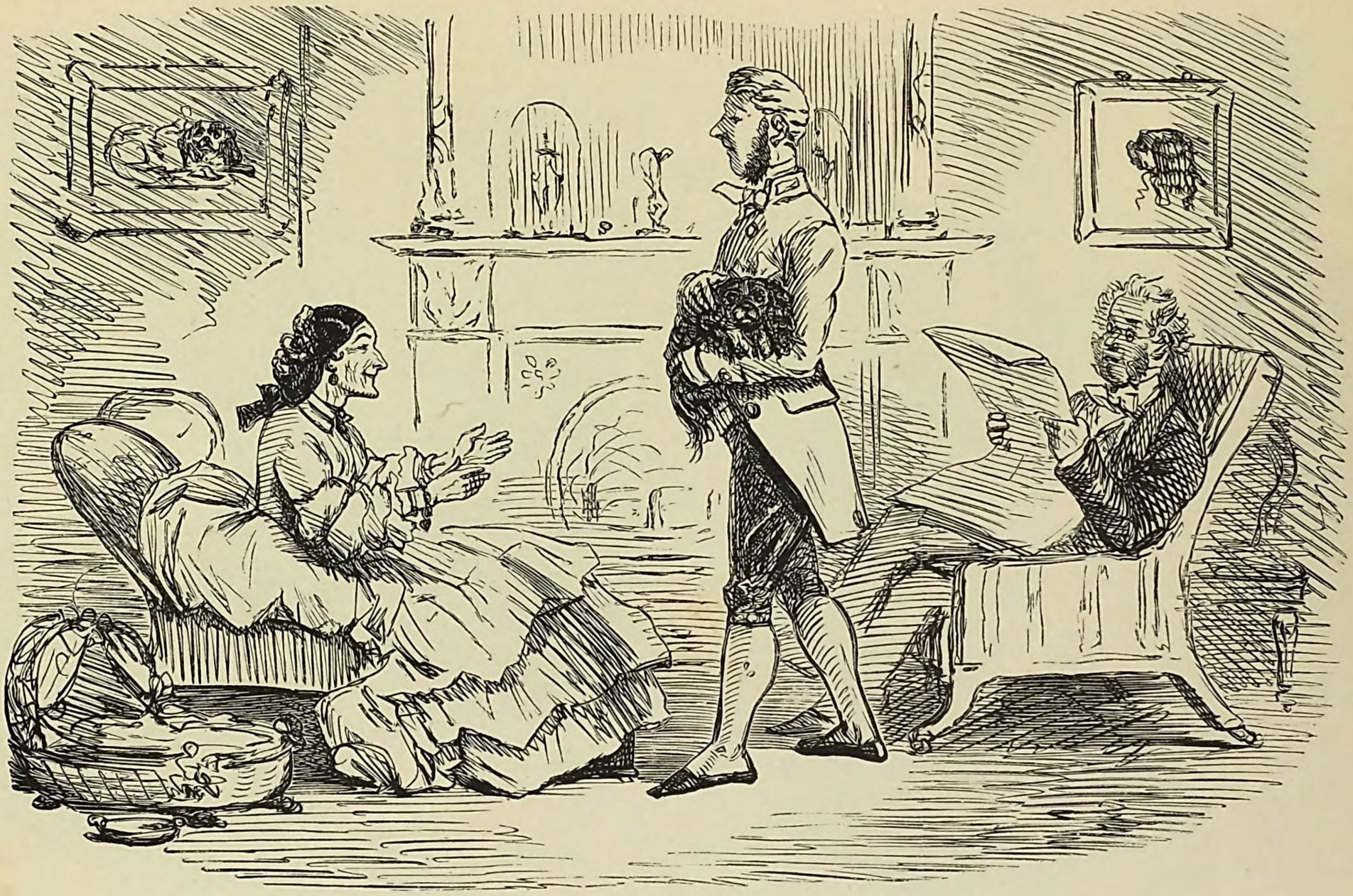
Swell. "DEAW, NO! NEVAW HAD TWOPENCE IN MY LIFE!"

Clerk. "THEN I MUST GIVE YOU TENPENCE IN COPPER, SIR!"

[*Swell is immensely delighted, of course.*

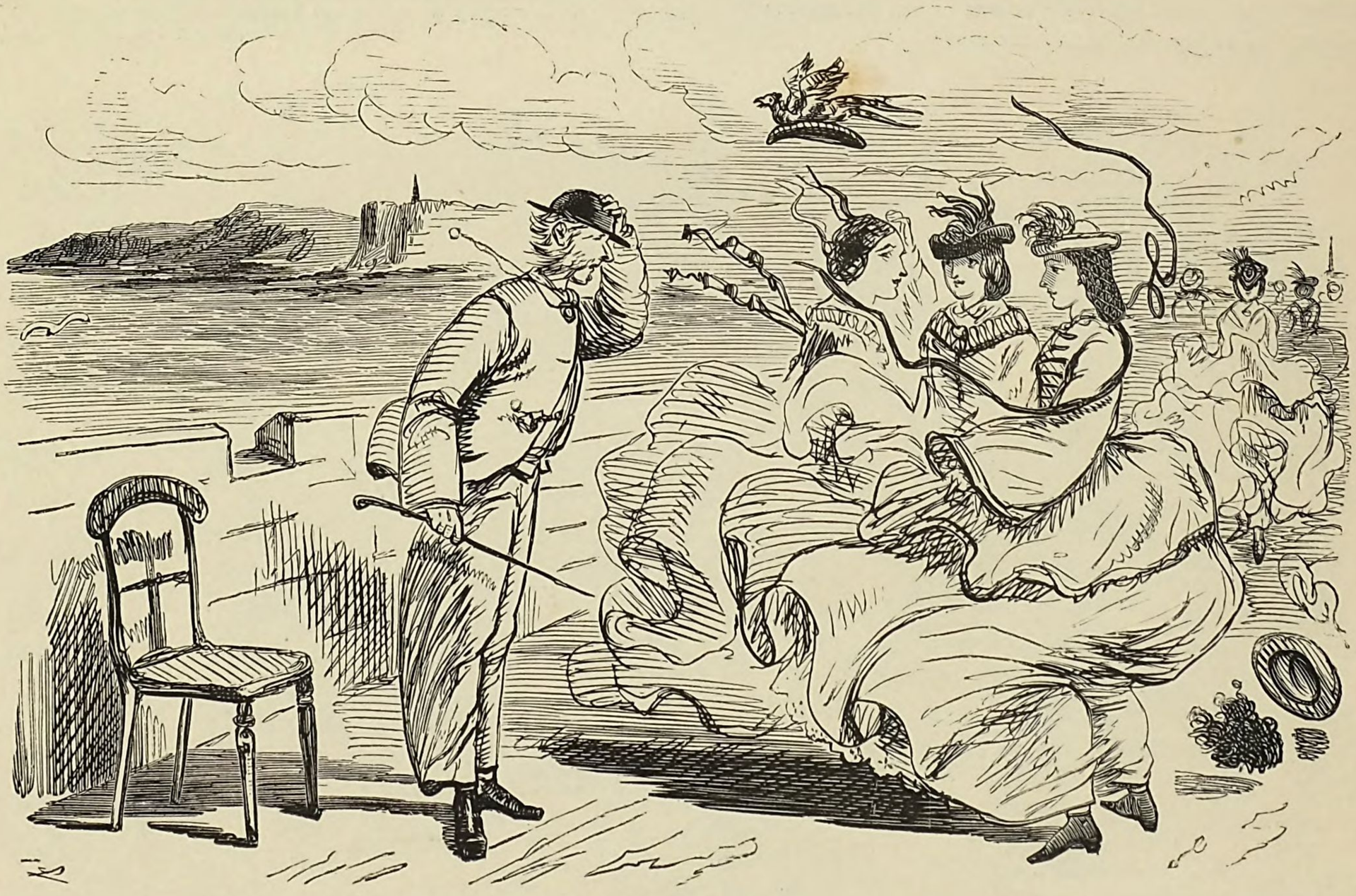
A GORDIAN KNOT FOR ROBINSON.

Miss Selina Hardman. "WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS TO GIVE ME A LEAD OVER?"



A FACT.

Jeames. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, HERE IS *MASTER* CARLO! BUT I CAN'T SEE *MISS* FLOSS NOWHERES!"



WIND, S.W. FRESH.

TOMKINS, WHO IS NOT GRAND IN THE LEG DEPARTMENT, SAYS, "IT'S A VERY DISAGREEABLE DAY." THE YOUNG LADIES, HOWEVER, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, ENJOY IT AMAZINGLY.

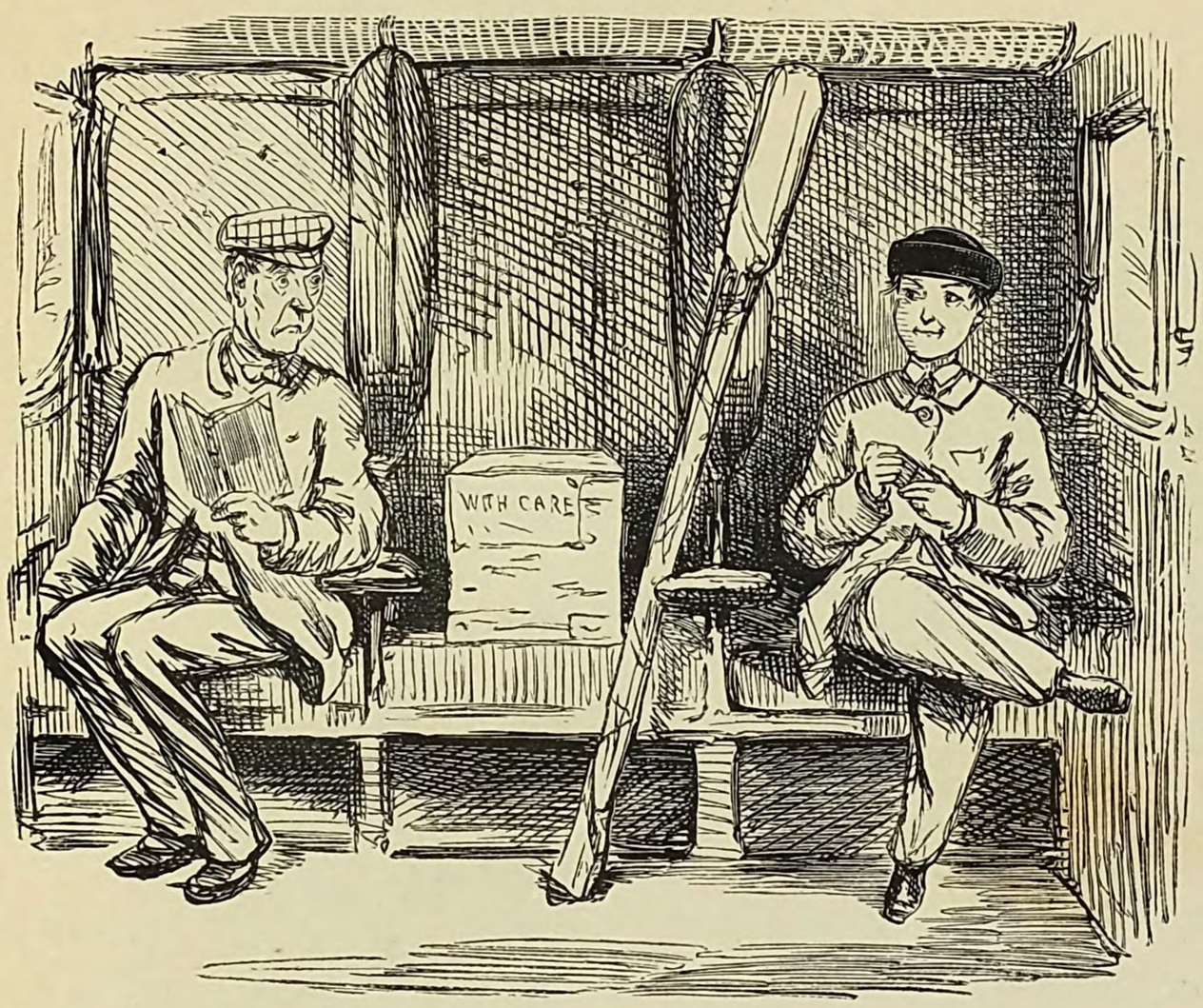
OUR VOLUNTEERS.

Foreign Party. "MAIS, MOSIEU BOOL, I AVE ALL WAYS THOUGHT YOU VASS GREAT SHOPKEEPARE!"

Mr Bool. "SO I AM, MOSSOO—AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MIND THE SHOP!—COMPRENNY?"

A COMFORTER.

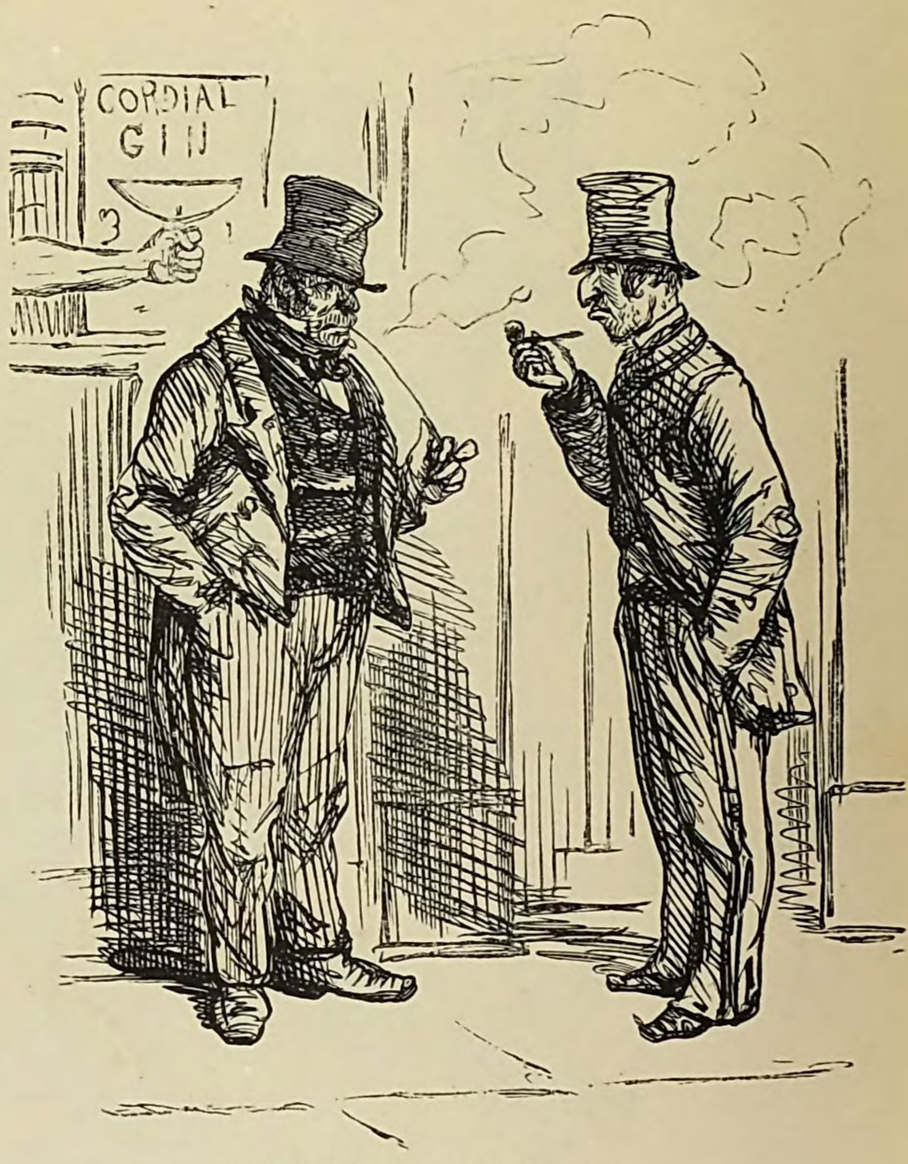
Sympathetic Swell (devoted to the Noble Science). "GOT A WRETCHED COLD! NO, WEALLY? THAT'S A BAD JOB, OLD FELLA,—MIGHT HA' BEEN WORSE, THOUGH—HORSE MIGHT HAVE HAD IT, YOU KNOW!"



TRAVELLERS' LUGGAGE.

Elderly Passenger. "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN?"

Young Dtto. "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING-RODS—IT'S SKY ROCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY. HAVE A WEED?"

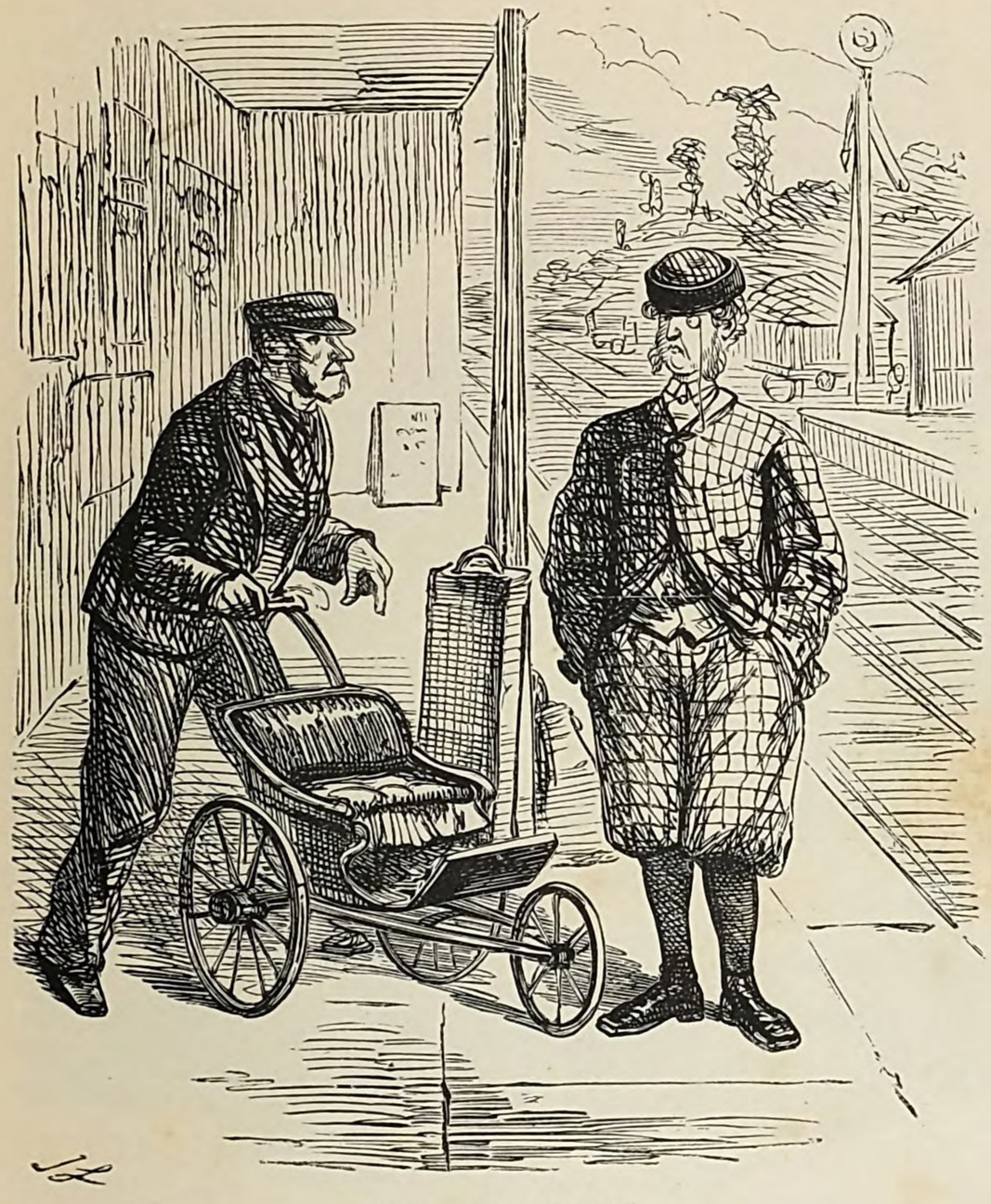


POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

Ragged Capitalist to Ditto. "THE WAR CAN'T LAST, SIR; FRANCE AND AUSTRIA HAVEN'T THE MEANS; THEY MUST COME TO US FOR MONEY BEFORE LONG."

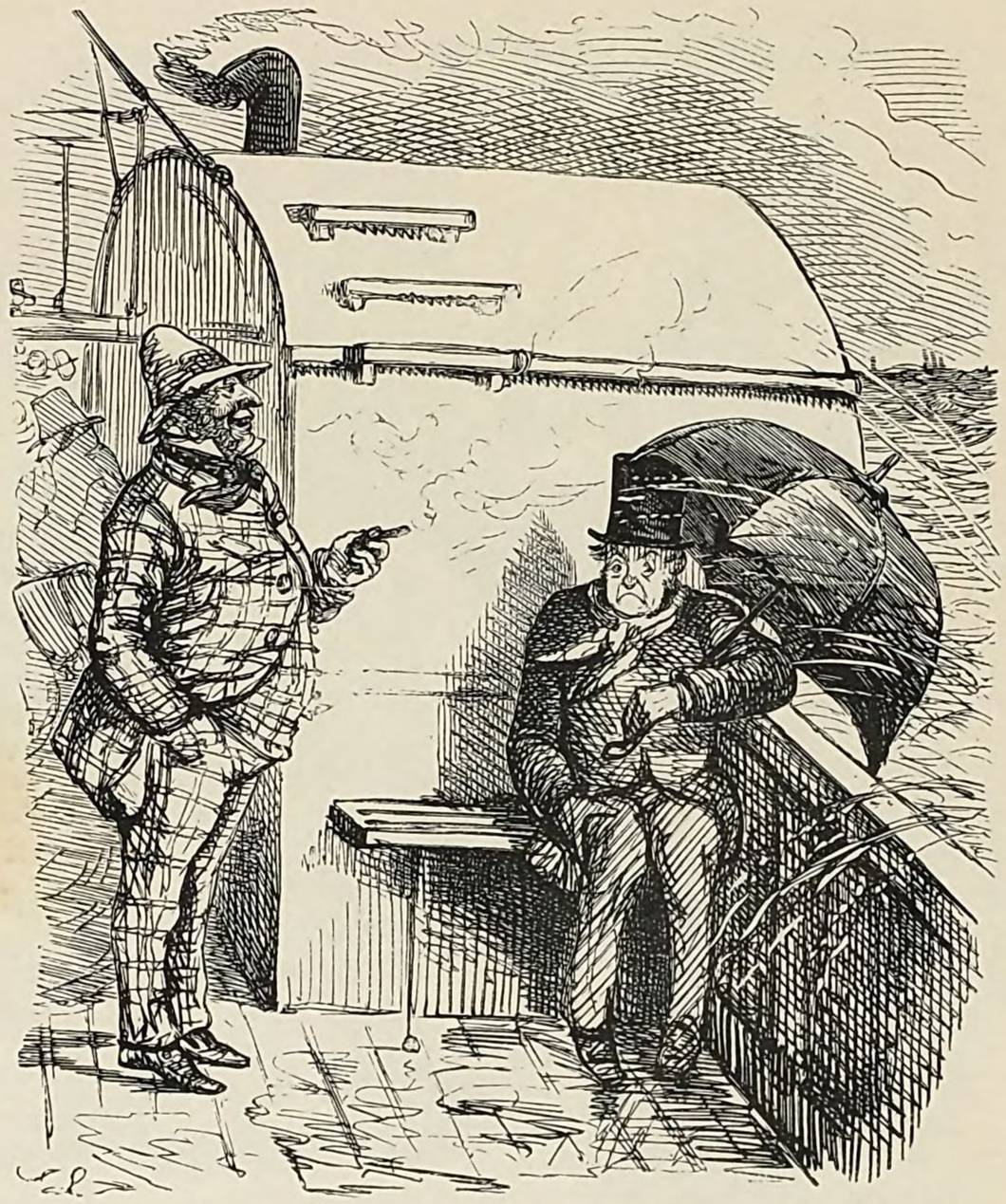
WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY? WHY, RIDE DOWN TO RICHMOND WITH MAMMA AND THE GIRLS, AND GIVE 'EM A LITTLE DINNER, TO BE SURE!



MOST OFFENSIVE.

Railway Porter. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WAS THIS YOUR'N?"



FRIENDLY PRESCRIPTION.

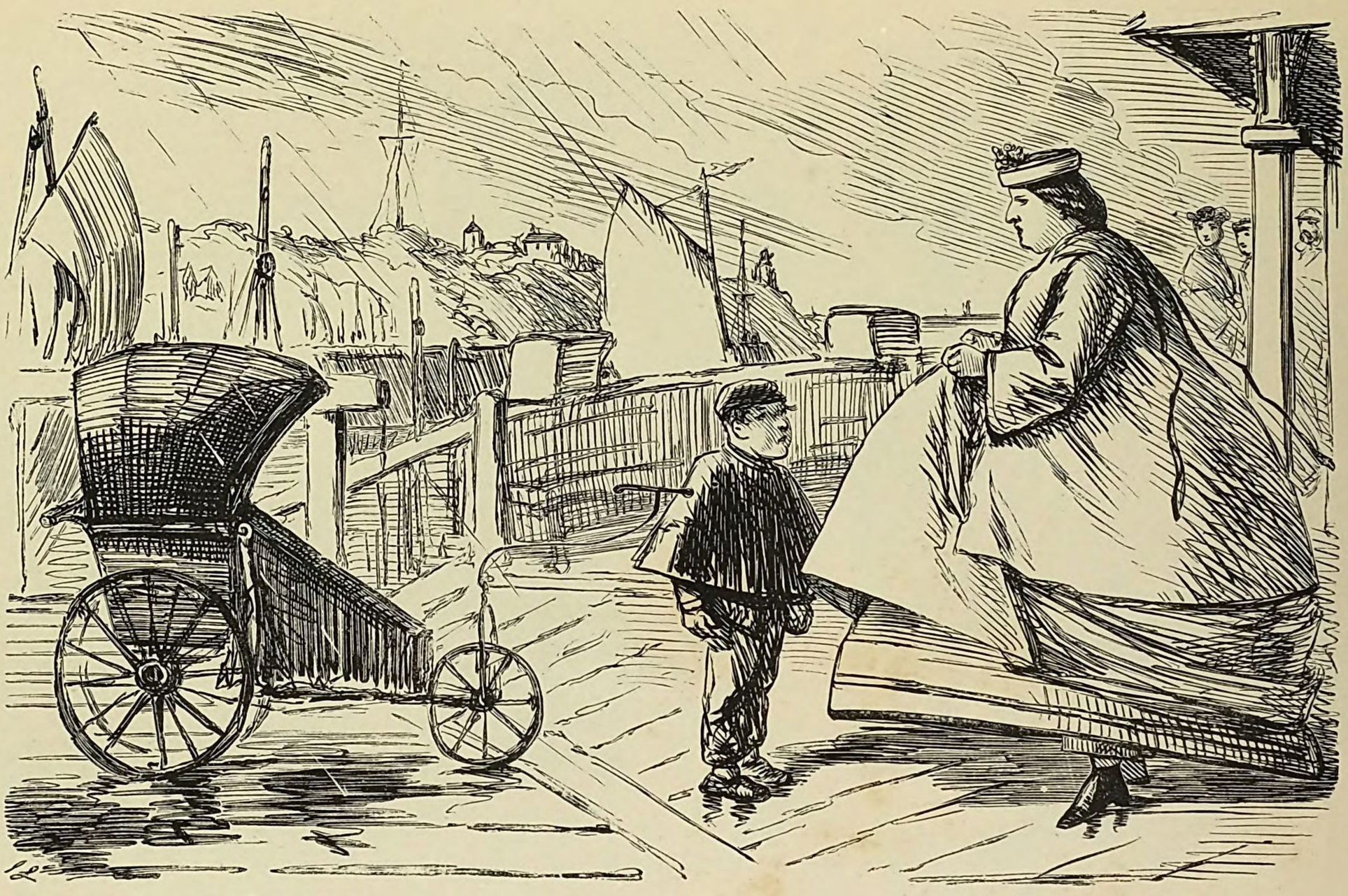
Fiend in Human Shape. "DON'T FEEL WELL! TRY A CIGAR!"

THE ABUSE OF THE ASPIRATE.

CAPTAIN DE SMITH REMONSTRATES WITH MR. HOLMES, THE VET OF HIS REGIMENT, FOR MAL-PRONUNCIATION OF THE WORD HORSE. TO HIM THE VET: "WELL, IF A *HAITCH*, AND A *HO*, AND A *HAR*, AND A *HESS*, AND A *HE*, DON'T SPELL 'ORSE, MY NAME AIN'T 'ENERY 'OMES!"

"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

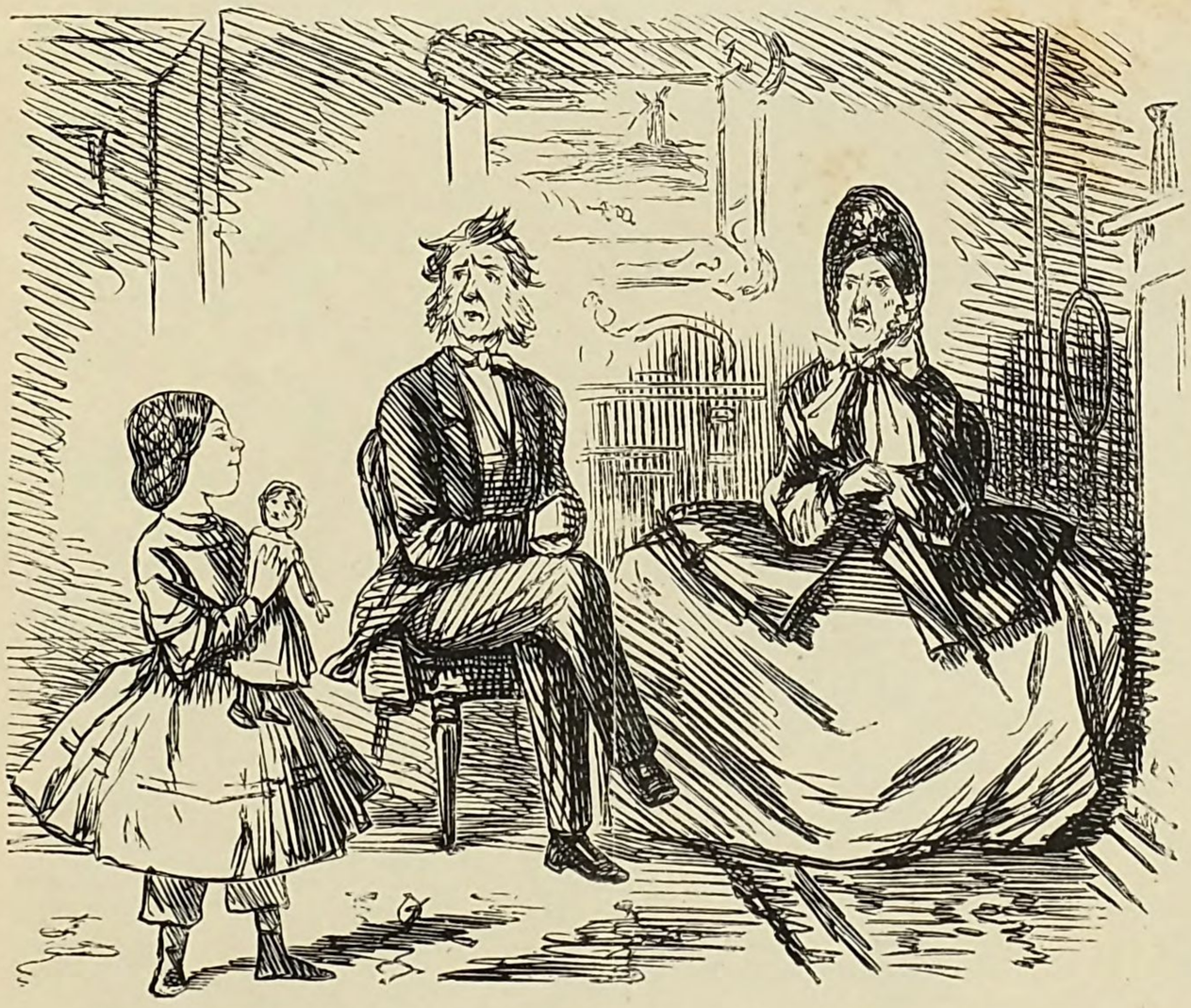
Mrs. Colley Wobble. "H'M, SO THEY ARE GOING TO TAX PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEIR OWN BEER, ARE THEY? THEN *I* DON'T BREW ANY MORE!"



POLITE ATTENTION.

Lady "OH, NONSENSE, CHILD—THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!"

Boy. "NO, 'M. PLEASE, 'M, TWO YOUNG GENTS SAID IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN, AND I WAS TO FETCH YOU HOME IN THIS 'ERE CHEER!"



AWKWARD FOR PAPA.

Papa. "WELL, MY DEAR, DID YOU TELL MAMMA THAT MISS MYRTLE WAS WAITING TO SEE HER?"

Child. "YES, PA!"

Papa. "AND WHAT DID SHE SAY?"

Child. "SHE SAID, *WHAT A BOTHER!*"

SUMMER VISITORS.

THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

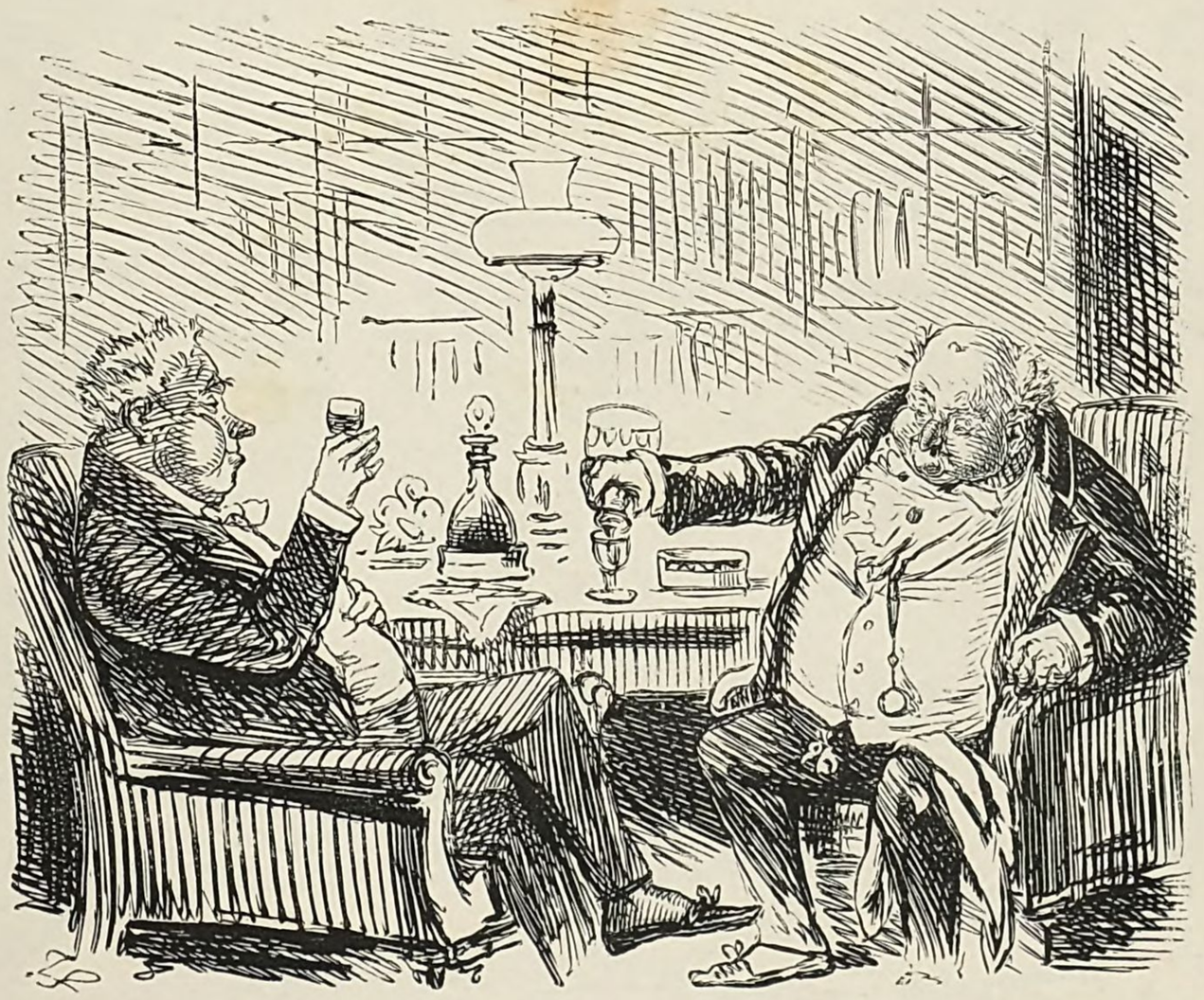
INVALUABLE TO THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

First Partner (to Second ditto). "WHAT AN AGE WE LIVE IN! TALK OF THE INTRODUCTION OF STEAM OR OF GAS! JUST LOOK AT THE FACILITIES AFFORDED US BY ELECTRICITY. IT IS NOW SIX O'CLOCK AND WE ARE IN FLEET STREET, AND THIS MESSAGE WAS ONLY SENT FROM OXFORD STREET YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT THREE!"

RELAXATION.

Scene—Smoking Room. Country House. 2'30 A.M.

Country Friend (to Johnson, who has had a long tramp of it in the rain after wild birds). "WELL, GOOD NIGHT, OLD FELLOW! IF YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER WEED. REMEMBER!—CUB-HUNTING IN THE MORNING, HALF-PAST FIVE. DON'T BE LATE!"



OLD SCHOOL.

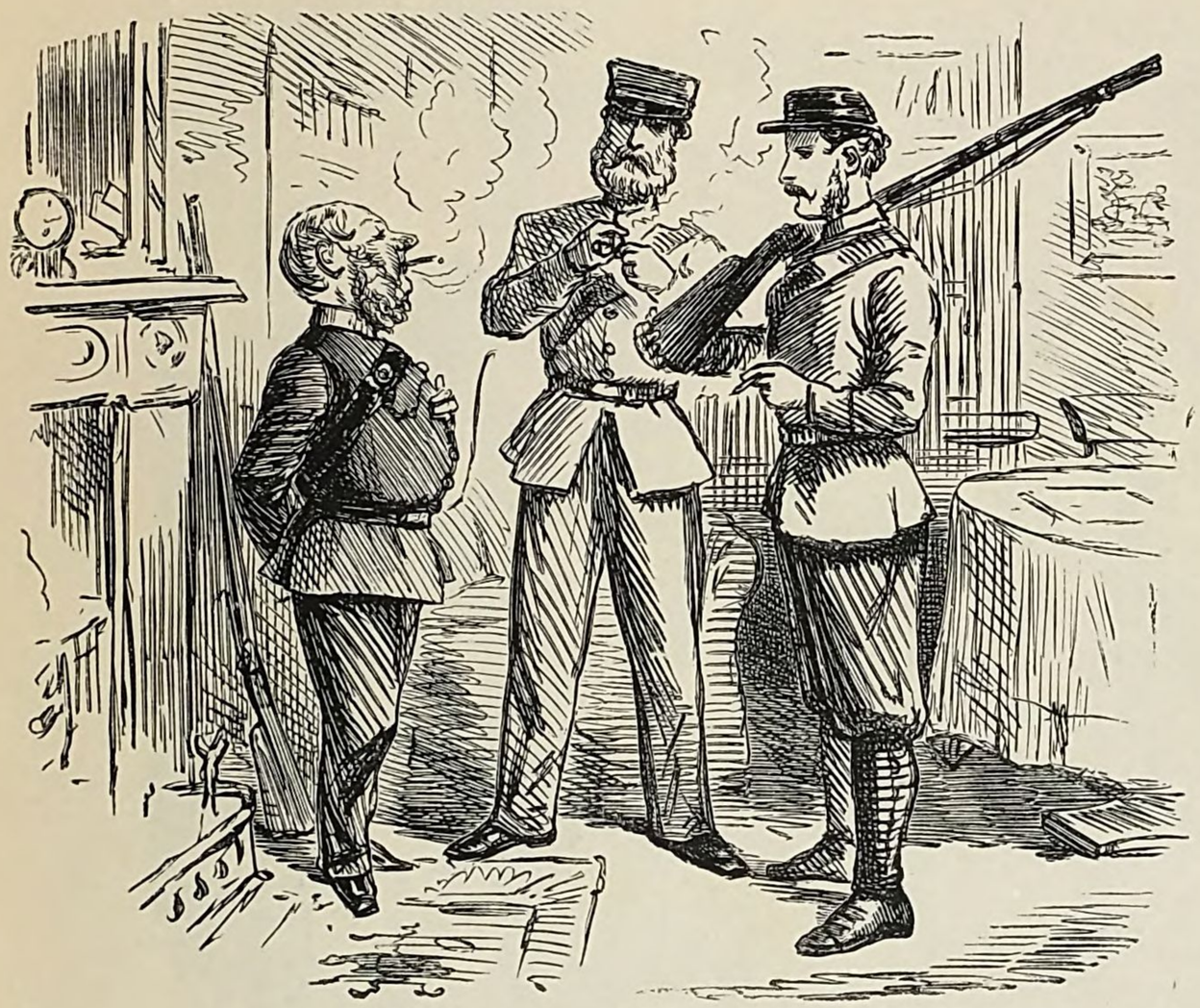
Mr. Grapes (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Madeira). "HAH! WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES—WHAT THE DOOCE CAN PEOPLE WANT WITH DRINKING FOUNTAINS!"

DABBLING.

Master Jack (to very refined Governess, who has suddenly appeared). "OH, MISS FINNIKIN, DO COME IN; IT'S SO AWFULLY JOLLY!"

HOW TO MAKE A WATERING-PLACE PLEASANT, PARTICULARLY TO INVALIDS.

TIME, 6·30 A.M. *(A Hint to the Powers that be at Sandbath.)*



IN THE VOLUNTEERS.

Small Effective. "—AND THEN, JUST LOOK AT THE IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT IN THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR FELLOWS!"

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

OH! ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL, GETTING YOUR BOOTS OFF AFTER A THOROUGH WET DAY'S HUNTING!

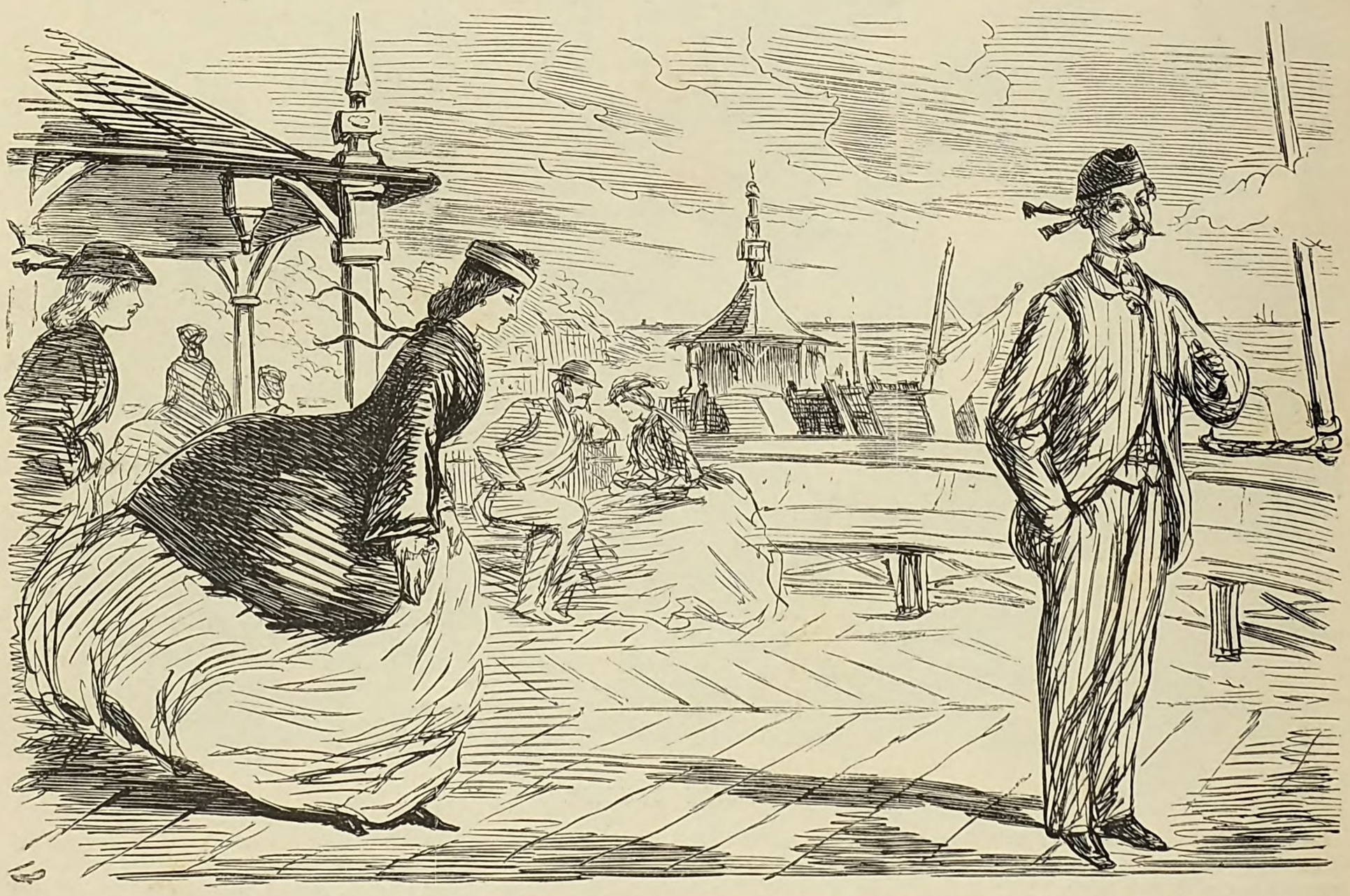
SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

Impertinent Cousin (reads). "'*The rocks along our Coast may be seen studded with these beautiful zoophites.* * * * *The skin is soft, and the tentacles are of the finest violet, mingled often with pink, mauve, green, and yellow; indeed the colours vary so much in different individuals, all alike beautiful, that it is impossible to describe them rigidly.* * * * *During the ebb of the tide, these creatures may be contemplated on a fine day to great advantage, and few spectacles are calculated to afford more pleasure to a lover of Nature.*'—H'M!—HERE ARE TWO LOVELY SPECIMENS, FRED! YOU TAKE ONE, AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER!"

CONSIDERATE ATTENTION.

Paterfamilias (who is stout and a Volunteer also). "OHO! MY NEW UNIFORM—COME HOME, I SEE!"

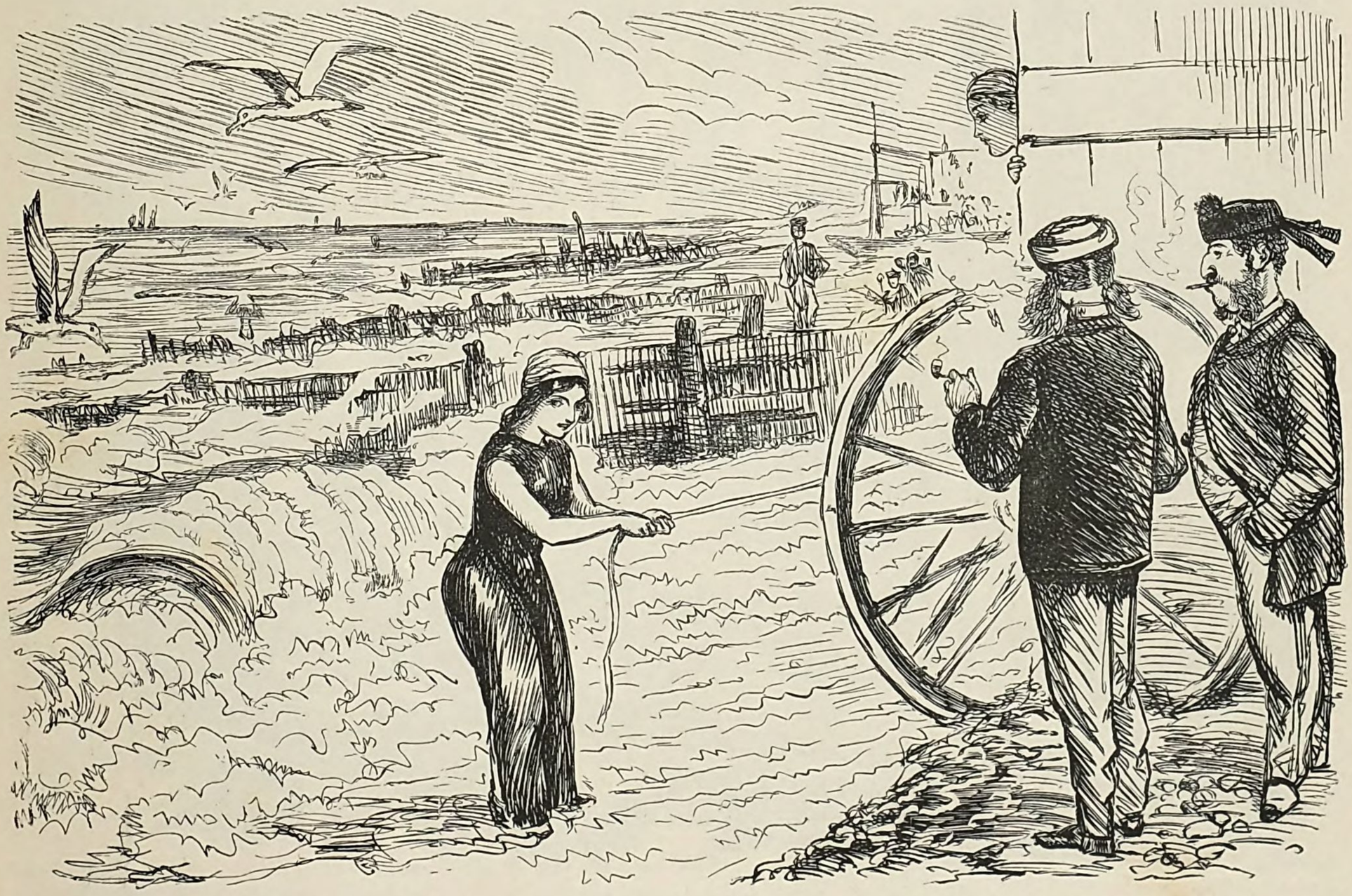
Family. "YES, PA DEAR! AND WE'VE TRIED IT ON THE WATER-BUTT, AND IT LOOKS SO NICE!"



PORTRAIT OF A CERTAIN STUDENT WHO IS READING SO HARD AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THE LAST DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—PACKING UP.

Maid (to Paterfamilias.) "PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YOU'RE TO COME IN, AND SIT ON THE BOXES; BECAUSE WE CAN'T GET 'EM TO, AND THEY WANTS TO BE CORDED."



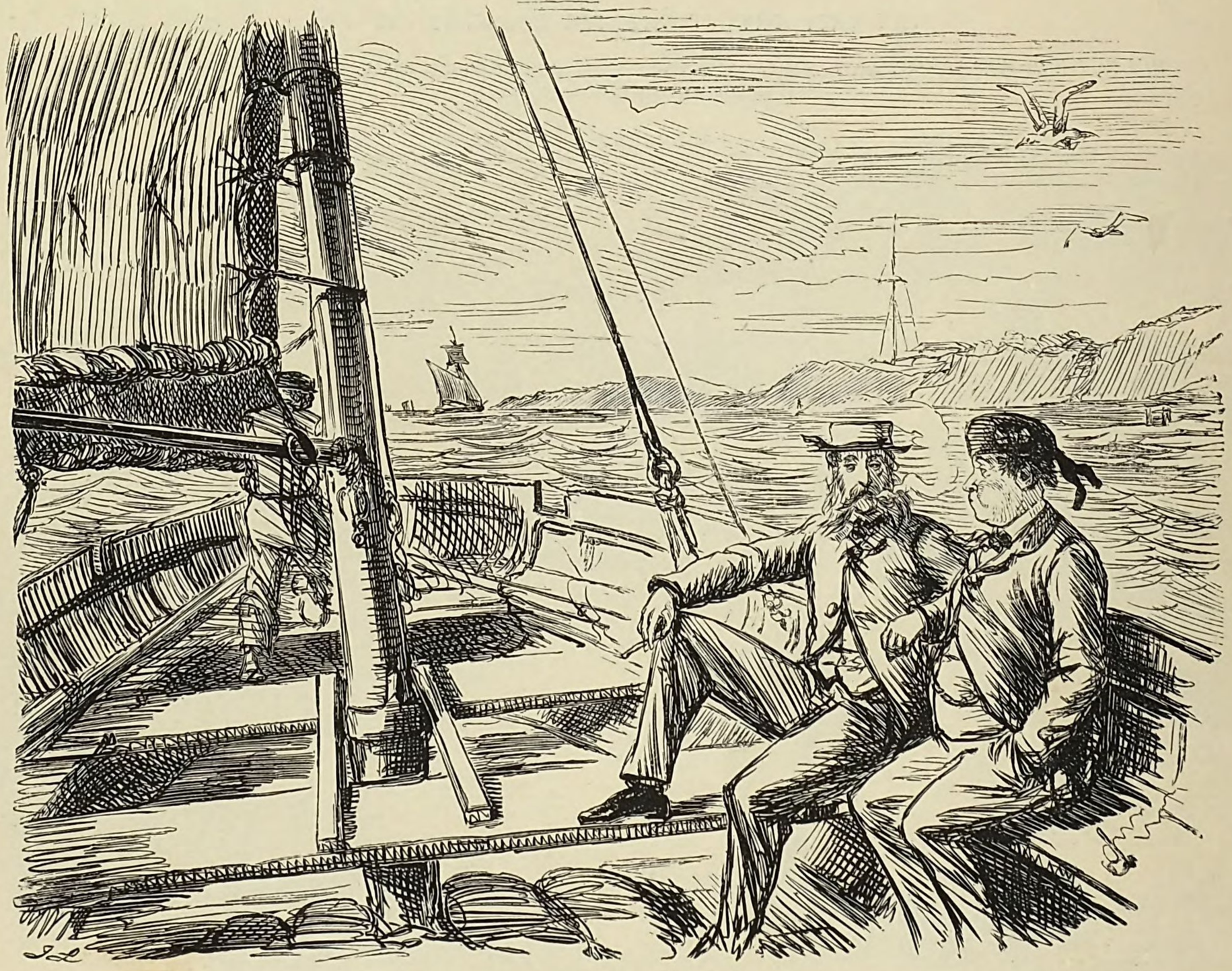
"WELL! THE BOLDNESS OF SOME PEOPLE!"—A SKETCH ON THE BRIGHTON COAST.

AN EXCESS OF CLEANLINESS.

Old Party (very naturally excited). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU ARE WIPING MY PLATE WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!"

Waiter (blandly). "IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—IT'S ONLY A DIRTY ONE!"

THE LAST SWEET THING IN HATS.



A GROUND SWELL.

Party (who doesn't suffer). "BRACING! AIN'T IT, JACK? I ALWAYS THINK THAT THE BEAUTY OF SAILING IS, YOU GET AIR AND MOTION WITHOUT FATIGUE. DON'T YOU THINK SO, EH?" *[Circumstances over which he has no control prevent Jack from speaking his mind.*

AN EXPERIMENT ON A VILE BODY.

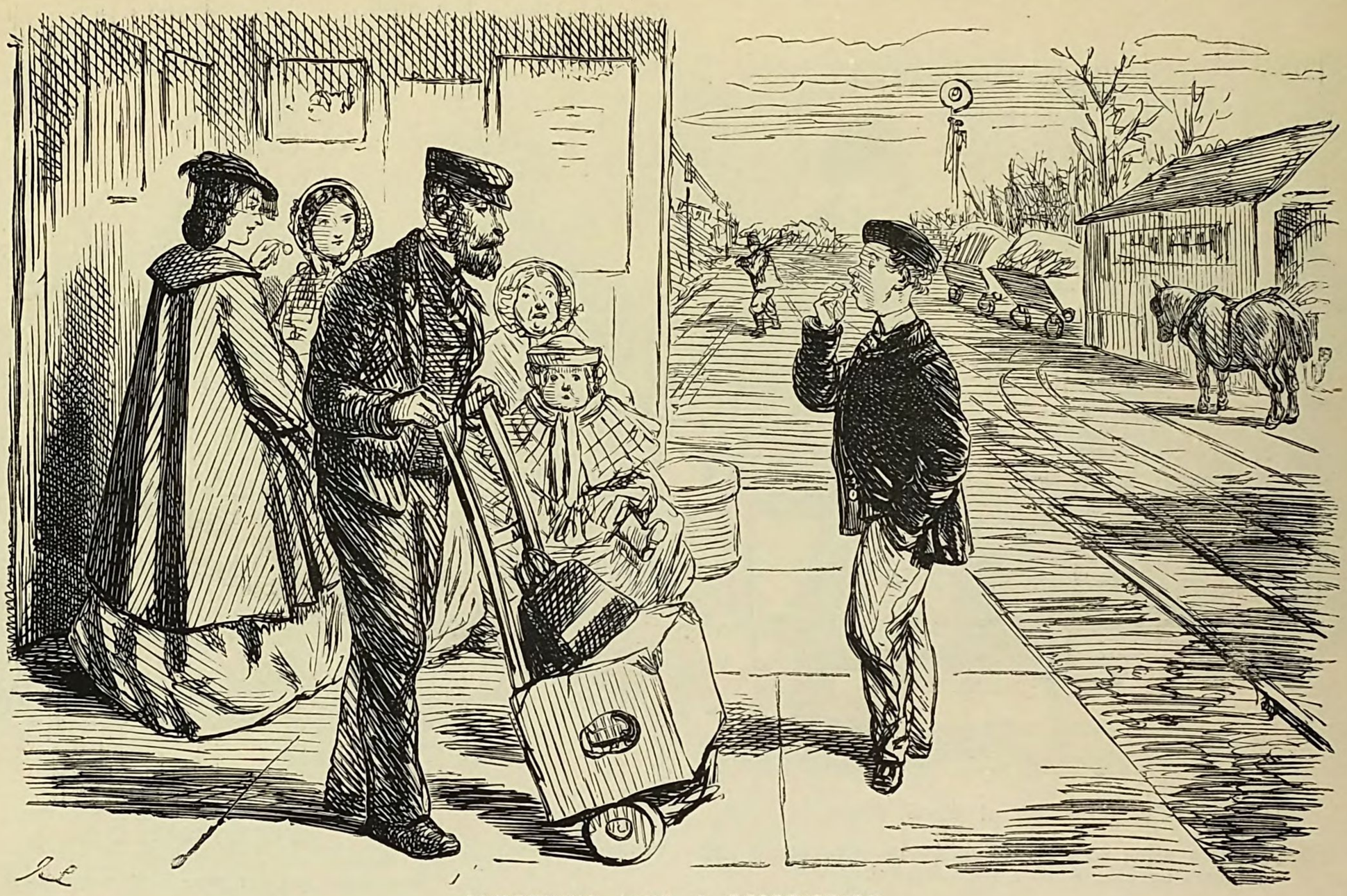
Medical Pupil (after dragging a patient round the surgery, succeeds in extracting a tooth). "COME! THAT'S NOT SO BAD FOR A FIRST ATTEMPT!"

EXTRAVAGANCE.

"NOW, YOUNG UNS, CUT AWAY—BLOW THE EXPENSE!"

SCENE IN A MODERN STUDIO.

JACK ARMSTRONG HAS PAINTED A MODERN SUBJECT, FROM REAL LIFE, AND PAINTED IT UNCOMMONLY WELL.—STRANGE TO SAY, HE HAS SOLD HIS PICTURE. MESSRS. FEEBLE AND POTTER *(very high-art men, who can't get on without mediæval costume, and all the rest of it)* THINK IT A MISTAKE.—CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, *THEIR* PICTURES ARE UNSOLD!



SOMETHING LIKE A DESCRIPTION.

Young Stickleback. "POR-TAW! HAVE YOU SEEN A FRIEND OF MINE WAITING ABOUT HE-AW?"

Porter. "FRIEND, SIR! WHAT SORT OF GENTLEMAN WAS HE?"

Young Stickleback. "HAW! TALL—MILITARY-LOOKING MAN, WITH MOUSTACHERS—SOMETHING LIKE ME!"

GONE AWAY!

Old Coachman. "NOW, MISS ELLEN! MISS ELLEN! YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PA SAID! YOU WAS TO TAKE THE GREATEST CARE OF JOEY!"

Miss Ellen. "SO I WILL, ROBERT! AND THAT'S WHY I AM TAKING HIM OFF THE NASTY HARD ROAD, POOR THING!"

NEW LEATHERS, TOO!

Jones (very particular man). "H'M! THIS COMES OF BRINGING DOWN A BOTTLE OF HUNTING VARNISH FOR A FRIEND!"

FANCY SKETCH.

THE PARTY WHO OBJECTS TO THE NEW RIDE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—AND WON'T HE SPOUT AT THE VESTRY!

A PROPER PRECAUTION.

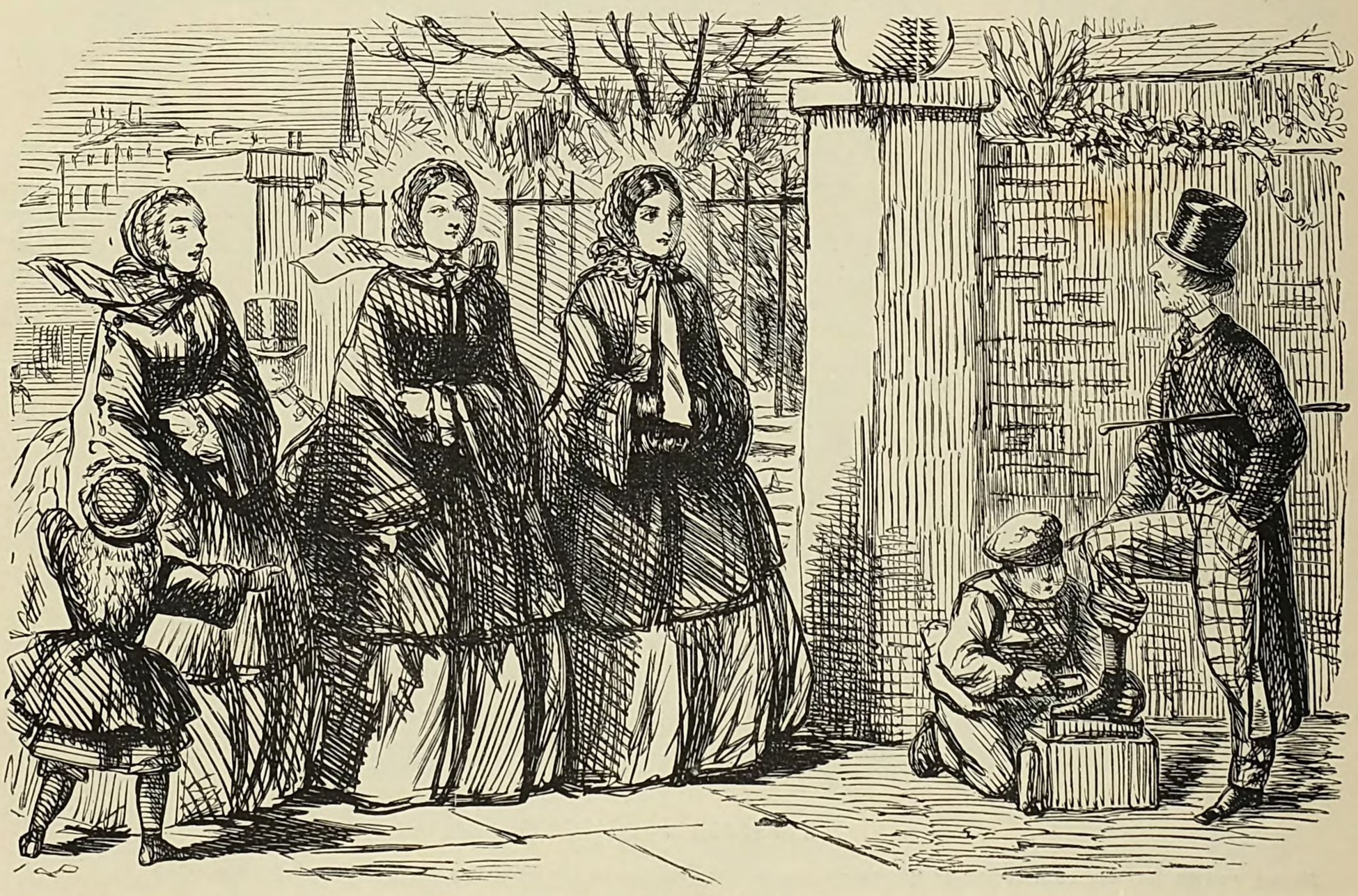
Mistress. "THERE, SIR! THERE'S A BOTTLE OF EAU DE COLOGNE FOR YOU, AND DON'T LET ME HAVE OCCASION TO COMPLAIN AGAIN!"

Stirrups (the Party who looks after the Horse and Chaise). "YES, MUM; BUT BE OI TO DRINK IT?"

Mistress. "NO, SIR; YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT AT TABLE TO-NIGHT, AND YOU ARE TO SPRINKLE IT OVER YOUR BEST LIVERY, THAT YOU MAY NOT BRING INTO THE HOUSE THAT DREADFUL EFFLUVIUM FROM THE STABLE THAT YOU HAVE HITHERTO DONE!"

A PROBLEM FOR YOUNG LADIES.

GIVEN, THE ELEGANT REGINALD FIPPS, WHO USED TO WALTZ SO BEAUTIFULLY, PERFORMING THE ABOVE KINDLY AND MOST NEEDFUL OPERATION, AT THE END OF A PIER, WHILE THE BAND IS PLAYING—WHAT RELATION IS HE TO THE DARLING OPERATED UPON?



A COINCIDENCE.

AS LITTLE GRIGLEY IS ON HIS WAY TO CALL UPON THOSE JOLLY GURLS HE MET ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, HE THINKS HE WILL HAVE HIS BOOTS TOUCHED UP. JUST AS THE POLISHING BEGINS, THE JOLLY GURLS COME ROUND THE CORNER. "DOOCED AWKWARD! WASN'T IT?" AS LITTLE GRIGLEY SAID.

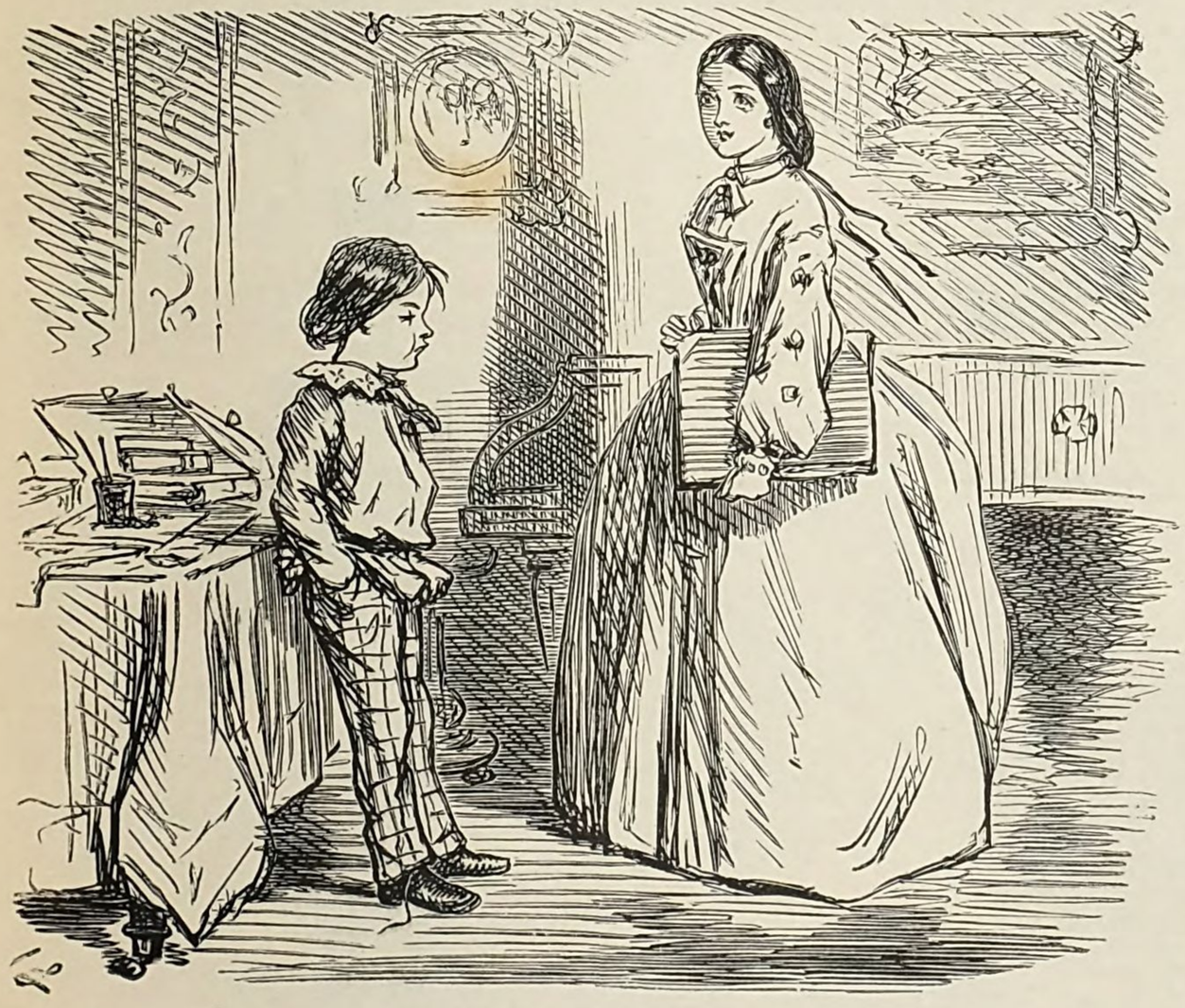
YOUNG ENGLAND.

Henry. "I SAY, CHARLEY, WHERE DO YOU DINE TO-NIGHT?"

Henry. "DOOSE YOU DO—WORST WINE I EVER DRUNK IN MY LIFE!"

Charley. "AW, DINE WITH YOUR BROTHER!"

Charley. "BY JOVE, THEN, YOU NEVER DINED WITH MY GOVERNOR!"

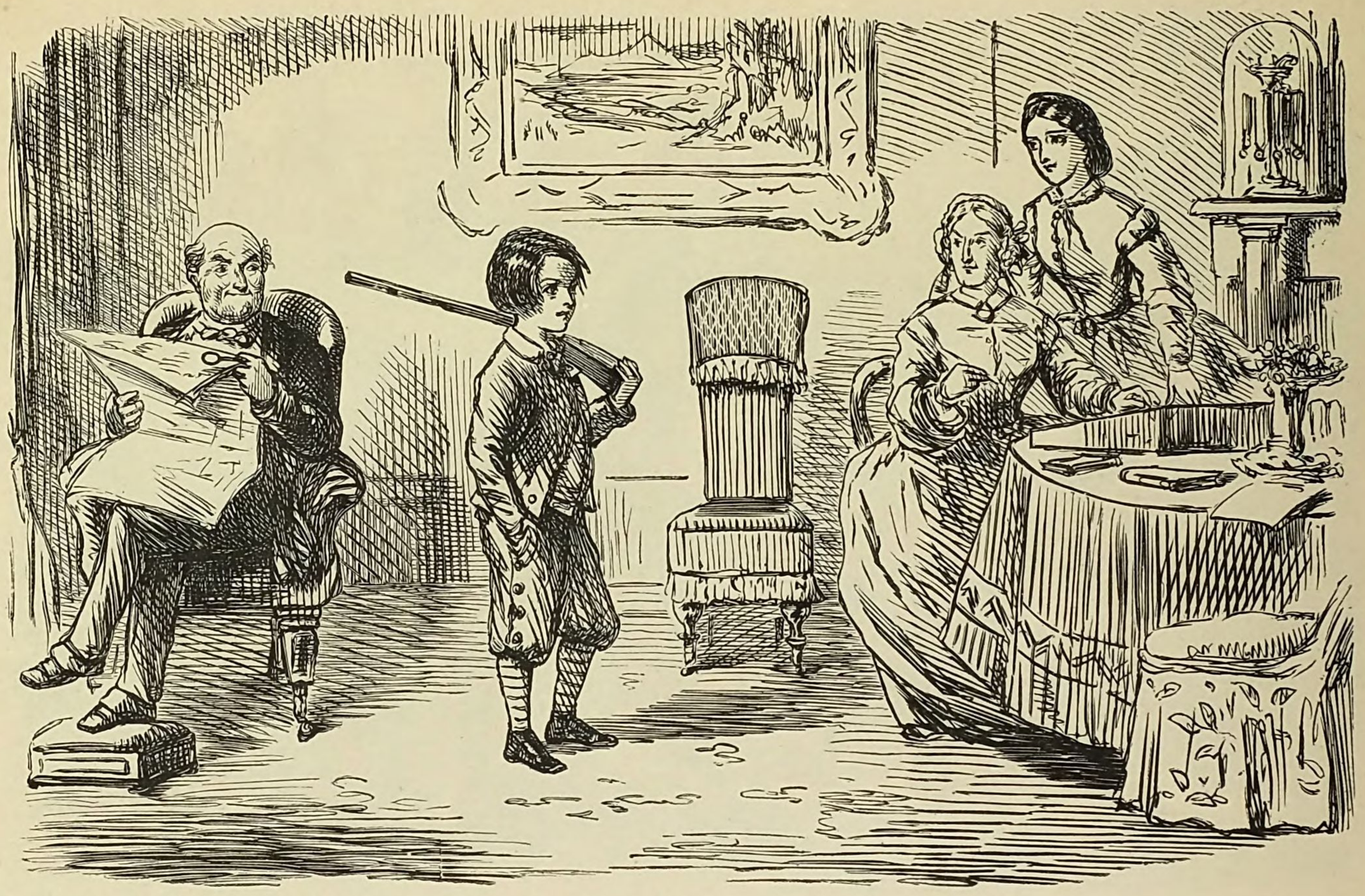


POOR LITTLE FELLOW!

Emily. "WANT SOMETHING TO AMUSE YOU! WHY, I HAVE GIVEN YOU BOOK AFTER BOOK, AND LENT YOU MY PAINT-BOX, AND I'VE OFFERED TO TEACH YOU YOUR NOTES. WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

Augustus. "OH, AH! I DON'T CALL THAT AMUSEMENT. I WANT SOME FIGS! OR SOME GINGER-BREAD NUTS! OR A GOOD LOT OF TOFFEE!! THAT'S WHAT I CALL AMUSEMENT."

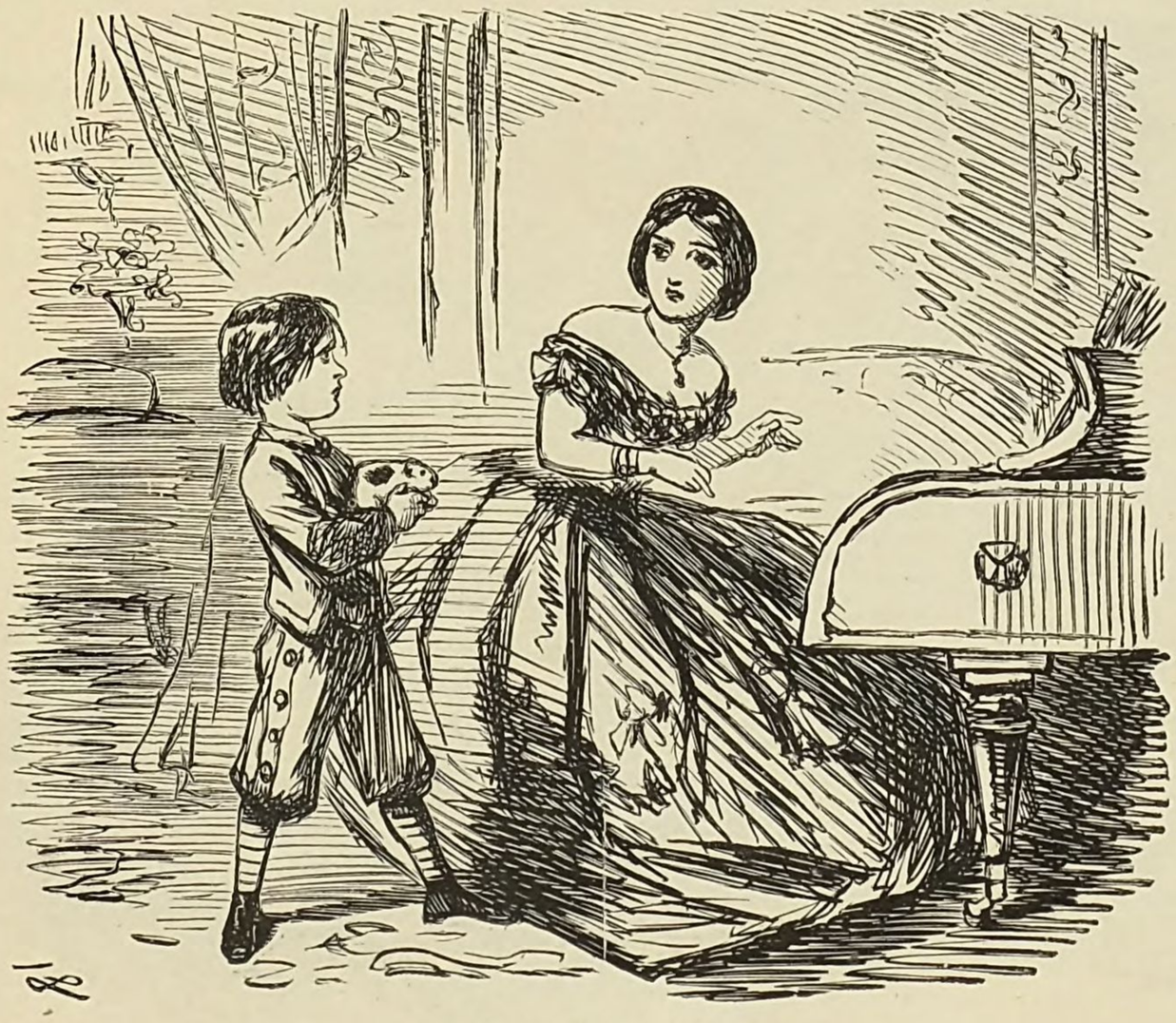
HELD IN CHECK.



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Grandmamma. "WHAT *CAN* YOU WANT, ARTHUR, TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL SO PARTICULARLY ON MONDAY FOR? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STAY WITH US TILL THE END OF THE WEEK!"

Arthur. "WHY, YOU SEE, GRAN'MA—WE ARE GOING TO ELECT OFFICERS FOR OUR RIFLE CORPS ON MONDAY, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE OUT OF IT!"



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Master Jack. "NOW THEN, CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME YOUR PAINT BOX?"

Charlotte. "NO, SIR. YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS YOU MADE OF IT LAST TIME!"

Master Jack. "VERY WELL. THEN I'LL PUT MY GUINEA PIG ON YOUR NECK!"

ON THE WAY TO THE PARK.

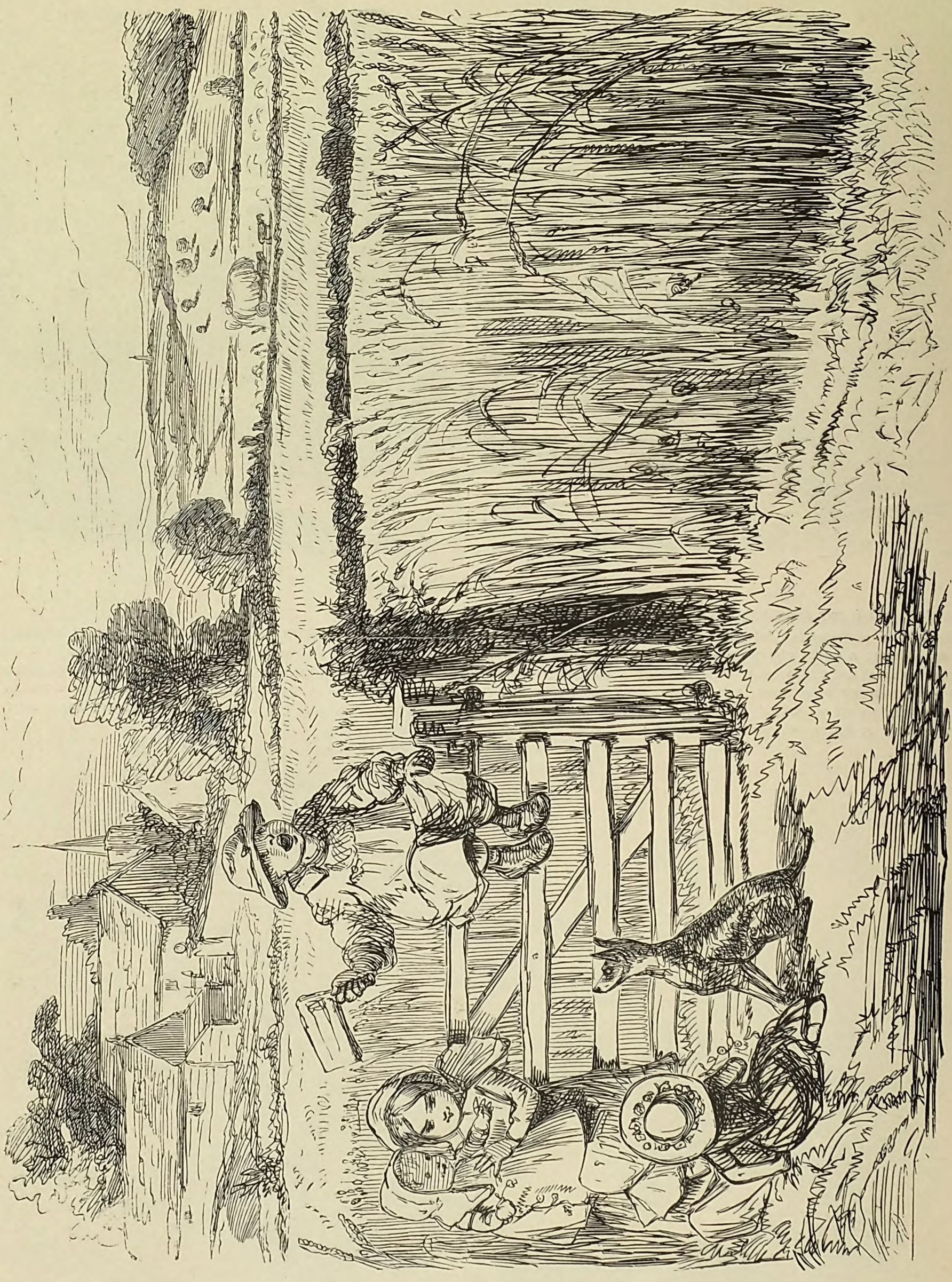
FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

Aunt Sally (who is very particular). "WELL, DEAR, DID YOU HAVE A NICE RIDE?"

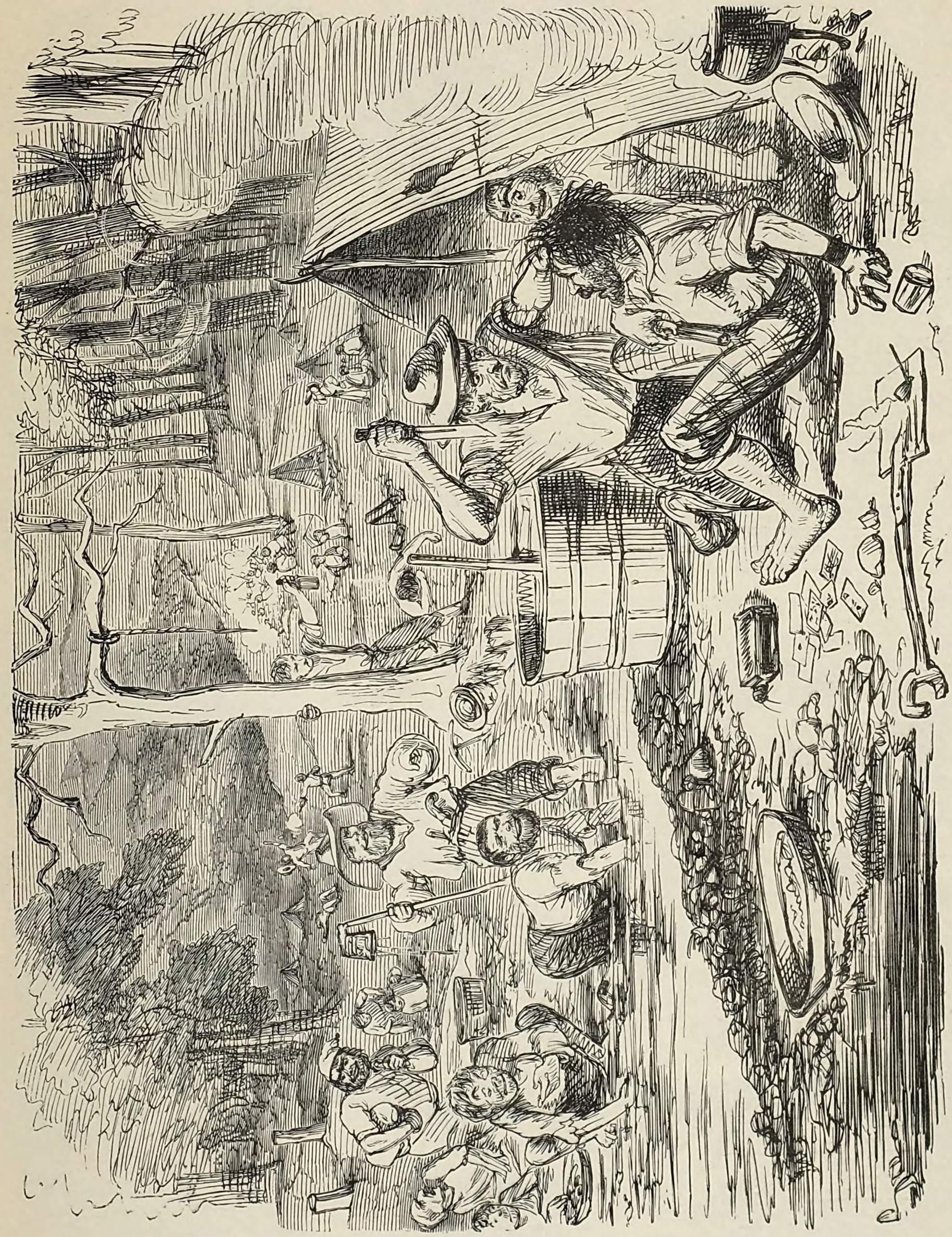
Diana (who is particular too, but jolly). "OH! *DELICIOUS*, AUNTY; AND DO YOU KNOW, WE FELL IN WITH THE HOUNDS—FOUND A FOX AT MERRY'S GORSE, RUN HIM WITHOUT A CHECK FOR TWENTY MINUTES UP TO FRIAR'S PLANTATION—BOTHERED US A LITTLE THERE, BUT WE HIT HIM OFF AGAIN, AND AWAY WE WENT AS HARD AS WE COULD SPLIT, OVER SIMMONS' ENCLOSURES—INTO BROADFIELD PARK—RIGHT THROUGH OLD LADY GOLLOP'S GARDEN—YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A SIGHT—DIDN'T STOP THERE, BUT STEAMED AWAY DOWN FRESHWATER VALE, AND KILLED HIM IN THE OPEN, CLOSE TO DOLLMAN'S HEATH—AN HOUR AND TEN MINUTES BY MY LITTLE WATCH, AND CHARLEY BANCROFT SAYS I WENT LIKE A BIRD, AND I'VE ASKED HIM IN TO LUNCH, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BECOME OF POLES AND THE COACH-HORSE!"

CAPILLARY ATTRACTIONS.

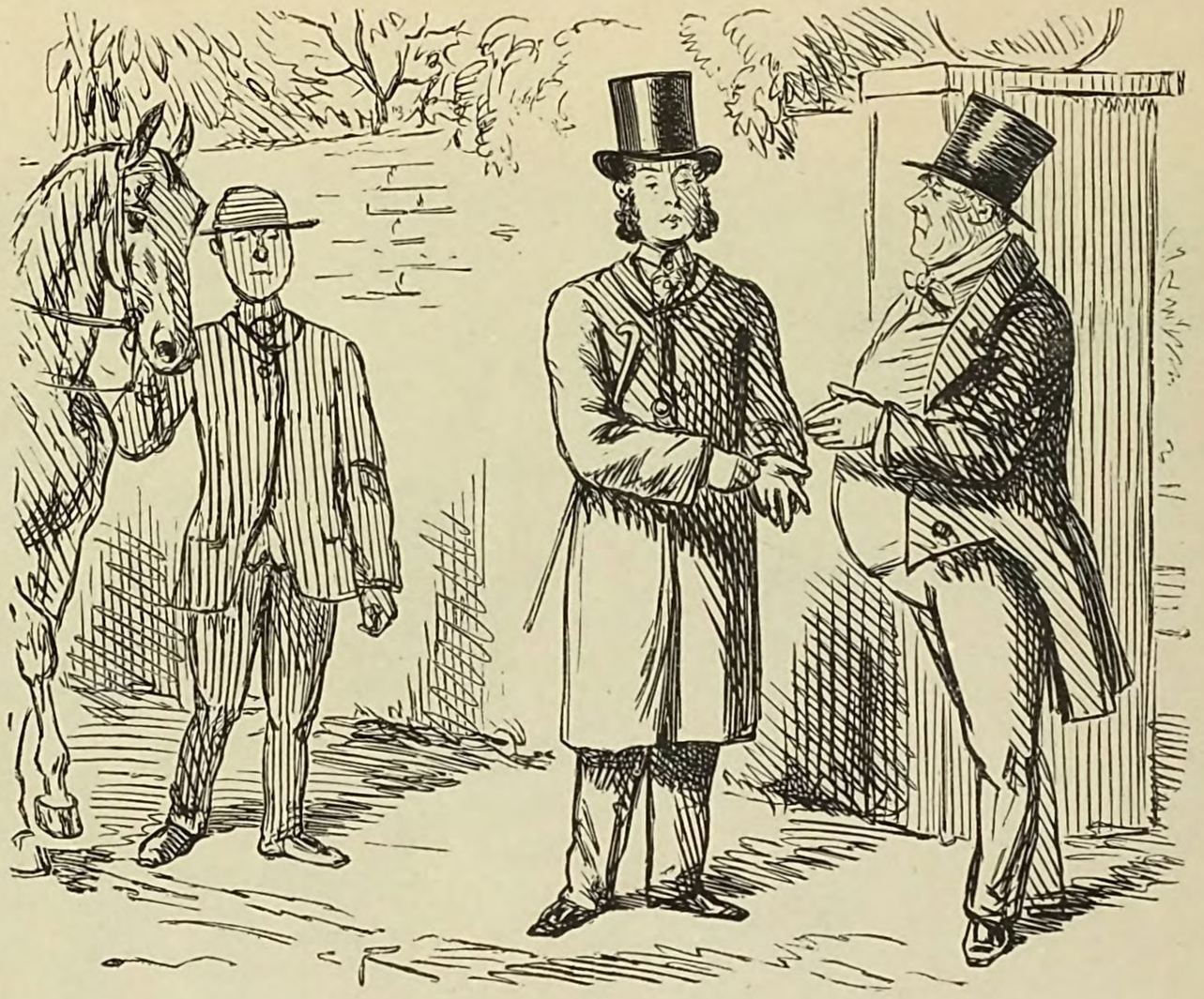
Miss Stout. "THE WORST OF LETTING ONE'S BACK HAIR DOWN IS, THAT IT MAKES THE YOUNG MEN STARE SO."



AN ENGLISH GOLD FIELD.

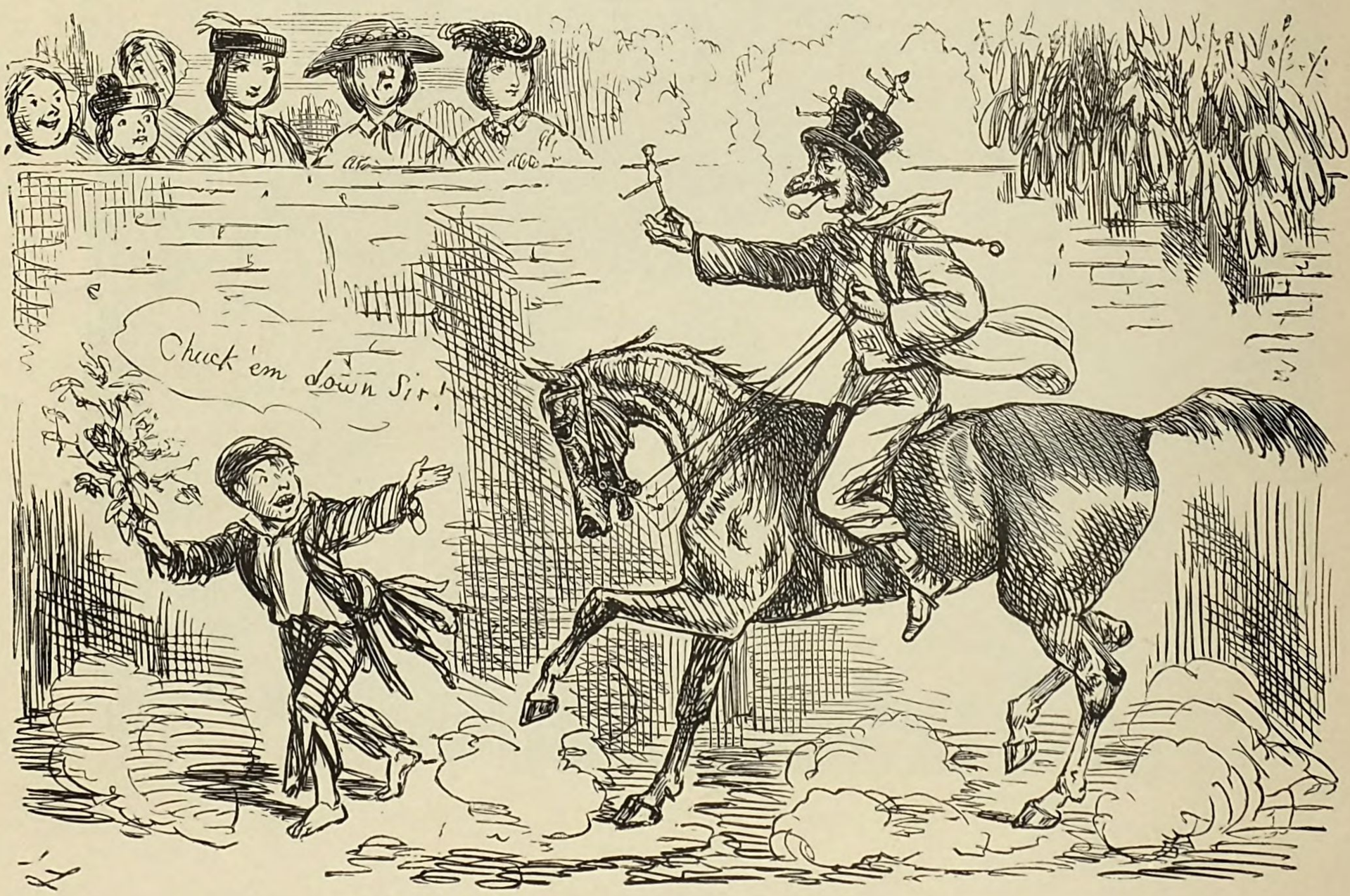


A GOLD FIELD IN THE "DIGGINS."

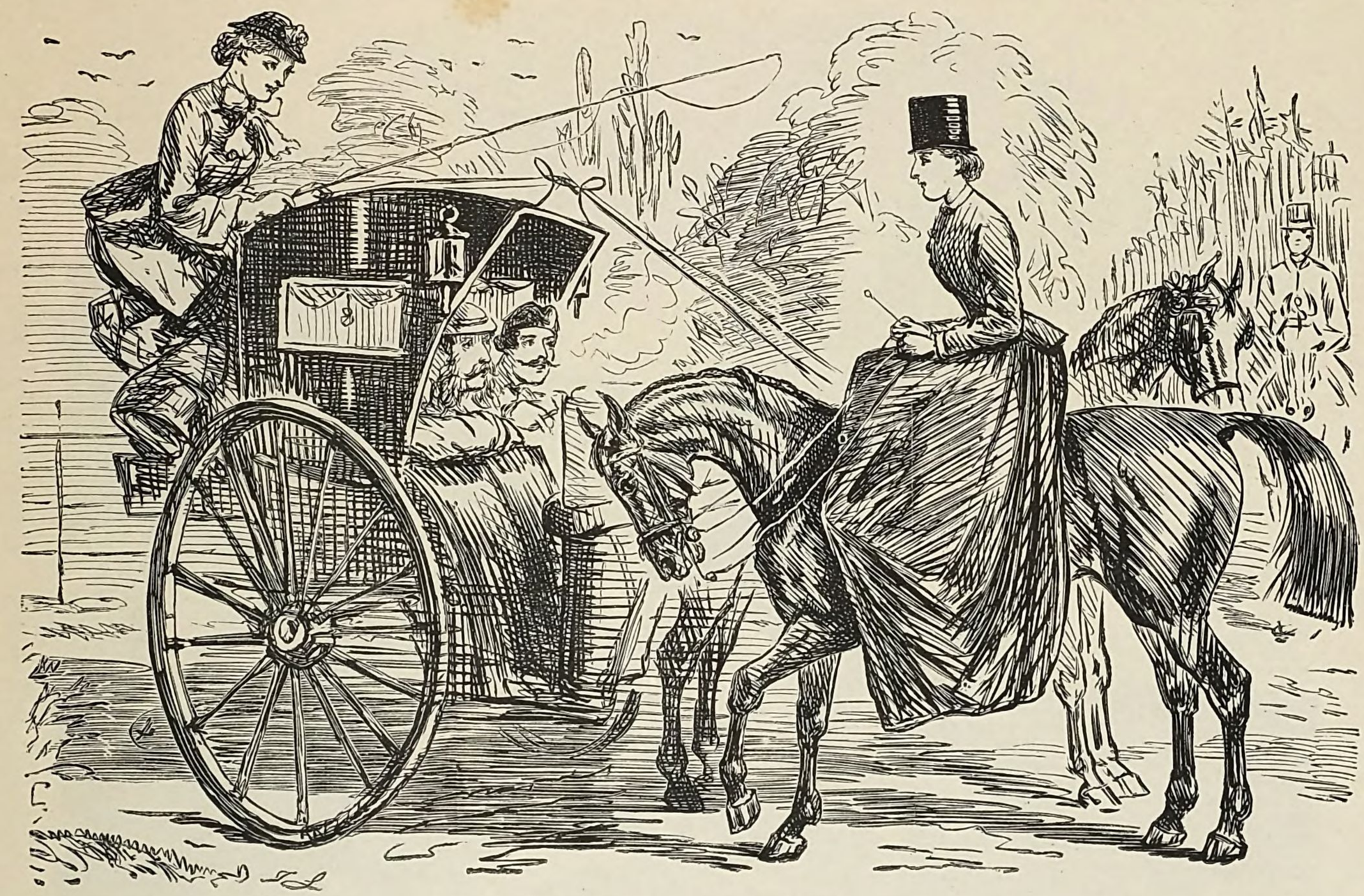


WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

THAT EXEMPLARY YOUNG MAN, JOSIAH SMUG, OF CLAPHAM, WOULDN'T GO TO SUCH A PLACE AS EPSOM FOR THE WORLD—BUT HE HAS NO OBJECTION TO RIDE ONE OF HIS FATHER'S HORSES BY WAY OF EXERCISE.



WE ARE SORRY TO SAY THAT THIS IS THE SAME EXEMPLARY YOUNG PARTY AS HE APPEARED RETURNING FROM THE DERBY!



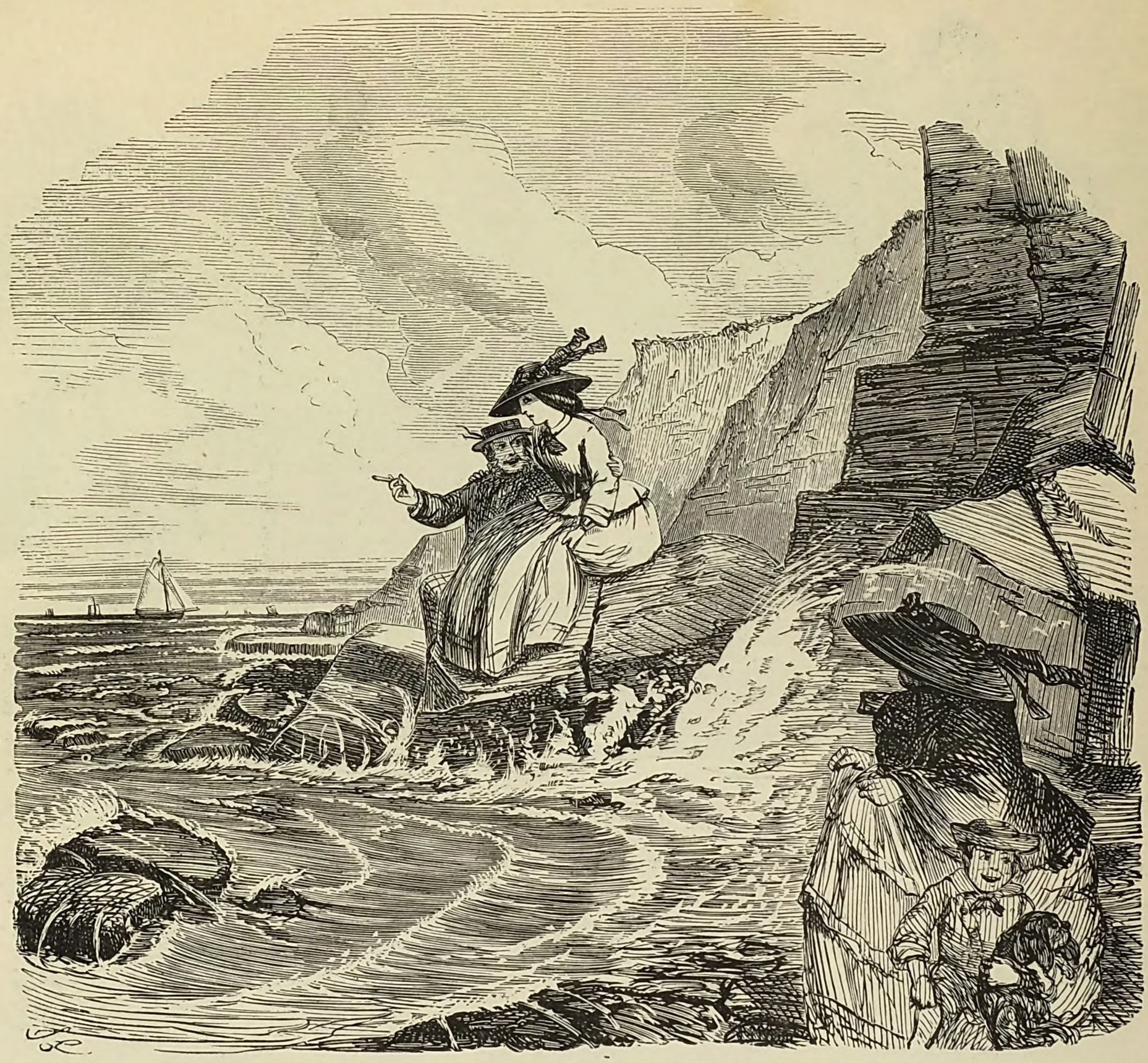
THE LATEST FAST THING.

Constance. "OH, ISN'T IT AWFULLY JOLLY? GEORGE HAS BOUGHT THIS PRIVATE HANSOM, AND I'M GOING TO DRIVE HIM OVER TO SEE GRANDPAPA!"

AMBITION.

Lady. "BUT I THOUGHT THAT YOU AND THE OTHER SERVANTS WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED!"

Flunkey. "WELL, MEM, I AIN'T IN NO WAYS DISCONTENTED WITH MY WAGES, NOR WITH THE VITTELS, NOR NOTHINK OF THAT—BUT THE FACT IS, MY FRIENDS SAY THAT A YOUNG MAN OF MY APPEARANCE OUGHT TO BETTER HISSELF, AND GET INTO A SITUATION WHERE THERE'S *TWO* MEN BEHIND THE CARRIDGE!" *(Poor Fellow!)*



ACCEPTING A SITUATION.

MAMMA AND THAT URCHIN WILLIAM GET ROUND SAFELY, BUT AUGUSTUS AND EMILY ARE OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE. WELL! WELL! THEY ARE ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK, SO PERHAPS THEY WON'T BE VERY MISERABLE FOR THE NEXT HOUR OR TWO.

THE SKETCHING MASTER.

THE ARISTOCRATIC

A PROBABLE SCENE, IF OUR

TEL COMPANY (LIMITED).

LORDS GO ON DABBLING IN BUSINESS.

AN INQUIRING MIND.

Arthur. "MAMMA! ISN'T MR. BLANQUE A WICKED MAN?"

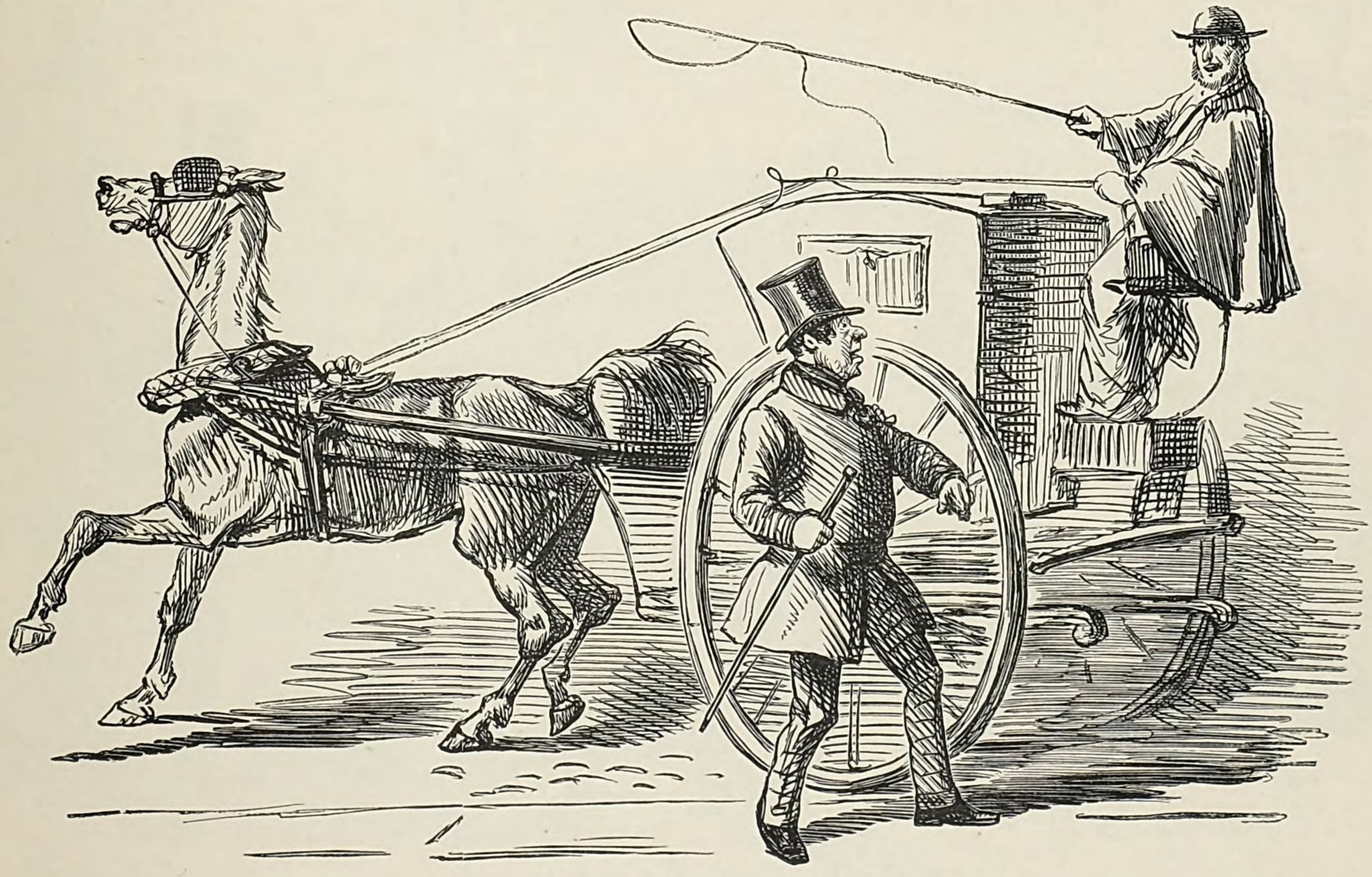
Mamma. "WICKED, MY DEAR! NO! WHAT MAKES YOU ASK SUCH A QUESTION?"

Arthur. "WHY, BECAUSE, MAMMA DEAR, WHEN HE COMES INTO CHURCH, HE DOESN'T *SMELL HIS HAT* AS OTHER PEOPLE DO!"

HEALTHY AND AMUSING GAME.

Flora. "GOOD GRACIOUS! REGINALD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT?"

Reginald. "OH, NOTHING! WE'VE ONLY BEEN PLAYING AT BEING TOM SAYERS AND THE BENICIA BOY!"



GENEROUS OFFER.

Cabby. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN. DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"

NATURAL IMPATIENCE

RATHER A KNOWING THING IN NETS.

Admiring Friend. "WHY, FRANK! WHAT A CAPITAL DODGE!"

Frank. "A—YA-AS. MY BEARD IS SUCH A BORE, THAT I HAVE TAKEN A HINT FROM THE FAIR SEX.

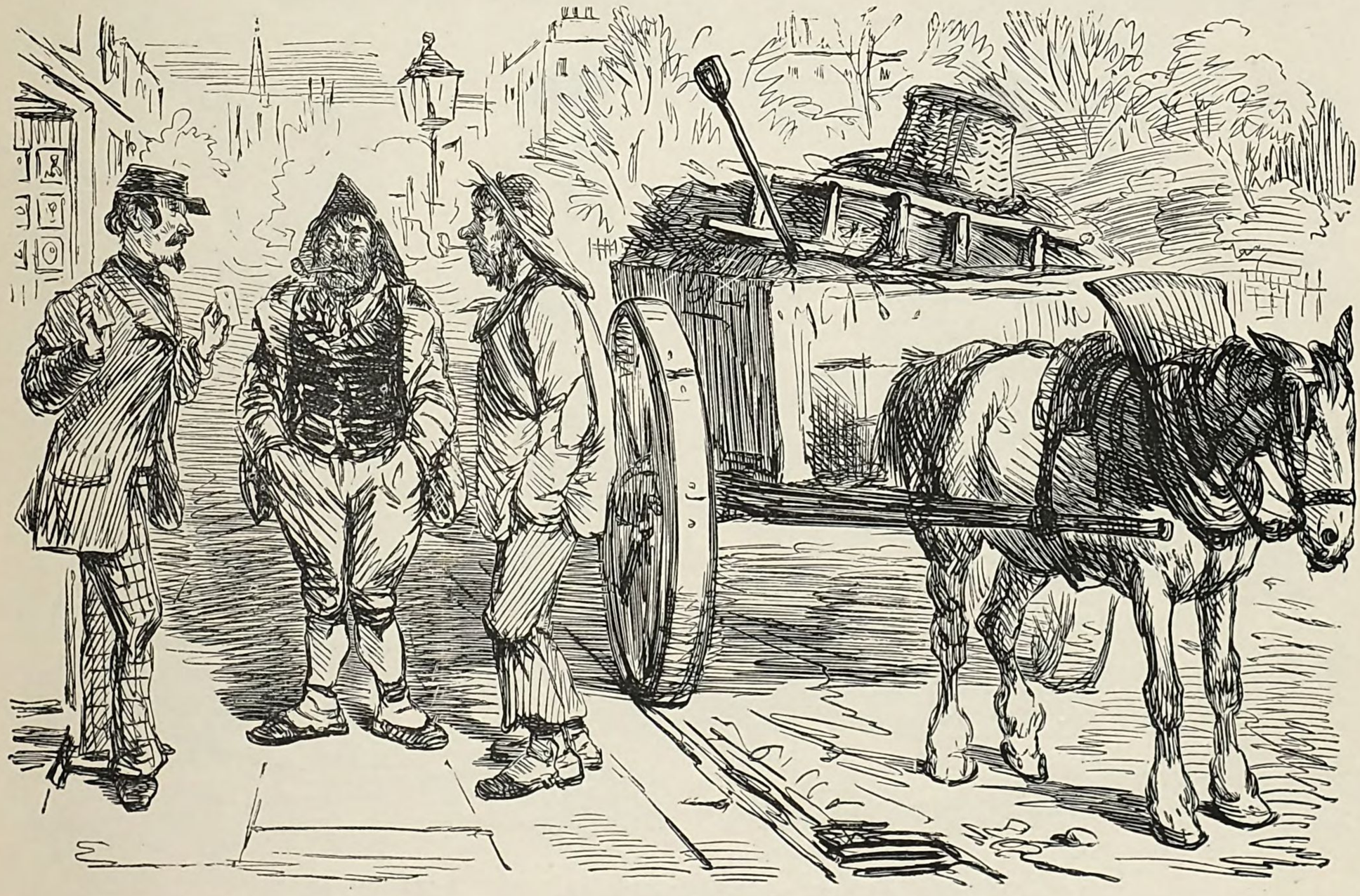
THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Brown. "SO, YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY OLD MRS. YELLOWBOYOE. WELL, I THINK YOU'RE A DOOCED LUCKY FELLAH!"

Jones. "BY JOVE, I DON'T THINK THE LUCK IS ALL ON MY SIDE! IF SHE FINDS MONEY, HANG IT, I FIND BLOOD AND—HAW—BEAUTY!"

NOTHING LIKE MOUNTAIN AIR.

Tourist (who has been refreshing himself with the Toddy of the Country). "I SHAY, OLE FLER! HIGHLANDS SEEM TO 'GREE WITH YOU WONERFLY—ANNOMISHTAKE. WHY, YOU LOOK *DOUBLE* THE MAN ALREADY!"



SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.

Photographer. "NOW, SIR! 'AVE YER CART DE VISIT DONE?"

CANINE.

Patron. "WELL, BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT SUCH A DAWG AS THAT COULD DRAW A BADGER?"

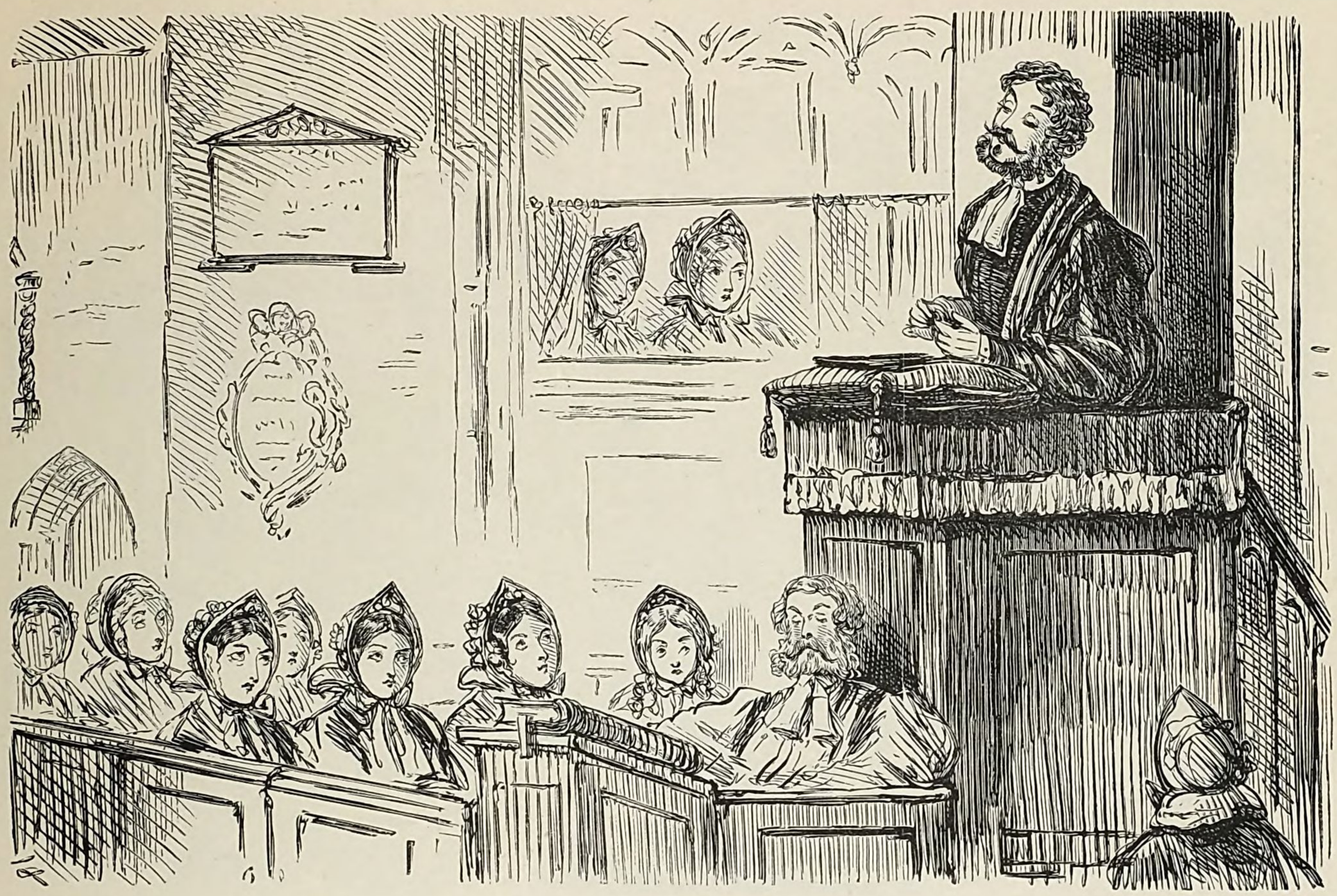
Fancier. "NOT DRAW A BADGER? WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY TO HIM!"

HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

IF YOU ARE OBLIGED TO CROSS THE CHANNEL, GET AS NEAR MID-SHIPS AS POSSIBLE (NEVER MIND THE MOVEMENT OF THE ENGINES, OR THE SMELL OF THE OIL), AND—IT WILL BE SOONER OVER.

LATEST FROM ABROAD—POWDER AND ALL THE REST OF IT.

Old Miss Fribble "HEM! CUT THESE OLD-FASHIONED MINXES OUT—FLATTER MYSELF!"

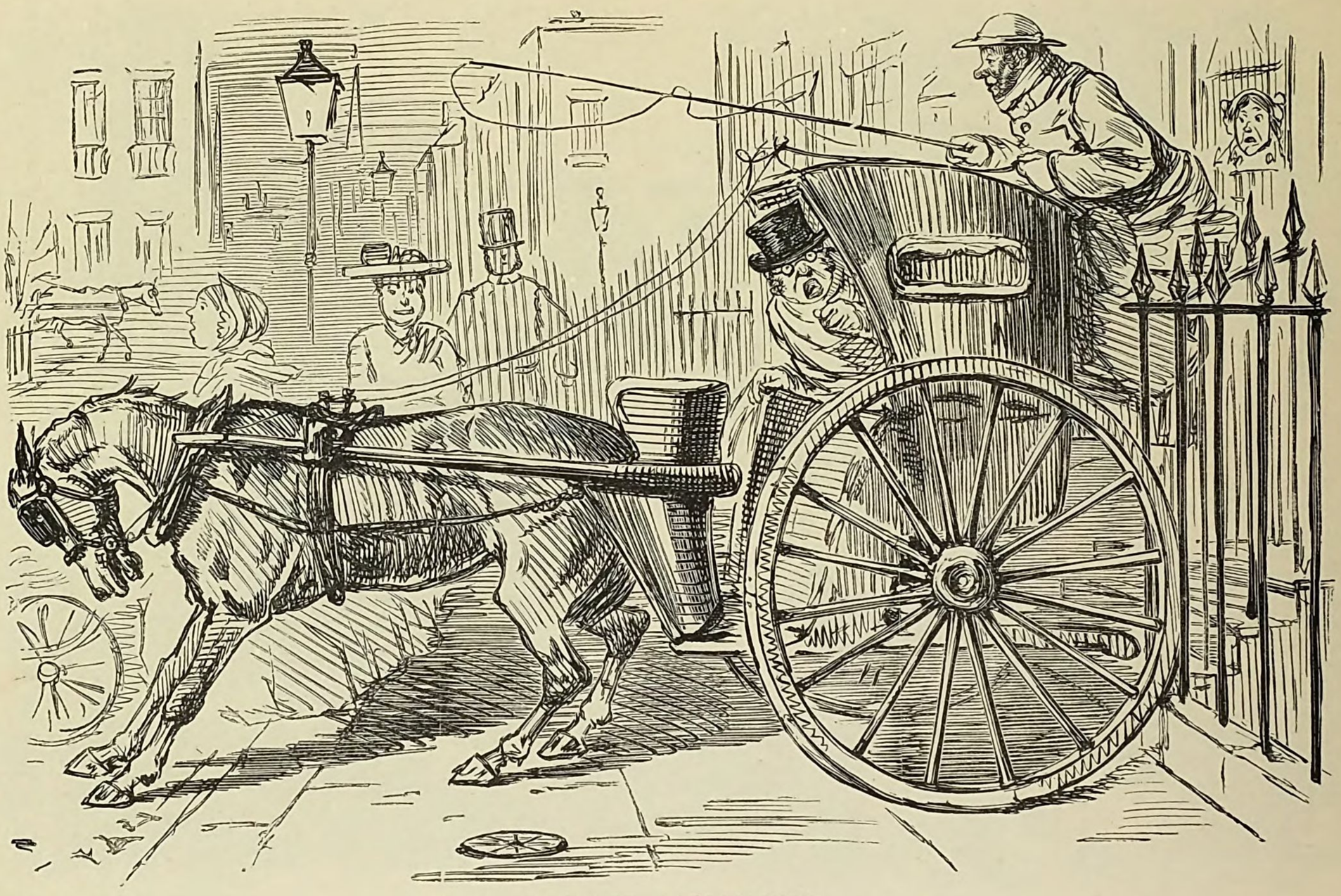


THE CLERICAL BEARD MOVEMENT.

WE DO NOT FOR ONE MOMENT PRESUME TO SAY WHETHER IT IS RIGHT OR WRONG,—ONLY, IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO PREVAIL, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF CAPTAIN HEAVYSWELL?

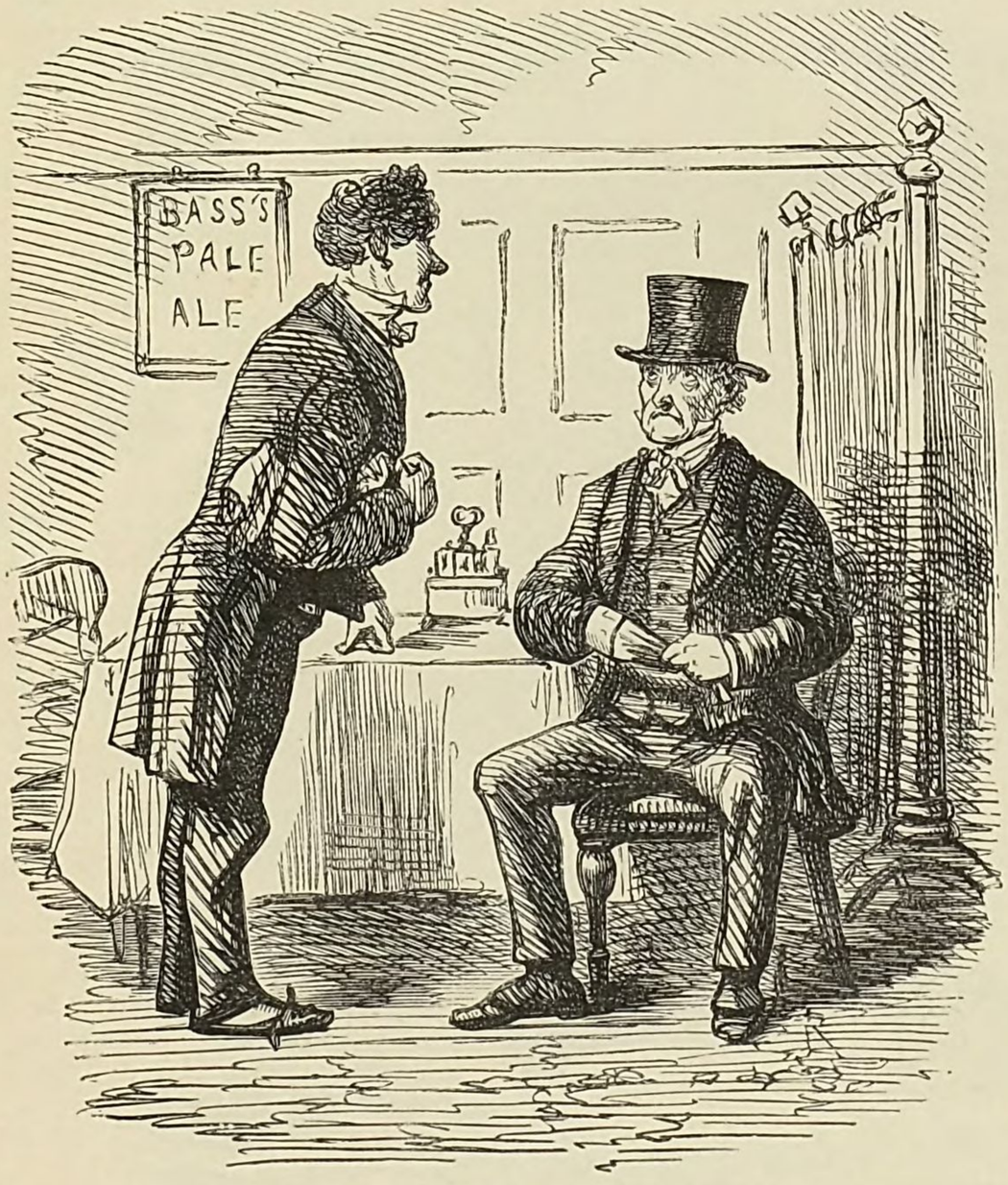
"BY YOUR LEAVE!"

Porter. "NOW, MARM, WILL YOU PLEASE TO MOVE, OR WAS YOU CORDED TO YOUR BOX?"



SOOTHING EXPLANATION.

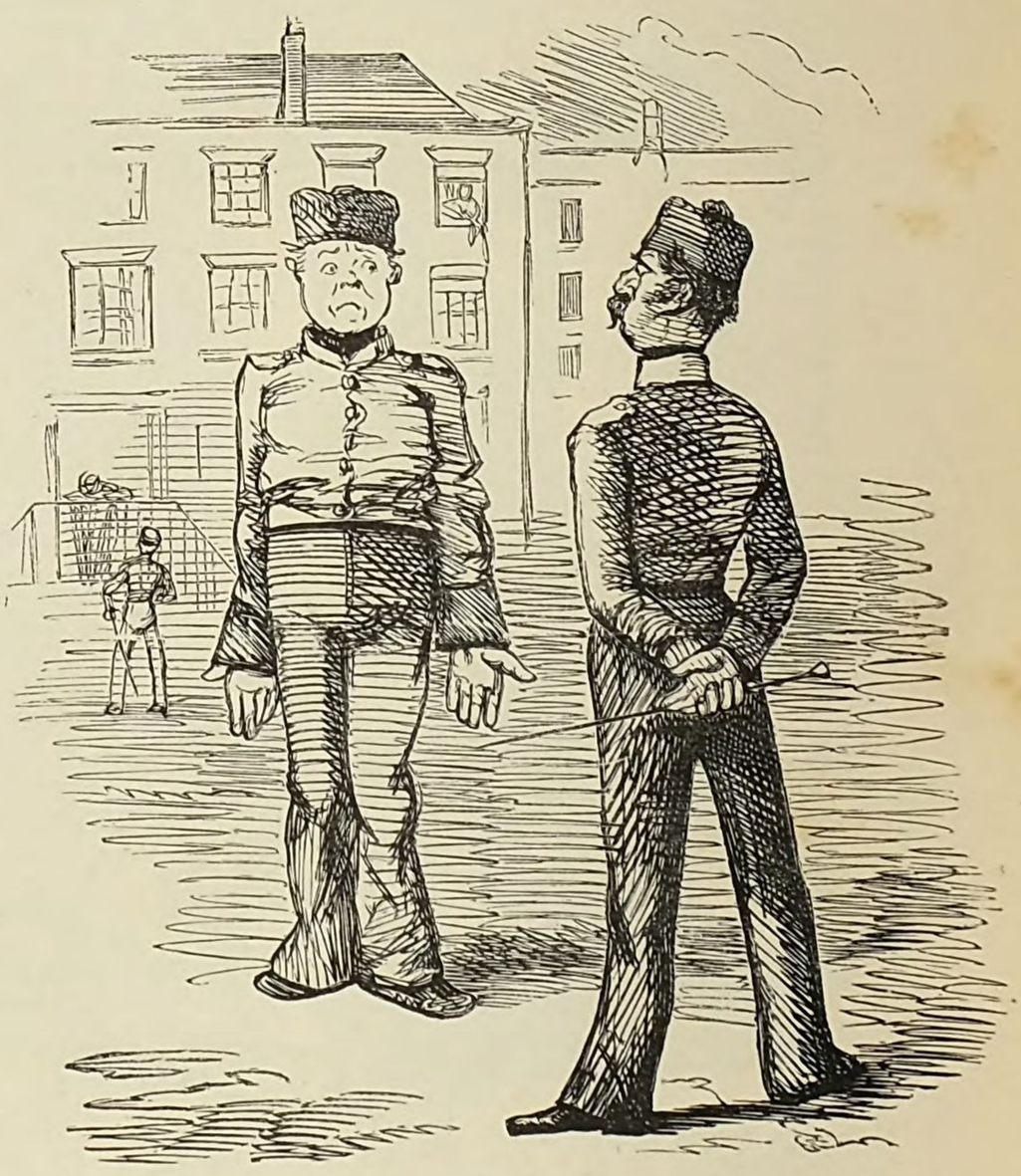
Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO GET OUT, SIR! HE'S ONLY A LITTLE OKARD AT STARTIN'!"



RESOURCES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

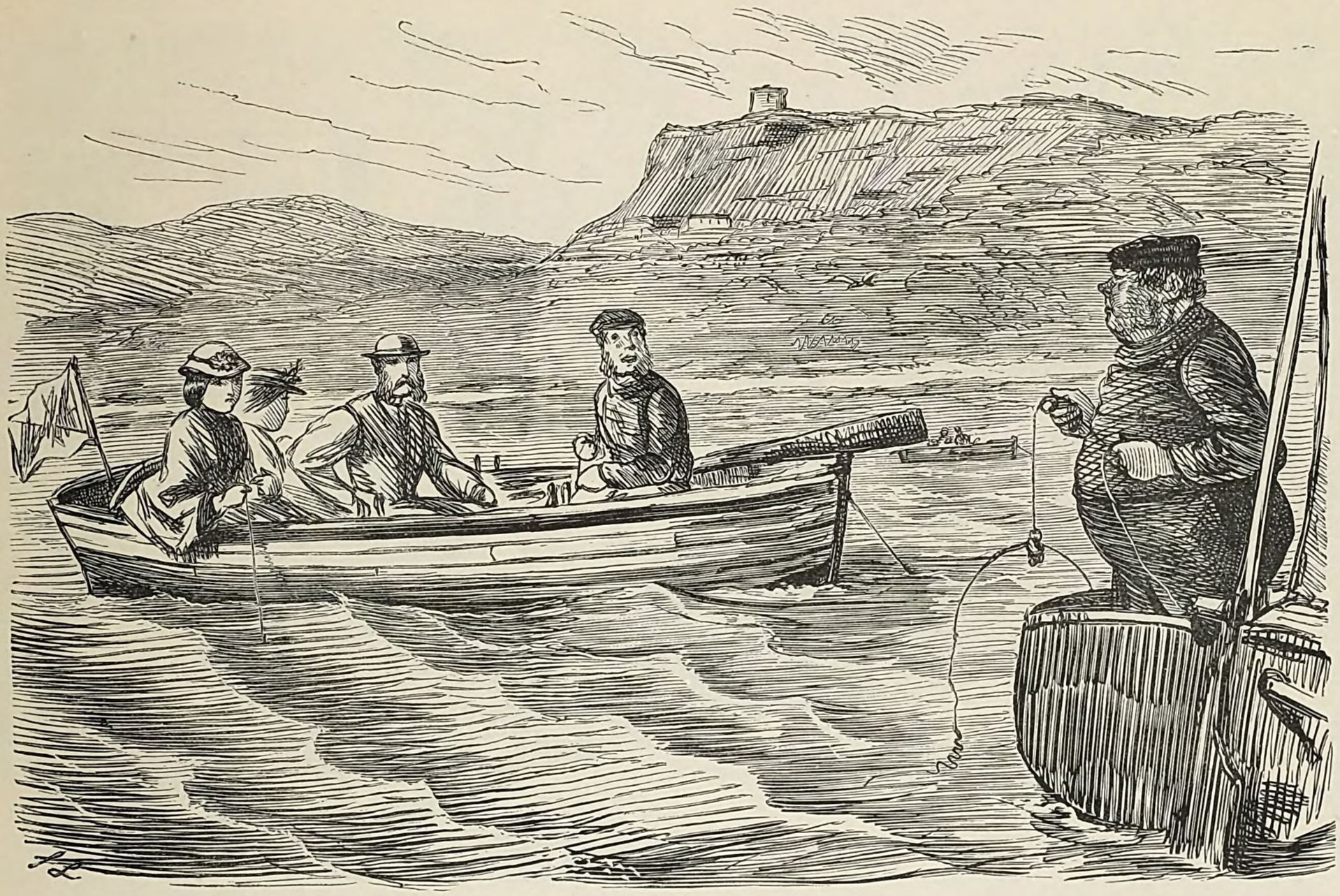
Old Tourist. "PRAY, WAITER, IS THERE ANYTHING TO WILE AWAY THE TIME UNTIL THE DINNER-HOUR?"

Waiter. "YESSIR; WHICH WOULD YOU PLEASE TO TAKE, SIR?—*WINE* OR *SPIRITS*, SIR?"



A LIKELY CASE.

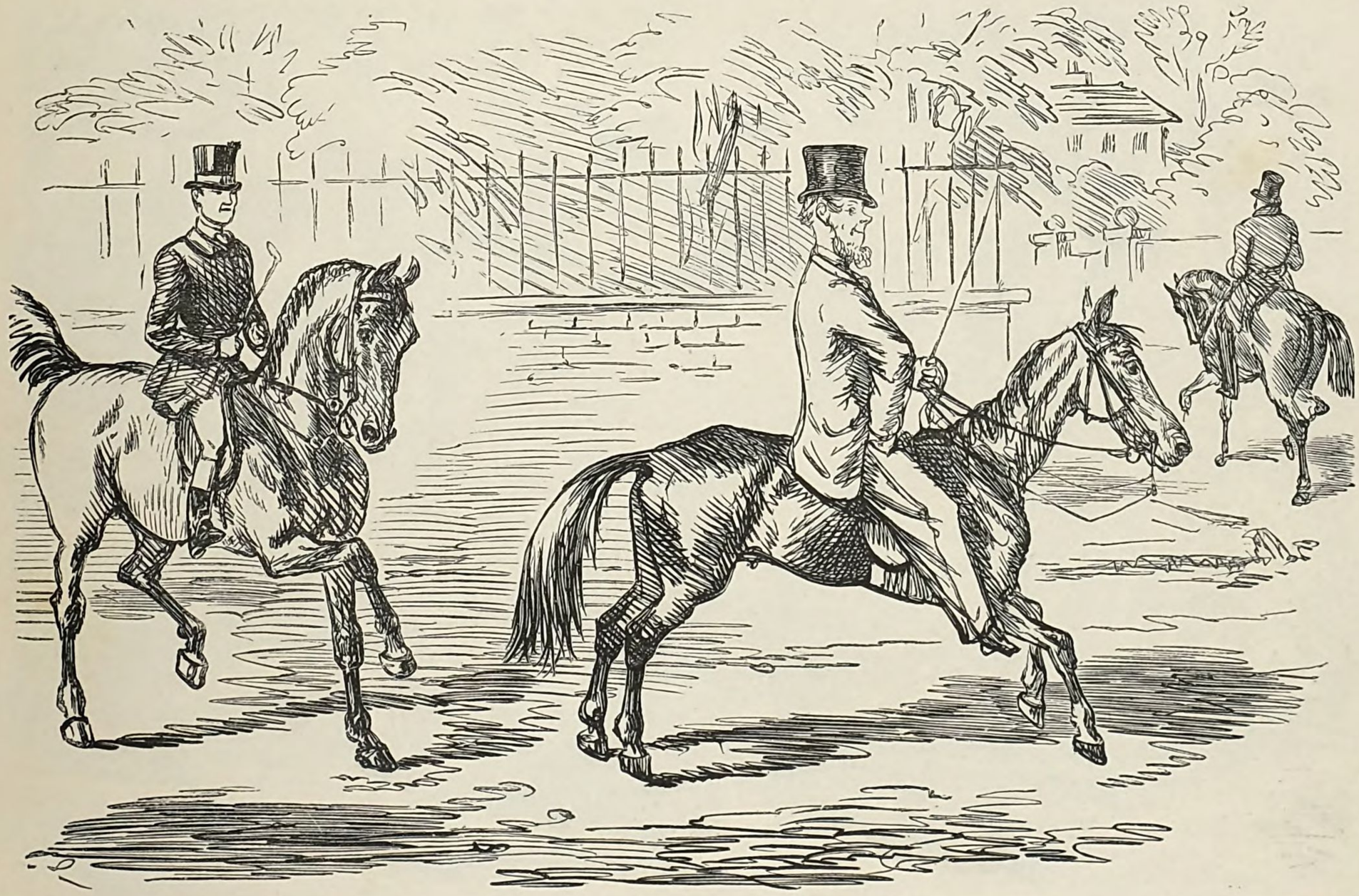
Fiery Instructor to trembling Pupil. "NOW, SIR! COME! I KNOW YOU! DON'T ATTEMPT TO BULLY ME, SIR—IT WON'T SUCCEED, I CAN TELL YOU!"



RATHER VULGAR, BUT PERFECTLY TRUE.

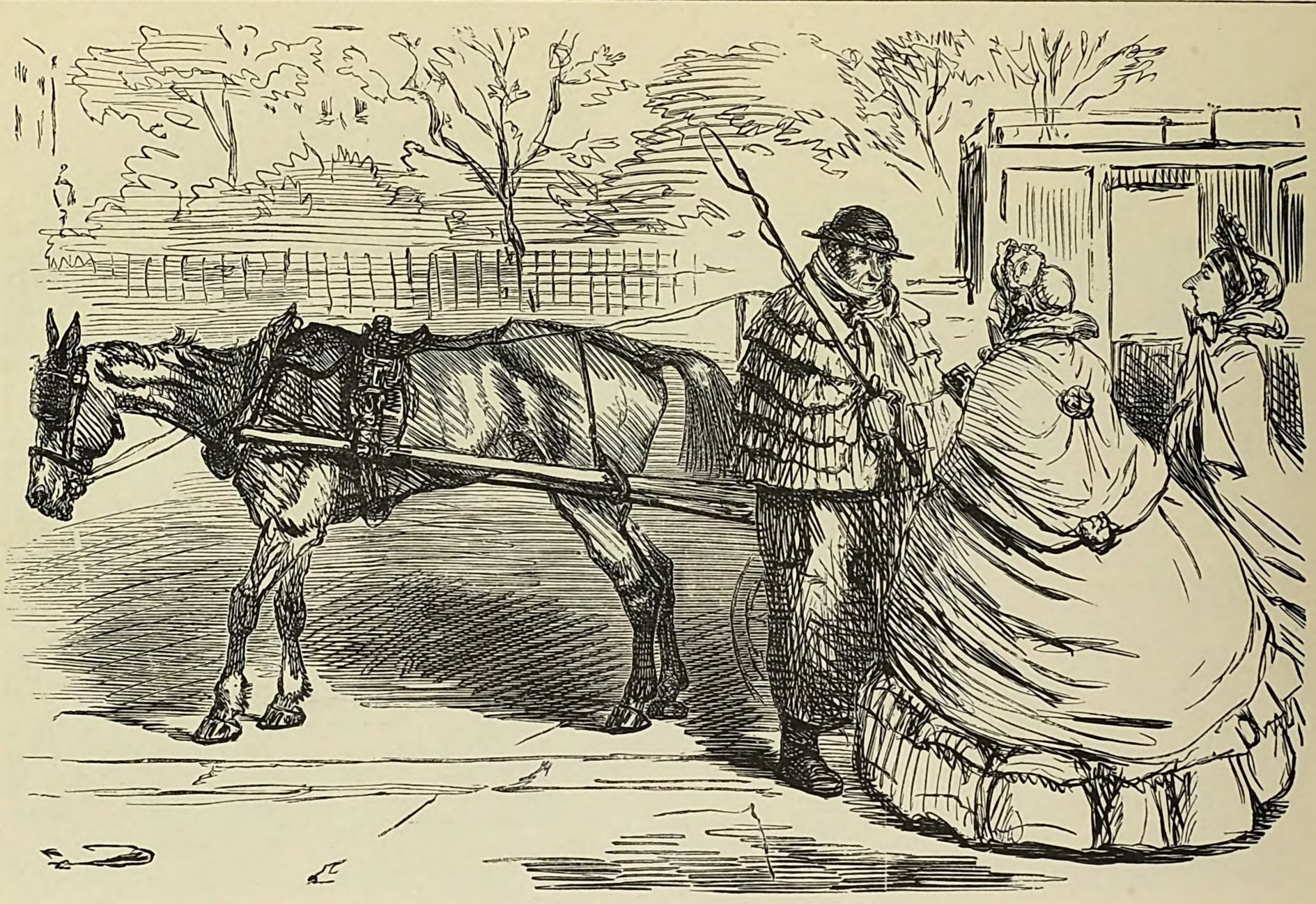
Boatman (in the distance). "I SAY, JACK, GOT A MOSSEL O' BAIT TO SPARE?"

Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T LET YER HAVE NO WUMS; BUT I DON'T MIND LENDING YER A BIT O' BULLOCK'S LIVER TO OBLIGE A LADY!"



STOLEN PLEASURES ARE SWEET.

PORTRAIT OF TOMKINS, UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE PUBLIC TAKES THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GROOM FOR HIS.



THE CABMAN'S GUIDE.

Lady. "OH! P'LEASE CABMAN, DRIVE ME TO ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH. YOU GO UP EBURY STREET, AND TAKE——"

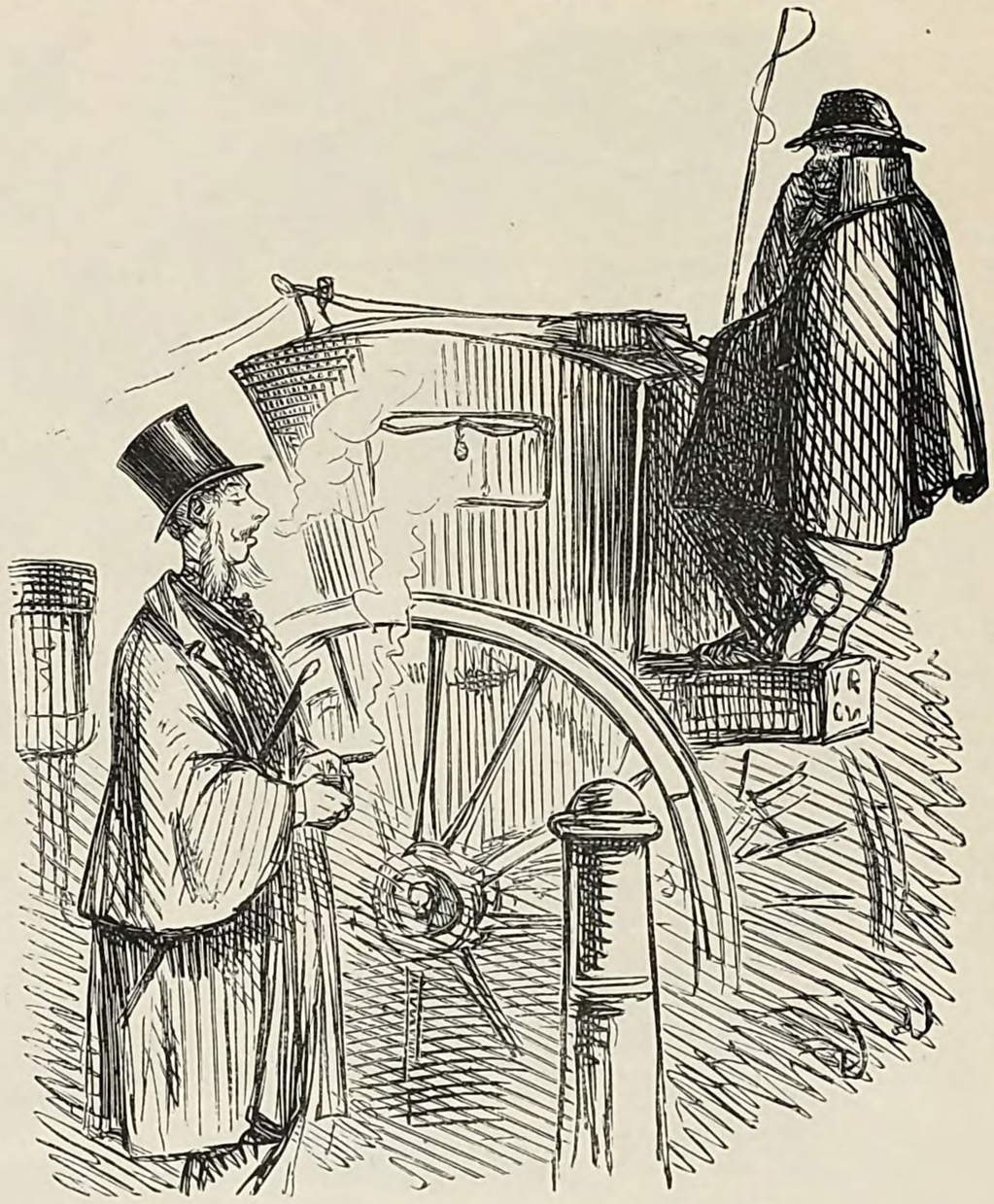
Cabman. "I KNOW—HOPPOSITE THE THREE COMPASSES!"

FALSE ALARM, SURELY!

Miss Priscilla (with the Dog). "YES, IT'S THE WORST OF THESE WATERING-PLACES. THERE ARE SO MANY ADVENTURERS ON THE LOOK OUT FOR WIVES, THAT ONE IS ALWAYS IN FEAR OF BEING PROPOSED TO!"

PITIABLE OBJECTS.

Mr. Done (to Mr. Dreary). "NO! A DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS--BUT I AIN'T THE THING SOMEHOW! NO EMBAWASSMENTS OR ANYTHING O' THAT SORT. CAN'T MAKE IT OUT. S'POSE IT'S *OVERWORK!*"



TOO BAD, BY JOVE! YOU KNOW.

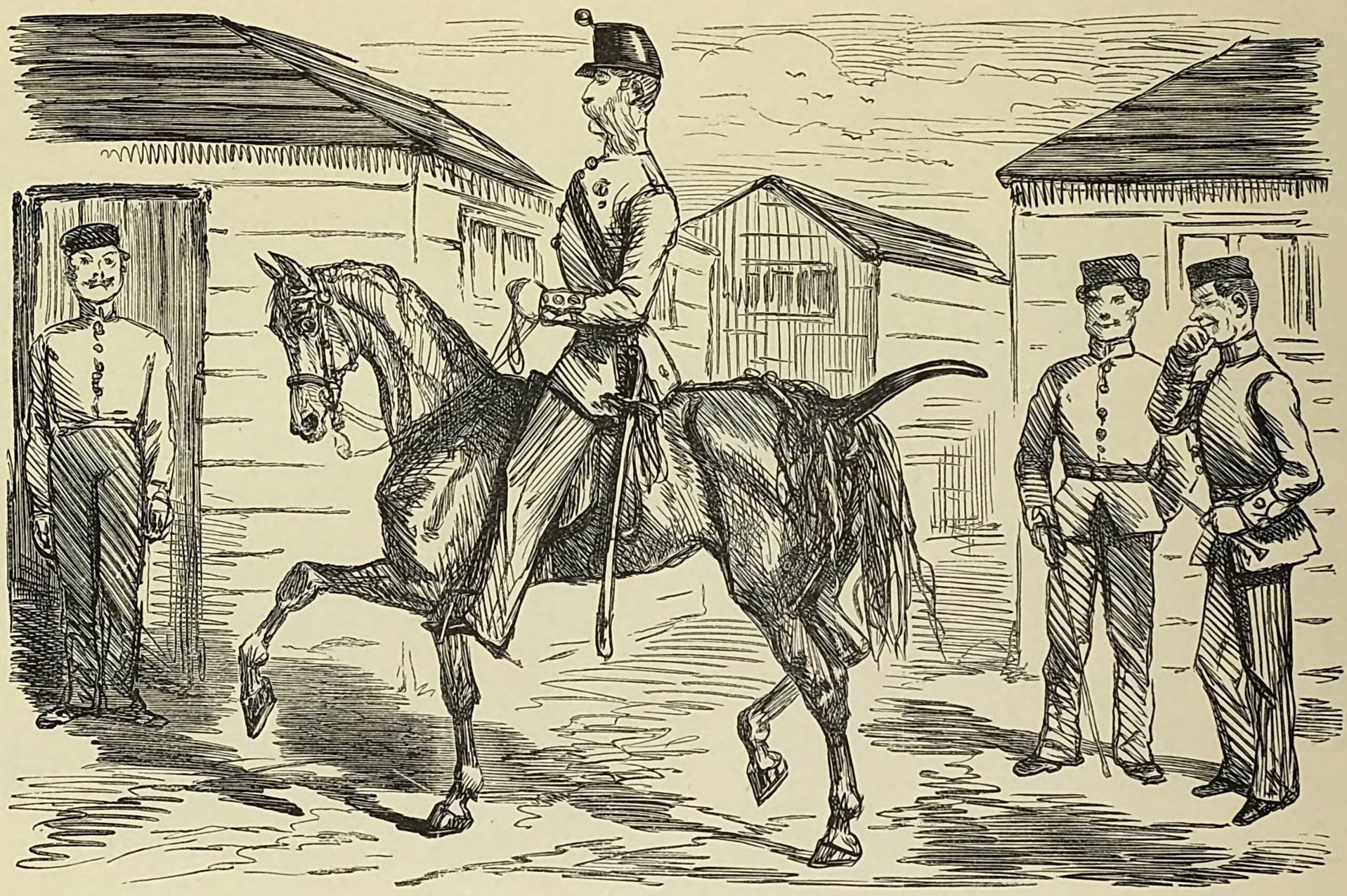
Swell. "OH, NAWN-SENSE; HALF-A-CROWN'S TOO MUCH. HERE'S EIGHTEEN-PENCE. I AIN'T SUCH A FOOL AS I LOOK!"

Cabby. "AIN'T YER, SIR? THEN I ONLY WISH YER *WOS!*"

A CHANCE FOR JEAMES.

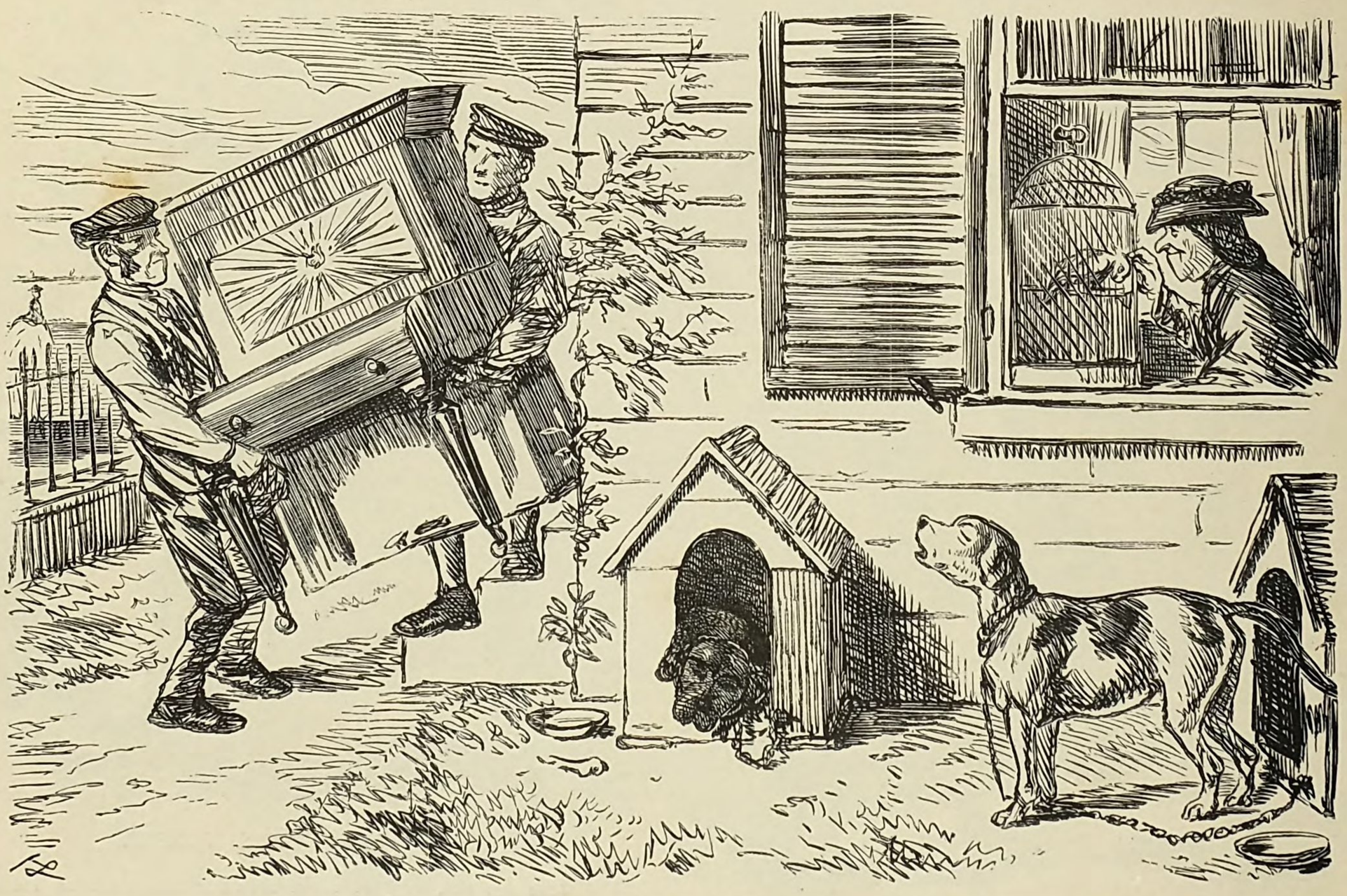
VERY RUDE, INDEED.

Little Boy. "OH, MY EYE! THERE GOES EIGHTPENCE OUT OF A SHILLING!"



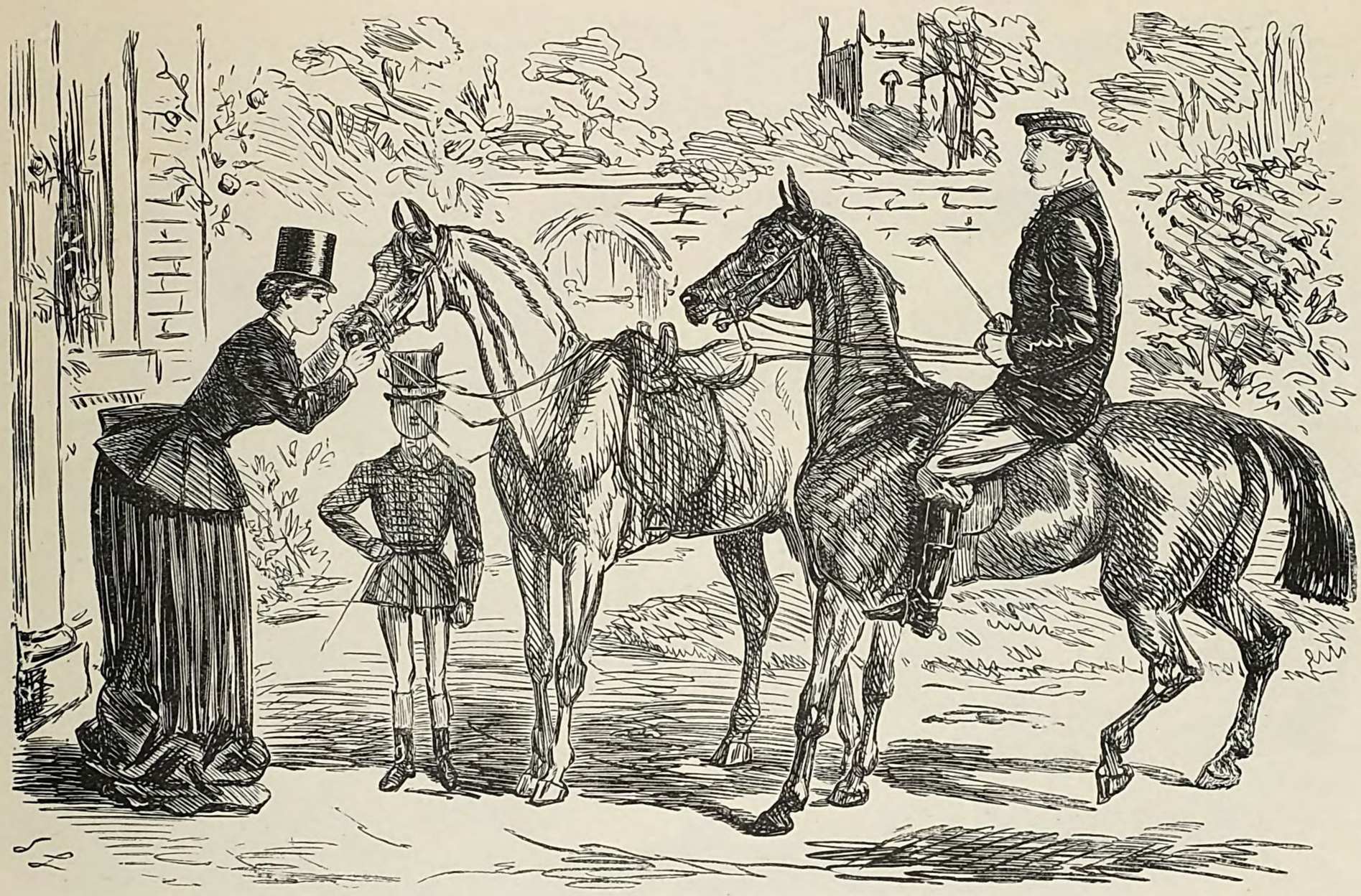
NATURE WHEN UNADORNED, &c.

MAJOR ALDERSHOT, RETURNING FROM PARADE, FLATTERS HIMSELF THAT HIS RAT-TAILED CHARGER IS MUCH ADMIRED SINCE THE SADDLER HAS SUPPLIED HIM WITH A NEW TAIL.



A SEA-SIDE SUBJECT.—JOLLY FOR THE PARTY IN SEARCH OF REPOSE.

N.B. The Old Lady with the Parrot encourages Organ-Grinders, and when the Moon shines bright and clear, doesn't the Black Dog come out!



DOOSED AGGRAVATING FOR CORNET FLINDERS.

Darling (coaxingly to Favourite Hack). "IT WAS A NICE 'ITTLE SOFT NOSE, IT WAS—AND IT HAD VERY NICE EYES, IT HAD—AND IT WAS VERY HANDSOME, IT WAS—AND IT WAS A NICE 'ITTLE SING ALTOGETHER!!"

MRS. J. HAS THE BEST OF IT

Paterfamilias. "MRS. JONES! M-MATILDA! WHY!—EH!—WHAT THE DEUCE—?"

Mrs. J. "YES, MR. J. YOU HAVE BEEN GOING ON SO ABOUT THE CRINOLINE, THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD TRY HOW YOU LIKED THIS STYLE OF THING. SO, COME, JONES, COME OUT FOR A WALK!"

OPPOSITE OPINIONS.

WHILE THEY ARE AT SCARBOROUGH, PATERFAMILIAS THINKS HIS LITTLE ONES OUGHT TO LOSE NO OPPORTUNITY OF DRINKING THE WATERS.

LA MODE—THE ZOUAVE JACKET.

Miss Stout. "WELL NOW DEAR, I CALL IT CHARMING, AND SHALL MOST CERTAINLY HAVE ONE MYSELF!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Housemaid. "DRAT THE BOTHERING CHINA CUPS AND THINGS. THEY BE ALWAYS A-KNOCKING UP AGAINST ONE'S CRINOLINE."

NOT SUCH A BAD THING IN A SHOWER.

A WICKET PROCEEDING.

Georgina. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY LITTLE POPPET?"

Little Poppet. "OH, AUNTY DEAR, WALTER CAN'T FIND HIS STUMPS, SO HE'S MAKING A WICKET OF MY BEST DOLL!"

A TYRANT.

Master Jacky (who pursues the fagging system even when home for the holidays). "OH, HERE YOU ARE! I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU GIRLS EVERYWHERE. NOW, YOU JUST MAKE HASTE HOME, AND PEEL ME A LOT OF SHRIMPS FOR MY LUNCH!"

A MERMAID.

PUTTING PRINCIPLE INTO PRACTICE.

BLOOD WILL CARRY ANYTHING—AT LEAST SO MISS FEATHERWEIGHT THINKS!

CRICKET—THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

"GOOD MATCH, OLD FELLOW?"

"OH YES, AWFULLY JOLLY!" "WHAT DID YOU DO?"

"I 'AD A HOVER OF JACKSON; THE FIRST BALL 'IT ME ON THE 'AND; THE SECOND 'AD ME ON THE KNEE· THE THIRD WAS IN MY EYE; AND THE FOURTH BOWLED ME OUT." [*Jolly game.*

PICKED UP FROM THE BEACH.

Old Salt (who has got sixpence a-piece out of the children). "THERE, MY DEARS, YOU'VE GOT A KITTEN FOR A SHILLUN' AS HAD OUGHT TO 'A BIN SEVIN-AND-SIXPENCE AT LEAST; AND IF YOU'LL MEET ME HERE TO-MORRER AT THE SAME TIME, YOU SHALL HAVE SUCH A BOAT FOR A HALF-A-CROWN AS YOU COULDN'T GET AT A SHOP FOR FIVE BOB!"

AQUATICS—WHEN THE BEES ARE SWARMING.

PERSUASIVE.

Conductor. "FULL INSIDE, MUM!—ROOM ON THE ROOF, MUM!—ONLY LIKE GOING UP-STAIRS, MUM!" *(But the Old Lady isn't partial to going up-stairs.)*

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

OFFICIOUS URCHIN RUSHES TO OPEN CARRIAGE-DOOR. JOHN AND THOMAS, TO USE THEIR OWN PHRASE, ARE "COMPLETELY NONPLUSHED!"

HELPING HIM ON.

Cruel Fair One (to silent Partner). "PRAY! HAVE YOU *NO* CONVERSATION?"

A VICTIM TO OVER-EXERTION.

Standing-up Swell. "MORNING, CHARLEY! DOING A BIT O' PARK, EH?"

Swell (reclining). "YAAS.—YOU SEE I CAN'T DO WITHOUT MY WEGLAR EXERCISE."

BENEVOLENCE.

MR. PUNCH HAVING HEARD OF THE EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF THE EXMOOR PONIES, PROCURES A FEW FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS!

UNWELCOME PLEASANTRY.

Frederick (who, we are sorry to say, is rather fond of chaffing his Brother-in-Law). "OH! LOOK HERE, ROBERT, WILL YOU HAVE THIS WITH YOU IN THE CARRIAGE, OR SHALL I PUT IT INTO THE VAN?"

THE YEOMANRY SERVICE.

MR. WOBBLES, WISHING TO ACCUSTOM HIS HORSE TO THE REPORT OF FIRE-ARMS, MAKES HIS LAD FIRE A GUN AT THE CORNER OF THE LANE AT FIRST THE EXPERIMENT IS NOT SATISFACTORY

THE NICE LITTLE DINNER.

Tommy (who is standing a feed to Harry). "OH, HANG IT, YOU KNOW, FOURTEEN BOB FOR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S COMING IT RATHER STRONG, AIN'T IT?"

Waiter (with perfect composure). "WE HAVE SOME *CHEAP* WINE, SIR, AT HALF-A-GUINEA "

A LITTLE FARCE AT A RAILWAY-STATION.

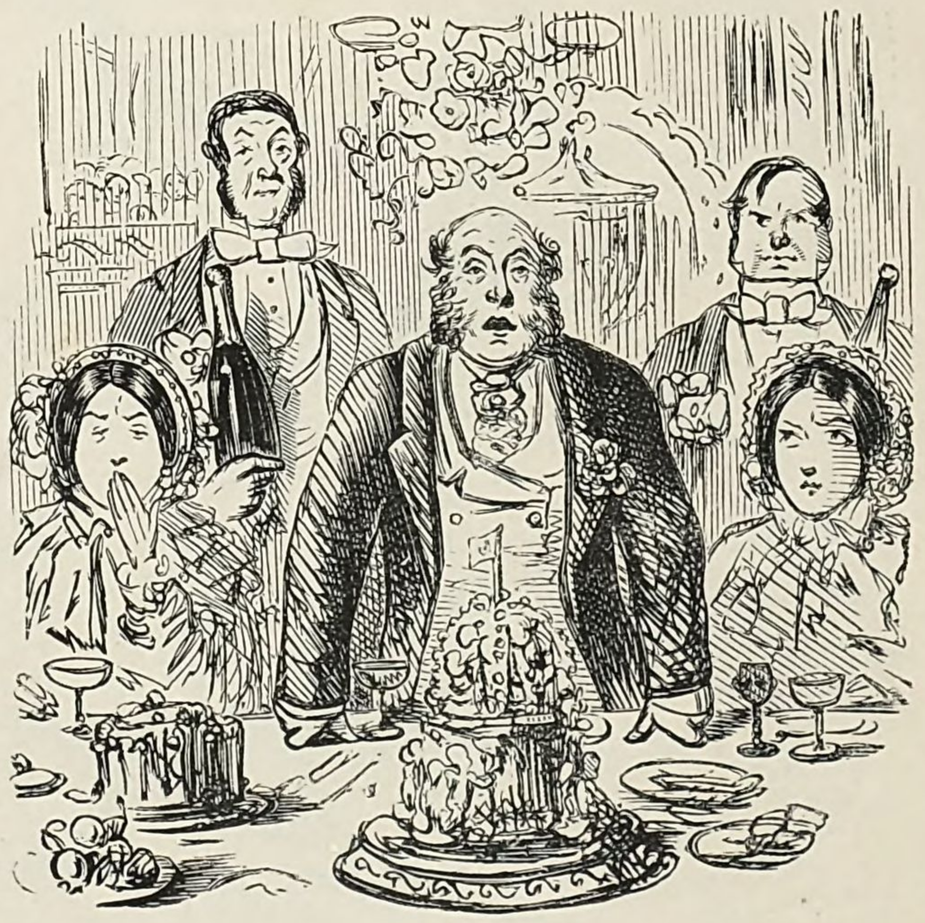
Lady. "I WANT ONE TICKET—FIRST!" *Clerk.* "SINGLE?"

Lady. "SINGLE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU, SIR, WHETHER I'M SINGLE OR NOT? IMPERTINENCE!" [*Clerk explains that he meant Single or Return, not t'other thing.*

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

"WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER WITH THE 'MAGIC,' CHARLES?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, DEAR, TOM PUT HIS HELM DOWN RATHER TOO QUICK, AND SHE MISSED STAYS AND WENT ASHORE, AND THEY ARE NOW HAULING THE JIB A-WEATHER TO LET HER FILL AND PAY OFF."

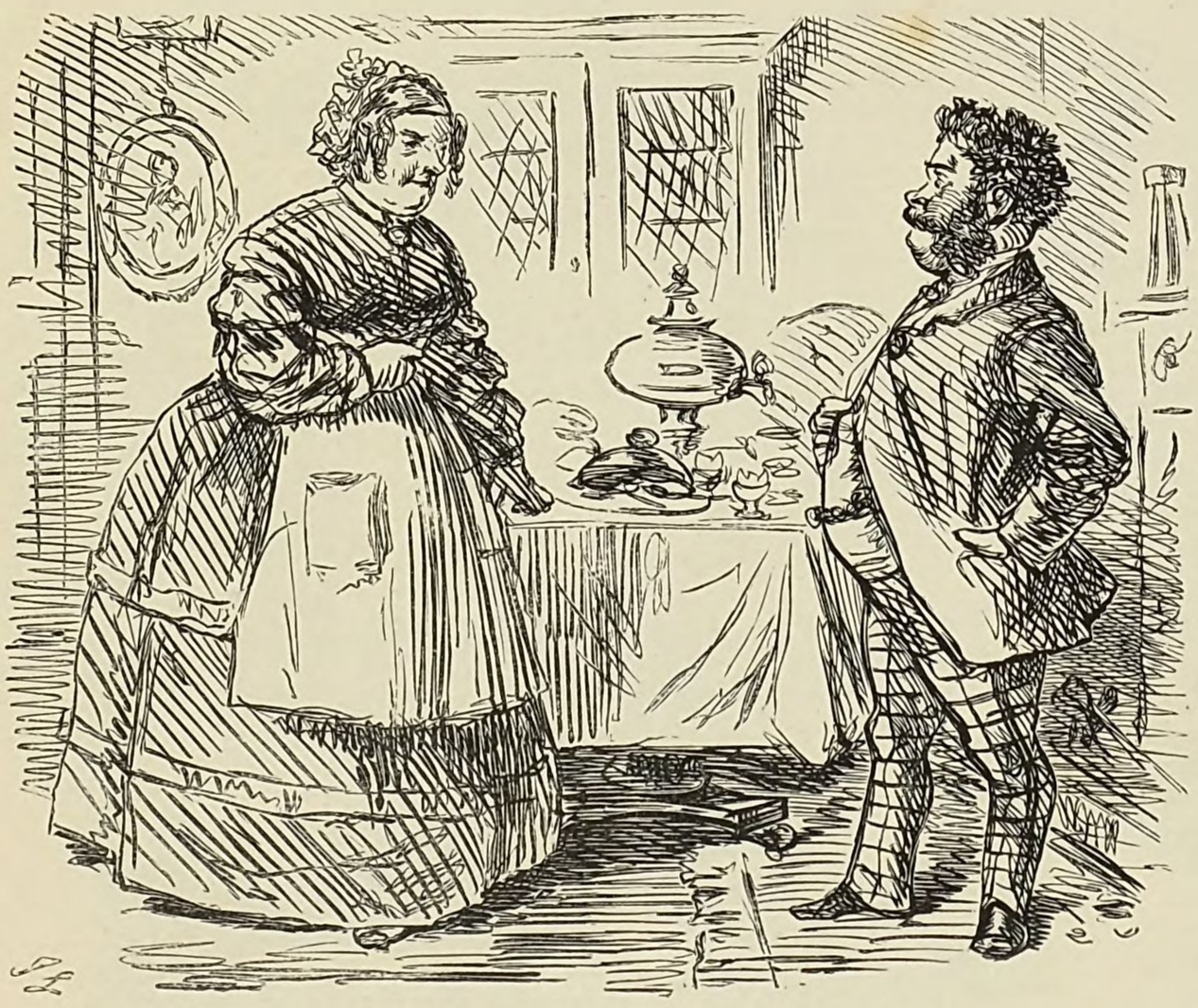


THE SOCIAL TREADMILL.—THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

MASTER AND MAN.—A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

Master (to Swell Groom). "OH, SNAFFLES, I WISH TO SHOW THE NEW HORSE TO THIS GENTLEMAN—AND WE SHALL RIDE IN THE AFTERNOON."

Swell Groom. "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT THE OSSES ARE LOCKED UP FOR THE PRESENT, SIR! AND WHAT OSSES WAS YOU GOING TO RIDE THIS AFTERNOON? I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO 'AVE *MINE* OUT IN THE DAMP!"

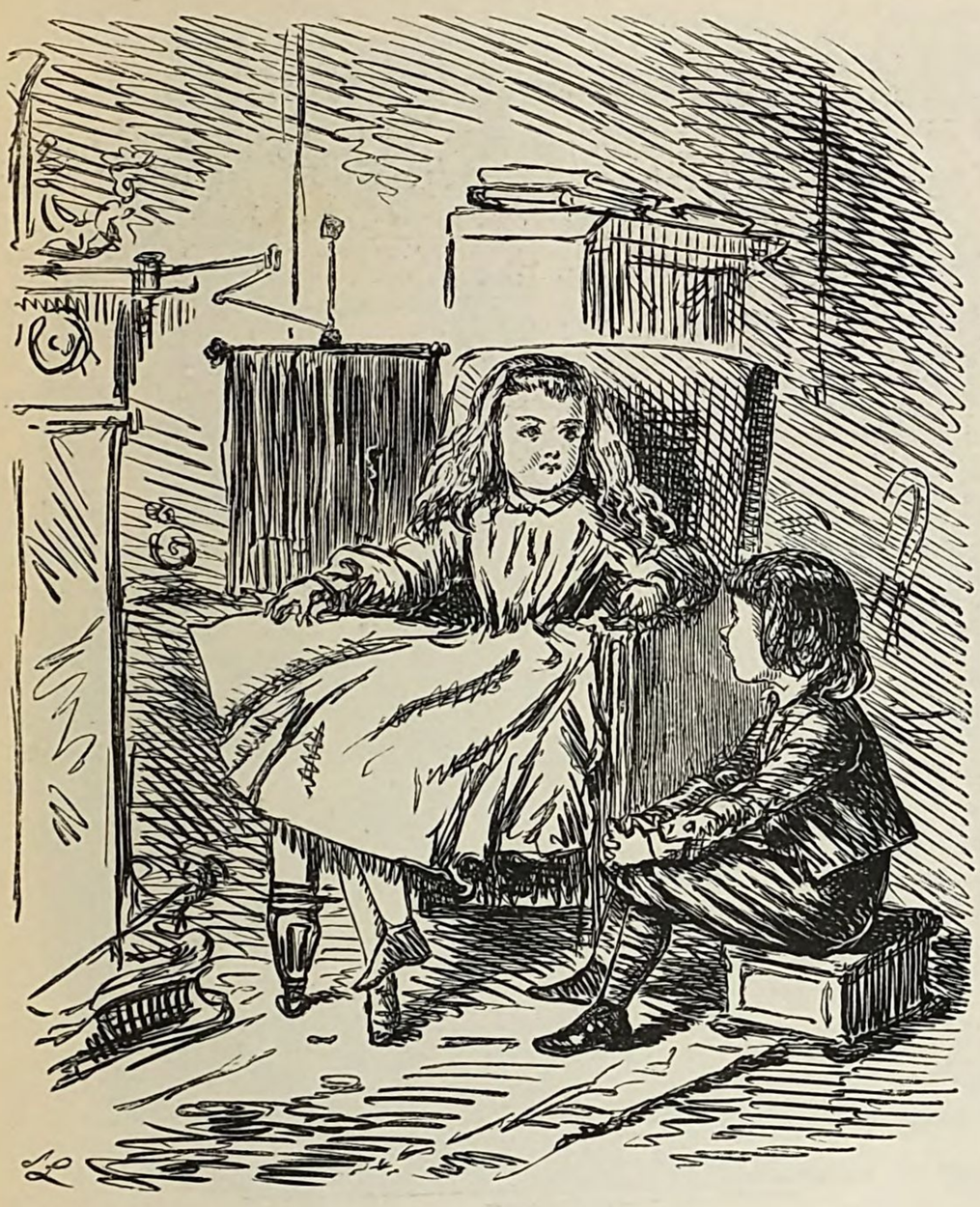


BOARD AND LODGING.

Landlady. "YES, SIR, THE BOARD WERE CERTINGLY TO BE A GUINEA A WEEK, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW AS YOU WAS A-GOING TO BATHE IN THE SEA BEFORE BREAKFAST, AND TAKE BOTTLES OF TONIC DURING THE DAY!"

THE COLLAR MANIA.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT FOR A GENT'S ALL-ROUNDER.



THE LINGUIST.

Archy. "I SAY, JESSIE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND FRENCH?"

Jessie. "A LITTLE—DO YOU?"

Archy. "OH, YES—I UNDERSTAND IT VERY WELL; BECAUSE, WHEN PA AND MA TALK FRENCH, I KNOW I'M GOING TO HAVE A POWDER!"

THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

Fond Parient. "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP—GEOGRAPHY NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I'LL BE BOUND?"

[No! It's the Cookery Book.

MISTAKING A TITLE.

Constance (literary). "HAVE YOU READ THIS ACCOUNT OF 'THE MILL ON THE FLOSS,' DEAR?"

Edith (literal). "NO, INDEED, I HAVE NOT: AND I WONDER THAT YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING TO INTEREST YOU IN THE DESCRIPTION OF A DISGUSTING PRIZE-FIGHT!"

VAULTING AMBITION.

"NOW THEN, CHARITY—HIGHER! YOU DON'T CALL THAT A BACK!"

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—THE MOUSTACHES.

Lady B. (a wicked Marquis). "BUT HAVE YOU MADE ME FIERCE ENOUGH, CHARLES?"

Charles. "FIERCE!—FEROCIOUS!"

EXPRESS.

Old Gent. "THIS OSCILLATION IS VERY UNUSUAL, SIR, ISN'T IT? WE SEEM TO BE GOING A TREMENDOUS PACE!"

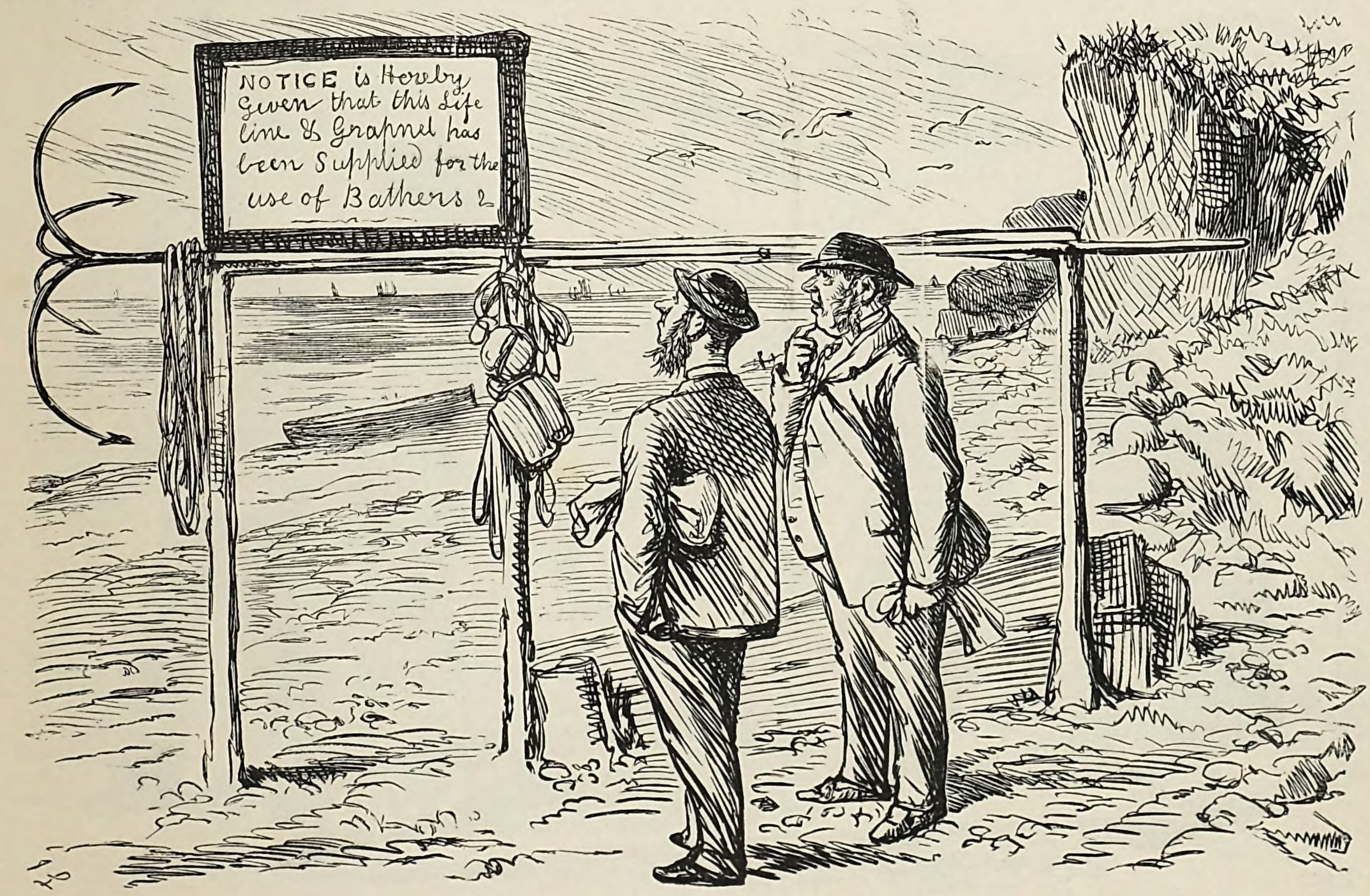
Swell. "AW—YA—AS! THEY'RE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. I'VE JUST TIMED 'EM, AND WE'VE DONE THE LAST NINE MILES IN SIX MINUTES AND A HALF. HAVE A SMASH, PRESENTLY, AW—THINK!"

A SOU'-WESTER IN A SEA-SIDE LODGING-HOUSE.

THE SPOON-SHAPED BONNET.

A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY, INDEED!

Emily (betrothed to Charles). "OH, CHARLES, ISN'T IT FUN? I'VE BEATEN ARTHUR AND JULIA, AND I'VE BROKE AUNT SALLY'S NOSE SEVEN TIMES!"



USEFUL APPLIANCES

"WIGGLES AND SPROTT PREFER BATHING FROM THE BEACH TO HAVING A STUFFY MACHINE. THEY ARE MUCH PLEASED WITH THE DELICATE LITTLE ATTENTION INDICATED ABOVE!"

ON THE WAY TO PARADE.

Brown (loq.). "CALL THIS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS, INDEED! I'D MUCH RATHER BE BEFORE 'A HOT FIRE,' I KNOW!" [*Nevertheless, Brown sticks to his duty like a man.*

JOHN TOMKINS AND 'ARRY BLOATER.

'Arry (in the Boots of the Period). "YES, THEY'RE DOOCED COMFORTABLE, AND THEY GIVE ONE A MILITARY AND RATHER SPORTING APPEARANCE, I FANCY."

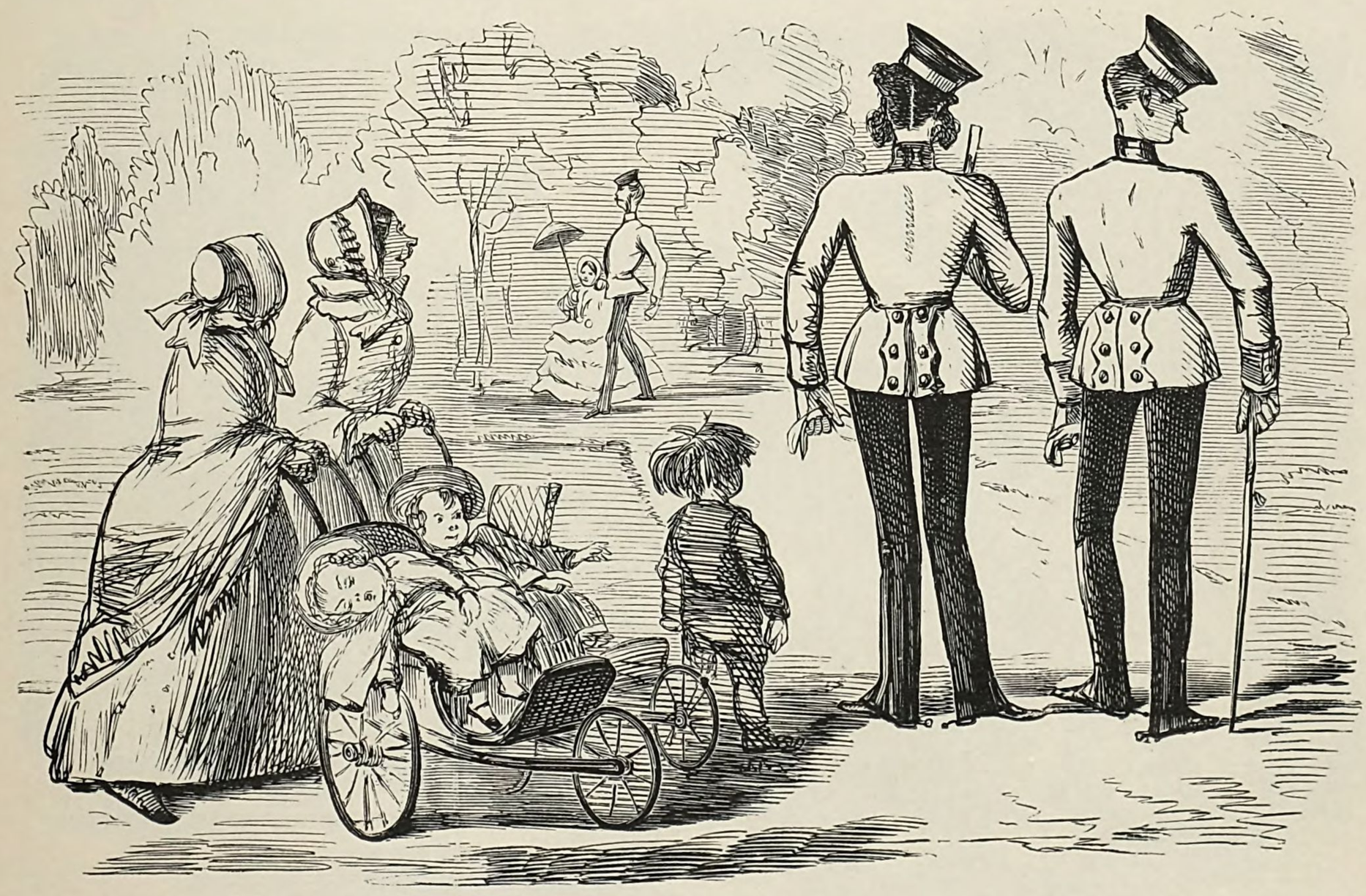
A DIP IN FRENCH WATERS.

Jones (to Old Woman). "COM, SAR —WHAT DO YOU MEAN?—AM I TO BE LED DOWN LIKE THAT FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE?"

SCENE—A CERTAIN GAY WATERING-PLACE.

First Irresistible (on back). "ULLO, 'ARRY! WHY, WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE?"

Second Ditto. "WHY, YER SEE, BILL, I'M PRECIOUS SICK OF WORKING FOR MY LIVING, SO I'VE COME HERE TO PICK UP *AN 'AIRESS!*"

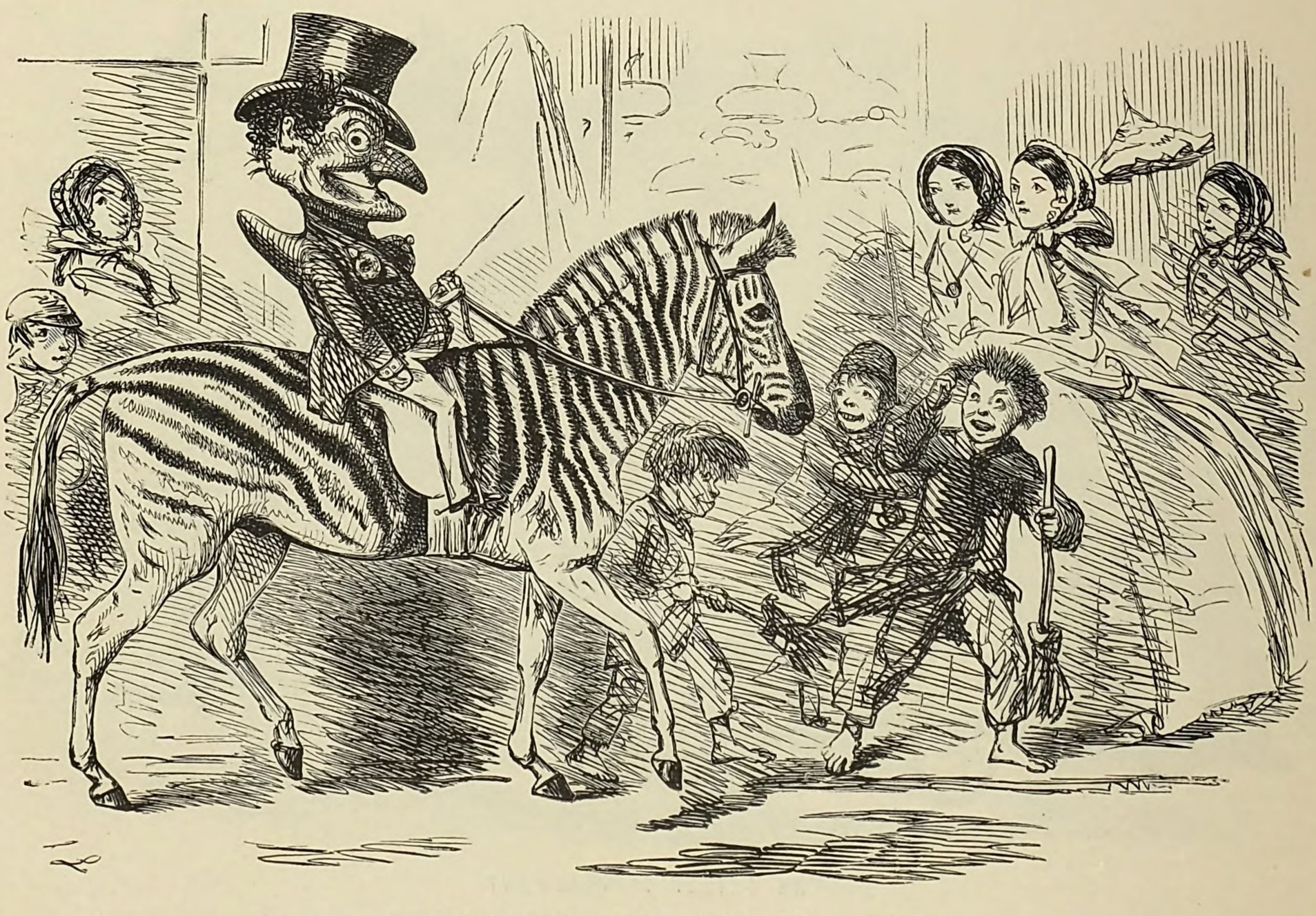


THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT

Jane. "LAWK, JEMIMA! DON'T THEY LOOK BEWTIFLE NOW THEY'VE GOT THEIR LONG COATS!"

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

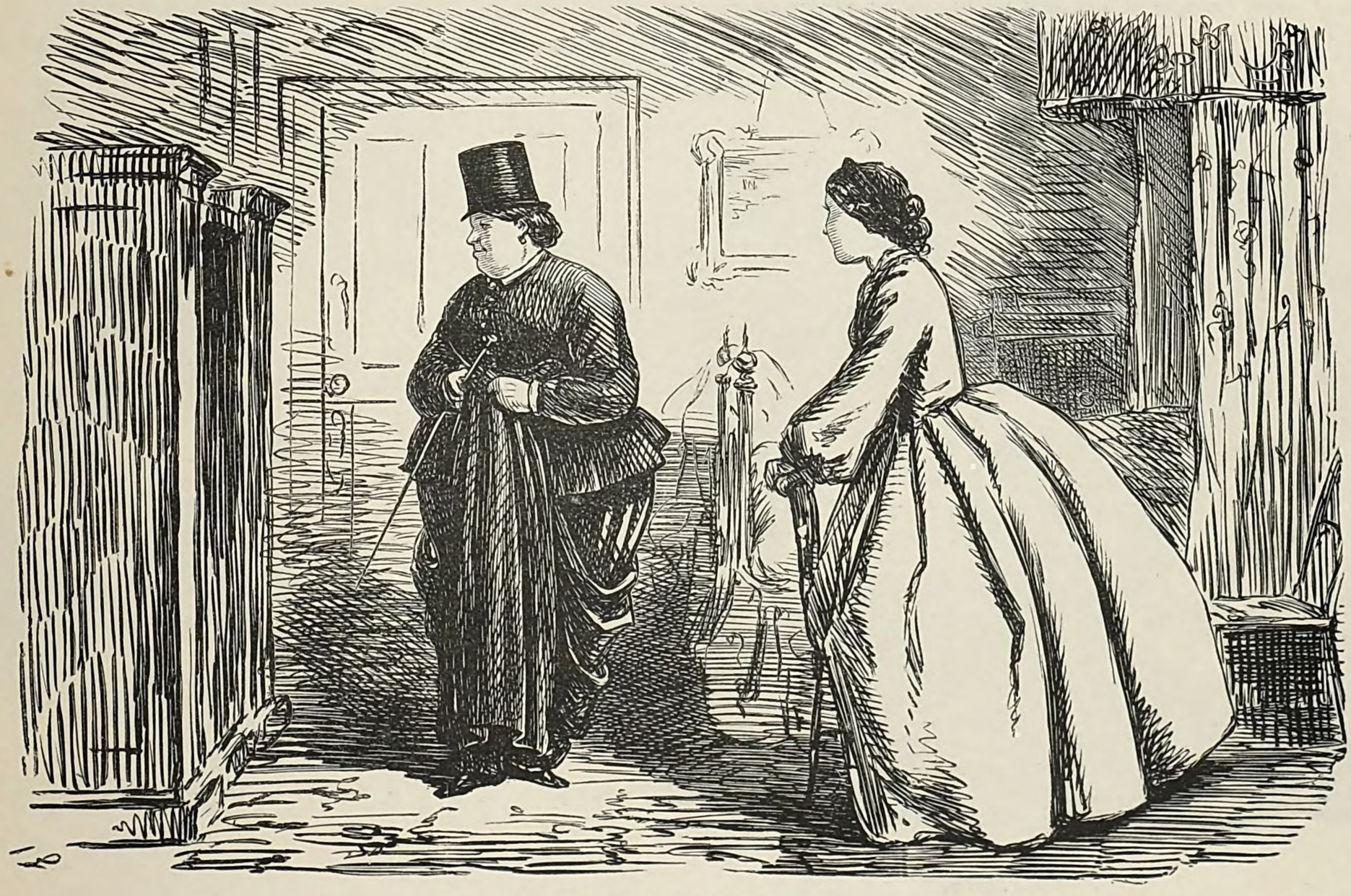
MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT SHOOTING WITH A BRACE OF DOGS HE HAS BROKEN-IN HIMSELF.



A PROBABILITY—"HOLD YOUR ZEBRA, SIR?"

A FRIENDLY OFFER.

Confounded good-looking Hibernian Friend (to Jones). "ADIEU, ME BOY! IS THERE ANYTHING I'LL DO FOR-R-R YE WHILE YE'RE AWAY? WILL I RIDE OUT, OR WALK WITH MISS PLUMLEY FOR-R-R YE, NOW! ONLY SPAKE THE WOR-R-RD!"



A MATTER OF OPINION.

Diana. "YES, DEAR—I MUST SAY THAT I THINK A GIRL NEVER LOOKS SO WELL AS SHE DOES IN HER RIDING HABIT!"

A PICTURE FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

Photographer. "NOW, SIR, STEP IN AND HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN, IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO YOUR FAMILY!"

THE HILL AT EPSOM.

Irritated Swell (walking away). "I TELL YOU I DON'T WANT TO BE BRUSHED!"

Public Coat-Brusher. "OH, JUST TO MAKE YOU A LITTLE TIDY, MY LORD!"

Swell. "I SHAN'T PAY YOU!"

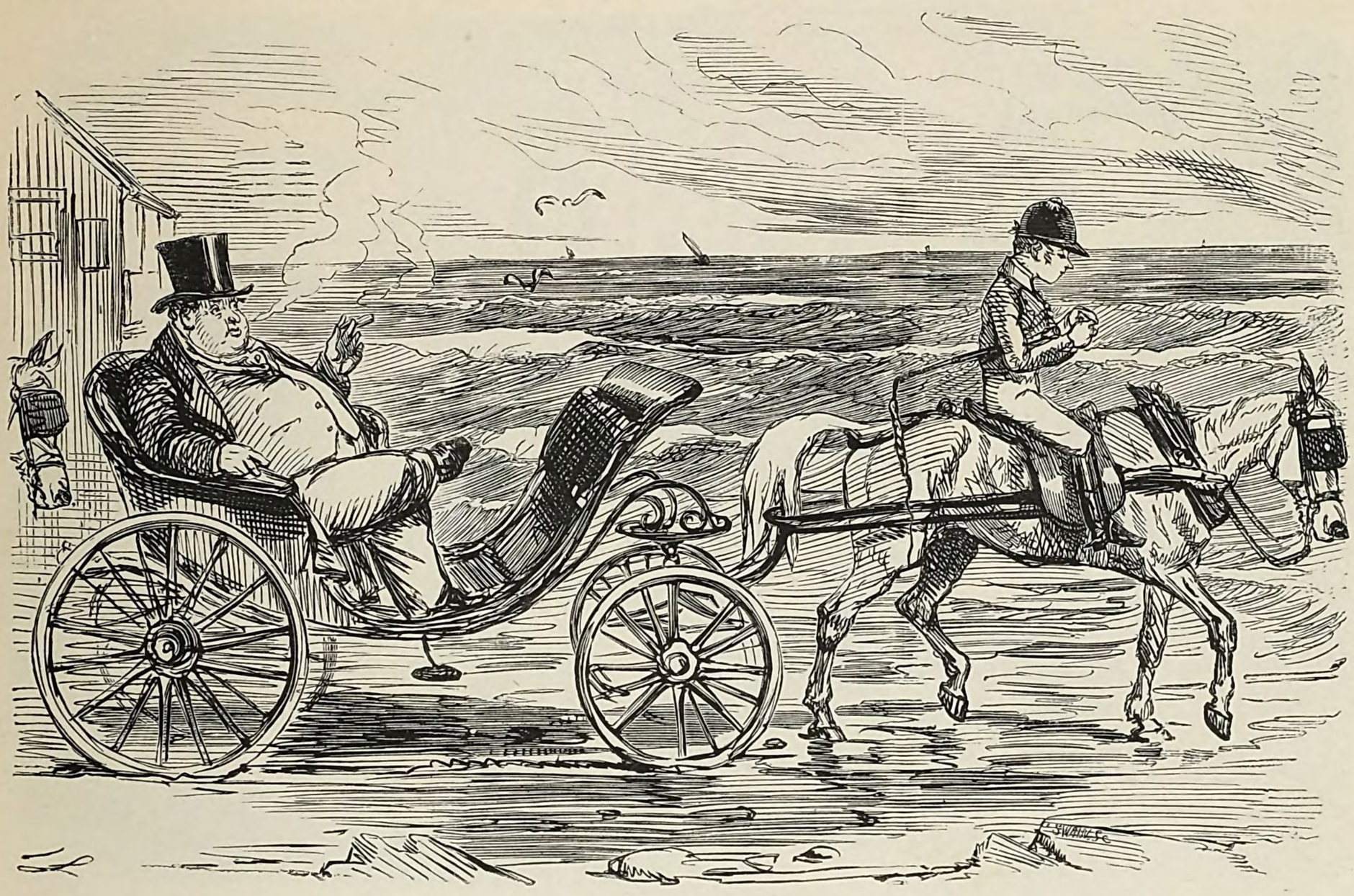
Coat-Brusher (still brushing). "THAT AIN'T O' NO CONSEQUENCE, MY LORD; BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOK RESPECTABLE!"

POLITENESS.

Bill. "WELL, JIM! HOW BE YOU TO-DAY?"

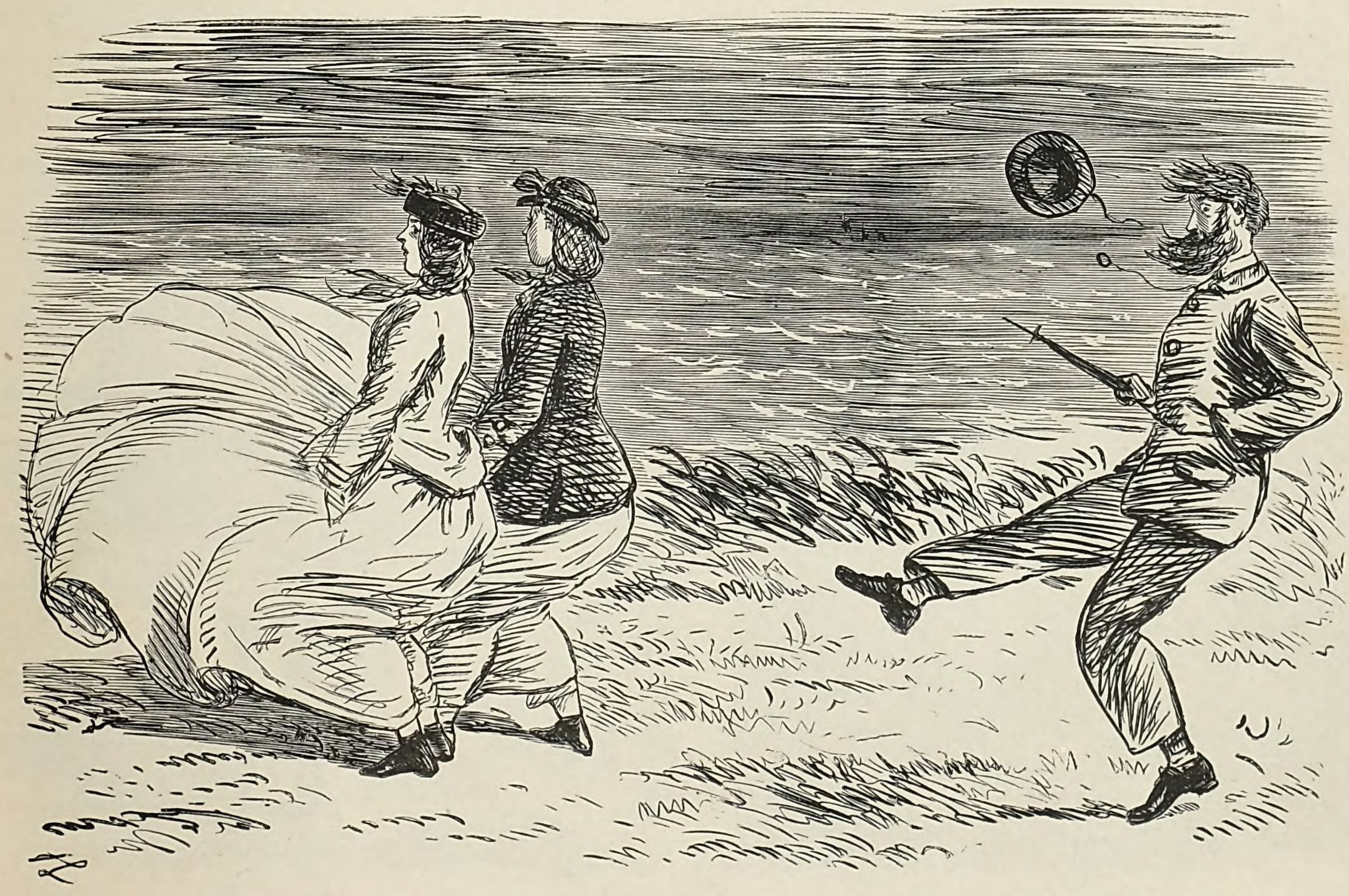
Jim. WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU?—YOU BEAN'T MY MEDICAL ATTENDANT!"

A SKETCH NEAR LEICESTER SQUARE.



NO DOUBT OF IT.

Invalid (in carriage). "NOW, THESE POSTILIONS NEVER SEEM TO BE UNWELL! UPON MY WORD, I VERILY BELIEVE IF I WERE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH THAT LITTLE CHAP, I SHOULD BE EVER SO MUCH BETTER!"



THE GALE.

"DON'T BE ALARMED, DARLINGS—THE CAPTAIN HAS GOT QUITE ENOUGH TO DO TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF."—*Punch.*

SPREAD OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—SCENE, THE SCHOOLROOM.

Young Larkins. "OH, HERE'S MAMMA! NOW, MA, IF YOU'LL FALL IN BY G'INA, I'LL PUT YOU THROUGH YOUR FACINGS. 'TEN-TION!"

THE PORTRAIT.—FINISHING TOUCH TO THE DRESS.

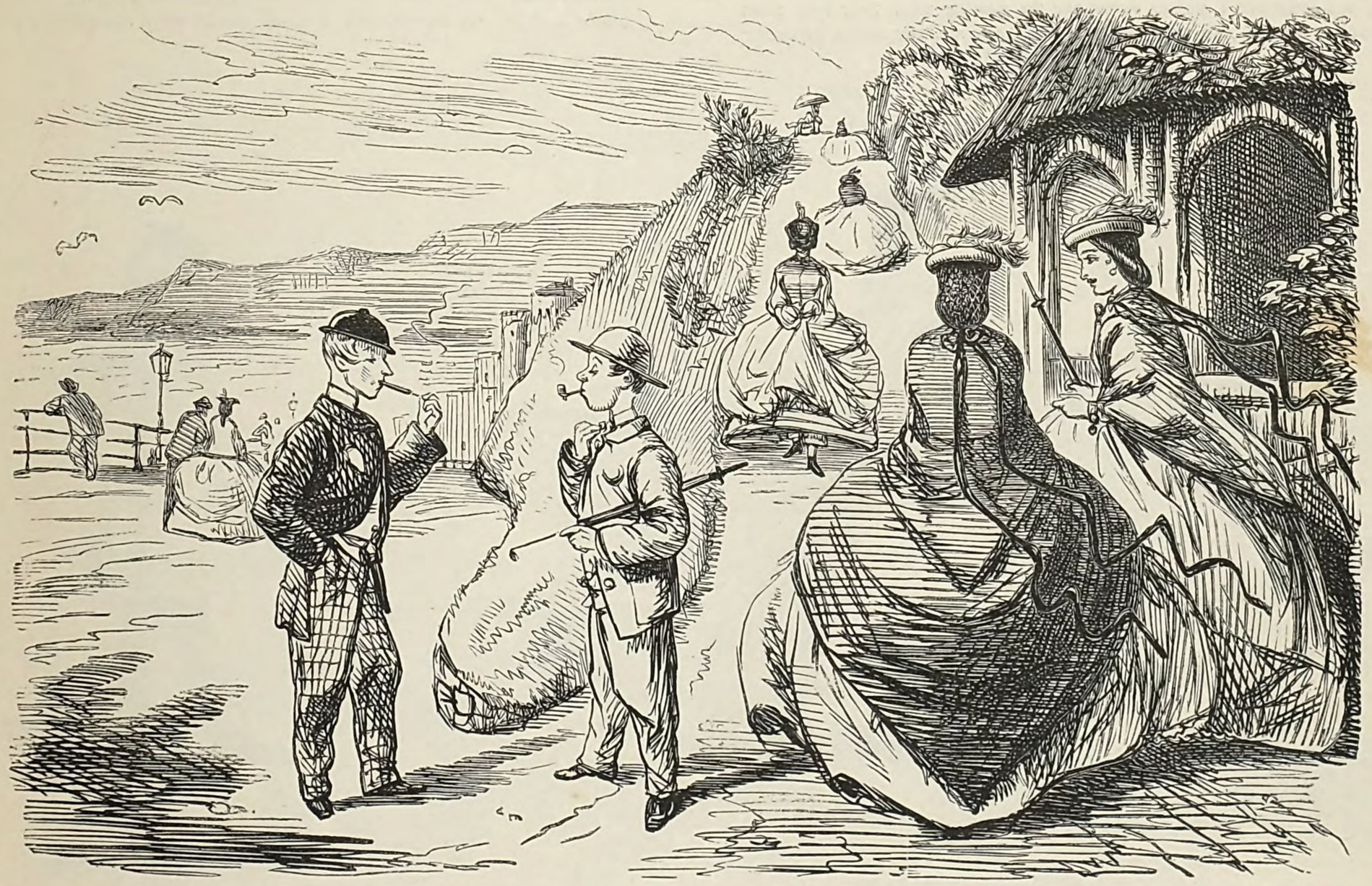
Painter. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU ARE SITTING ON MY PALETTE!"

ON THE SANDS.

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.

VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE AQUARIUM.

TOM (WHO HAS HAD A VERY SUCCESSFUL DAY) PRESENTS HIS SISTERS WITH A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE CUTTLE-FISH (*Octopus vulgaris*).



PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE.

Whipper. "DOOCED NICE PLACE, THIS—ONLY ONE CAN'T SPEAK TO A GAL WITHOUT IT'S BEING REPORTED YOU'RE ENGAGED TO HER."

Snapper. "HAH! I TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO GIVE OUT WHEN I FIRST CAME THAT I WASN'T A MARRYIN' MAN!"

PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE.

Boy. "AH, YOU AND MRS. DRONE ARE COMING TO SEE US NEXT WEEK IN THE COUNTRY."

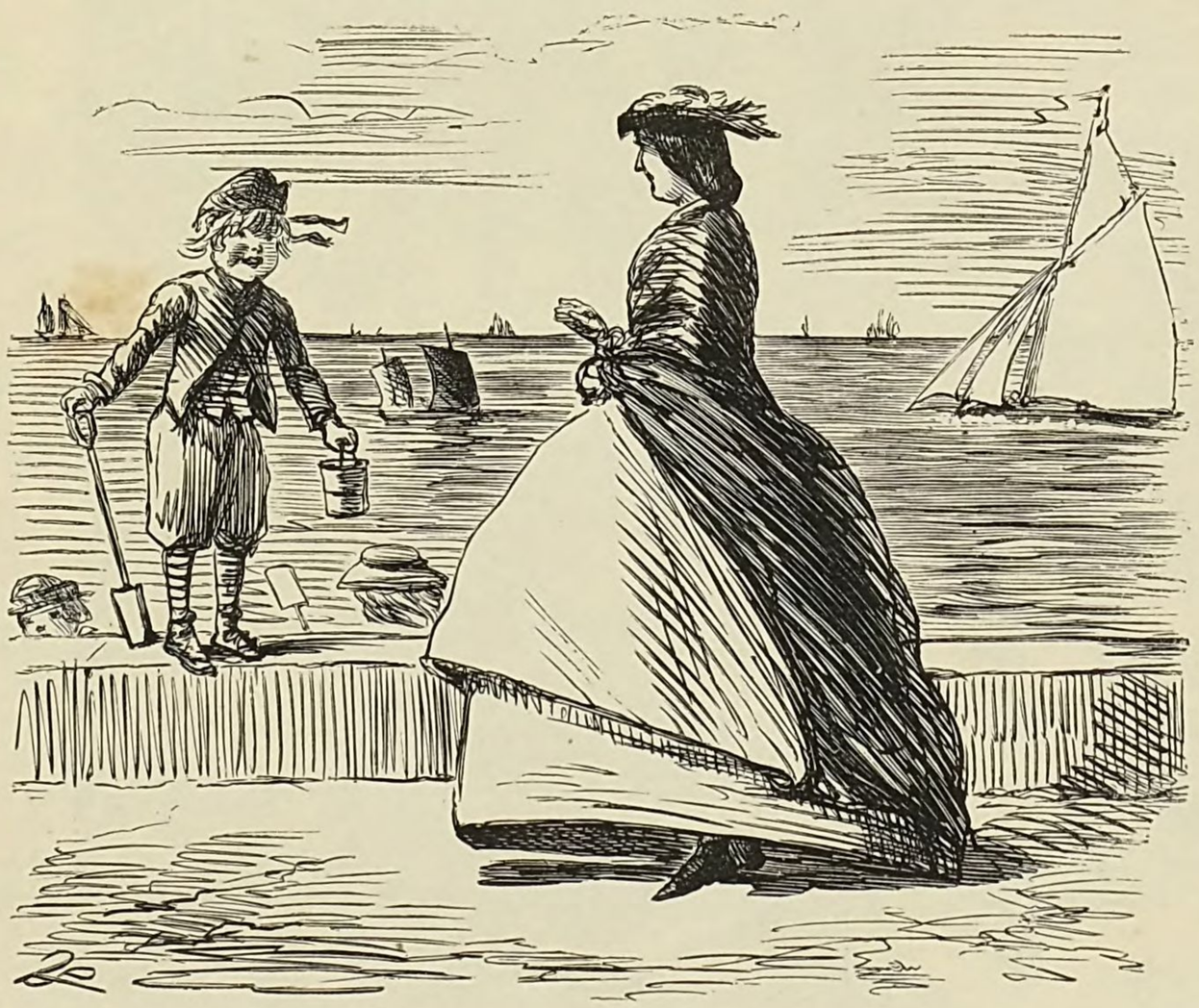
Mr. Drone. "ARE WE?—WE HAVE HEARD NOTHING OF IT."

Boy. "OH, YES—BECAUSE I HEARD PAPA SAY TO MAMMA, THAT THEY HAD SOME TIRESOME PEOPLE COMING, AND THEY MIGHT AS WELL ASK ALL THE BORES AT ONCE."

WELL(?) BROUGHT UP.

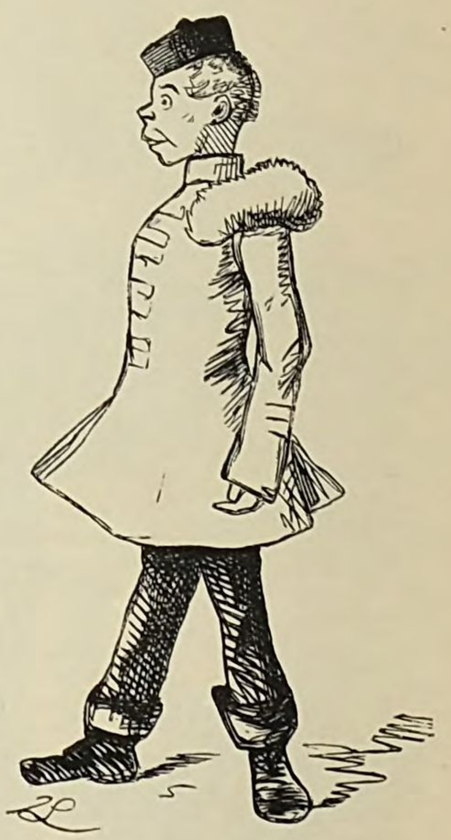
First Juvenile. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU, MISS ALICE?"

Second Juvenile. "A, NO—THANKS. I NEVER DANCE WITH YOUNGER SONS!"



REAL ENJOYMENT.

Charley (who is wet through for the ninth time). "OH, MA! WE'VE BEEN *SO* JOLLY! WE'VE BEEN FILLING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR WITH SAND AND MAKING BOATS OF OUR BOOTS, AND HAVING SUCH FUN!"



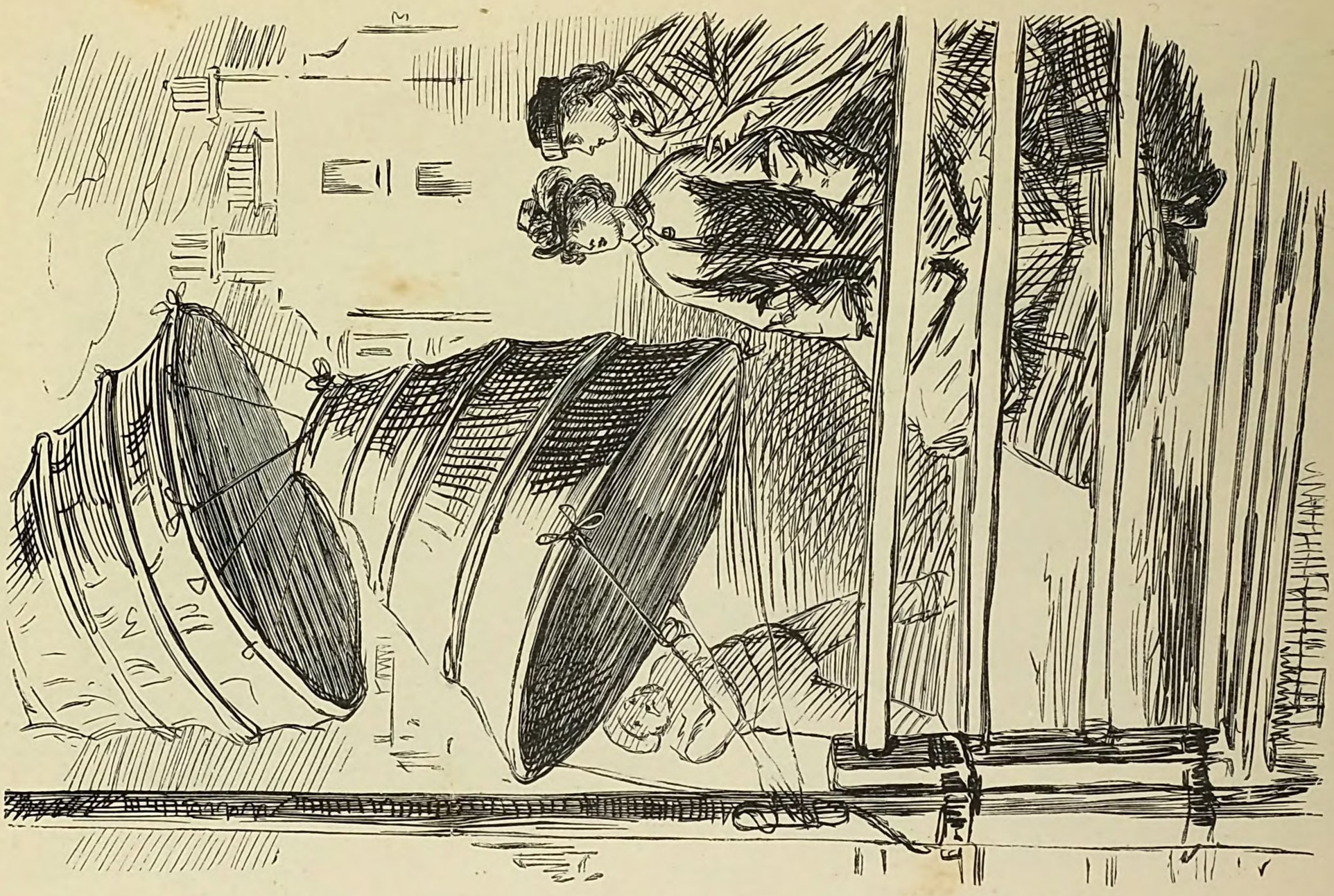
A MILITIA MAN.

REPOSE.

YES! BUT WE ARE SURE THAT IF ELLEN KNEW WHAT A FIGURE FREDERICK MADE OF HER BY SPRAWLING ON THE CLIFF JUST BEHIND HER, SHE WOULDN'T BE SO QUIET

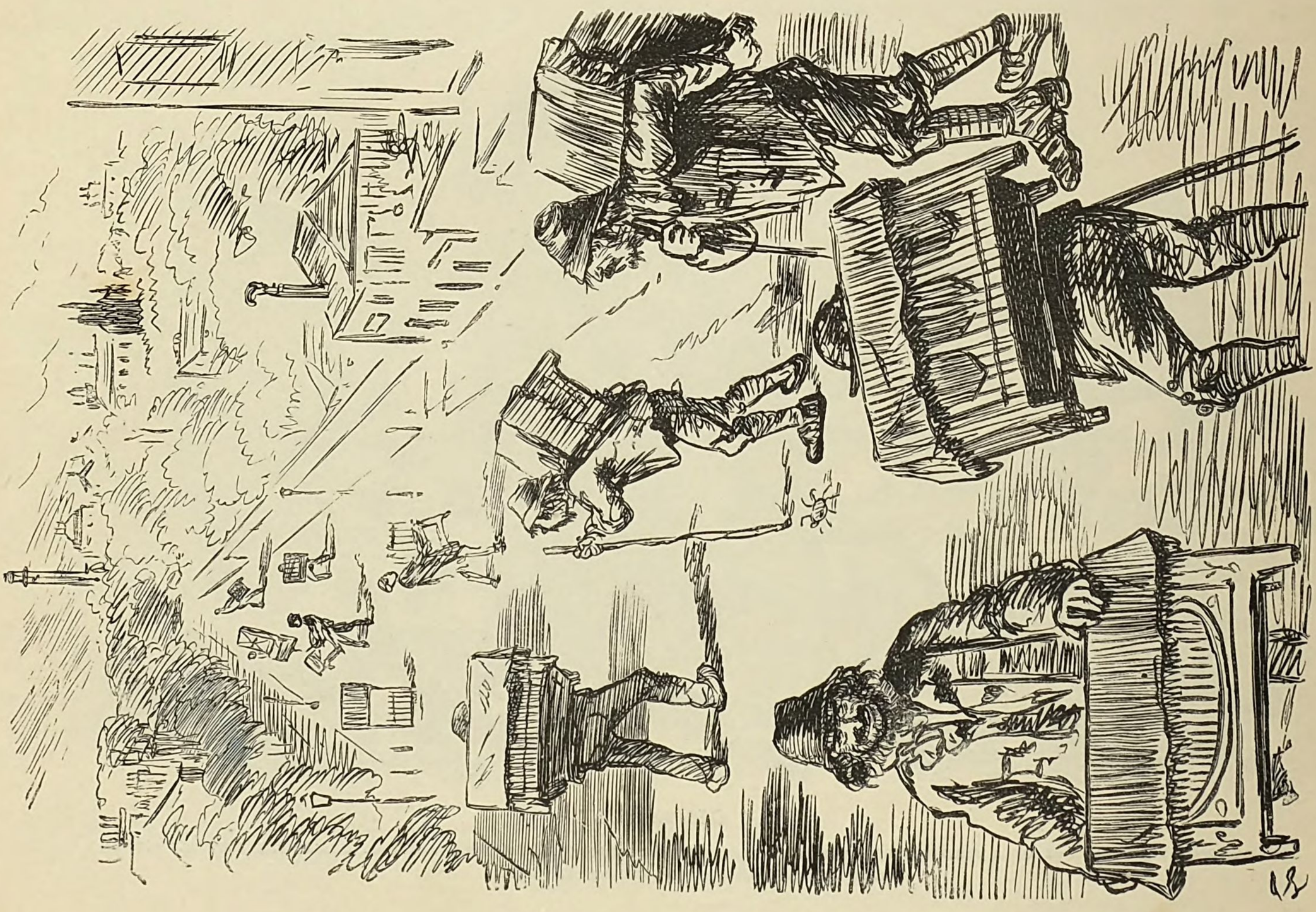
TRULY DELIGHTFUL!

GALLOPING DOWN THE SIDE OF A FIELD COVERED WITH MOLE-HILLS, ON A WEAK-NECKED HORSE, WITH A SNAFFLE BRIDLE, ONE FOOT OUT OF YOUR STIRRUP, AND A BIT OF MUD IN YOUR EYE!

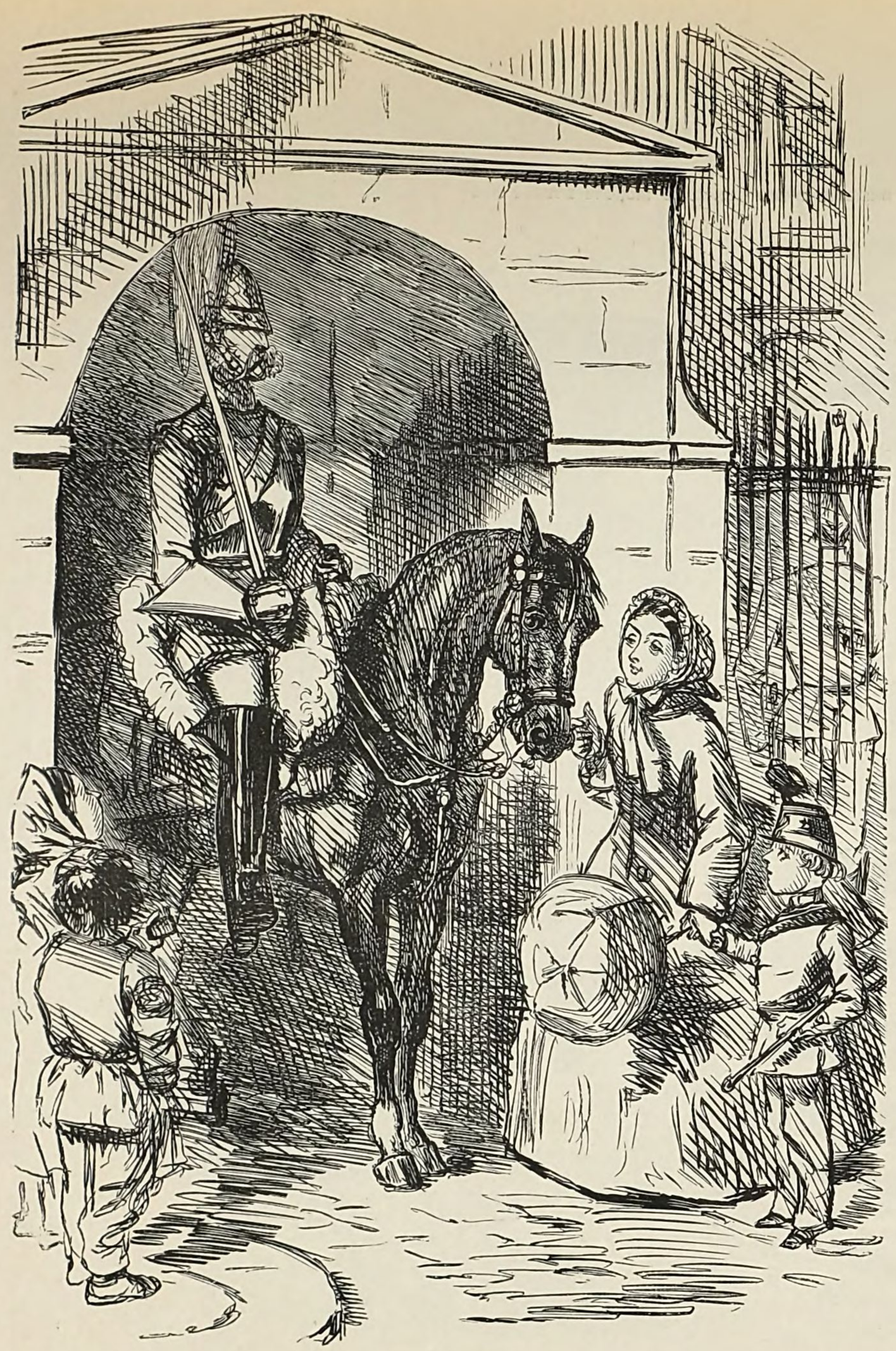


THE CRINOLINE STORM SIGNAL; A WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES AT THE SEA-SIDE.

NOVEL SUGGESTION.



SKETCH FROM A STUDY WINDOW.



A MEDIUM.

Nursery-Maid (to horse, with great affection). "OH, YOU DARLING! I AM SO FOND OF YOU!"

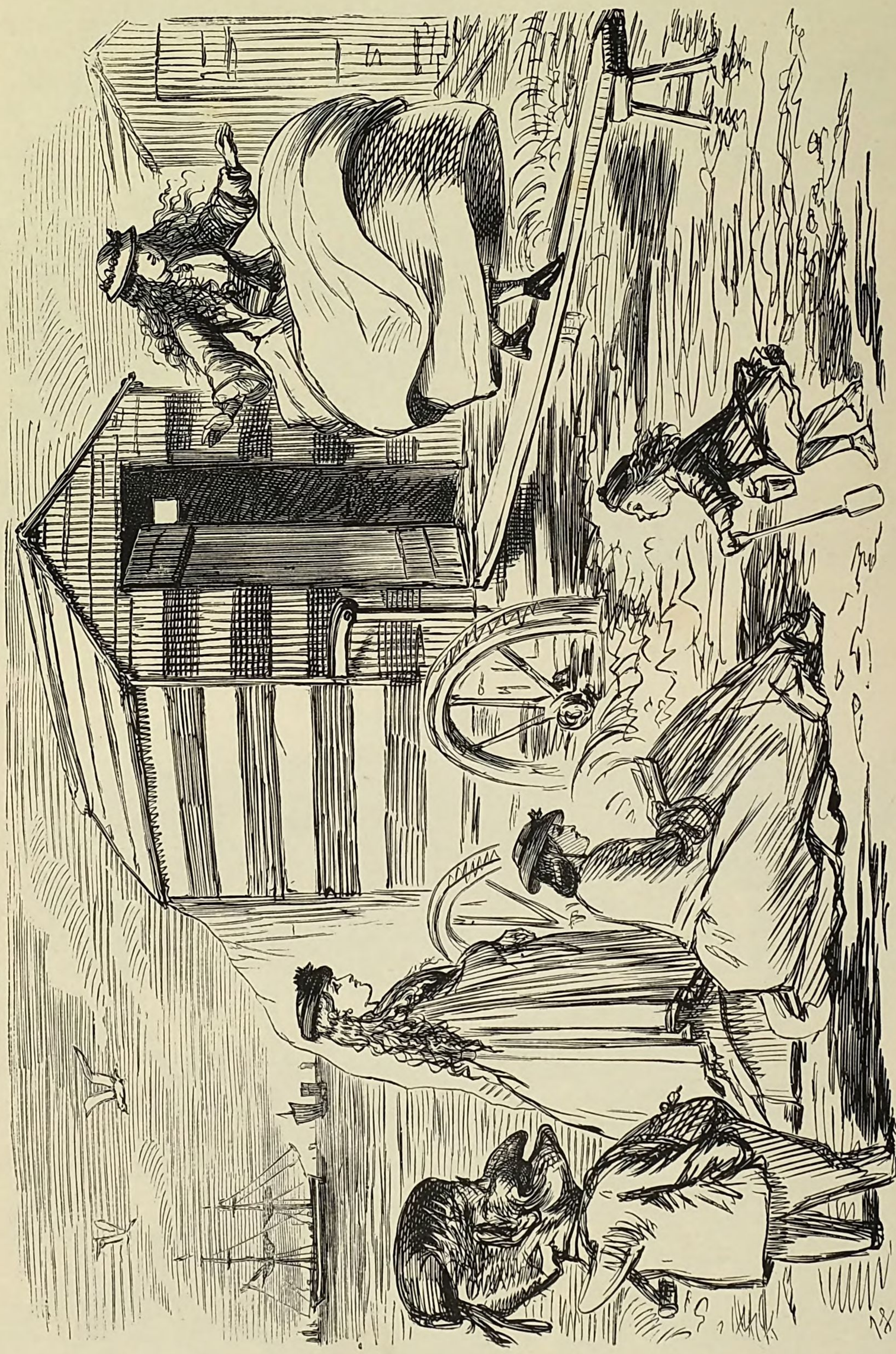
OUR INDOLENT YOUNG MAN.

"Gar and Starter, Richmond.

"DEAR P., *"July 8.—Thermometer ever so much in the shade.*

"IN REPLY TO YOUR HEARTLESS LETTER, ON AFFAIRS OF A BUSINESS CHARACTER, I BEG TO INFORM YOU THAT I AM HERE, AND WITH NO INTENTION OF INJURING MY PRECIOUS HEALTH BY ANY EXERTION, BODILY OR MENTAL. MAKE WHAT USE YOU PLEASE OF THIS INFORMATION, AND ACCEPT THE ASSURANCE OF MY MOST DISTINGUISHED REGARD AND ESTEEM. "SIGNED,

* * * * *"



SCENE AT SANDBATH.

THE FEMALE BLONDIN OUTDONE! GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE ON THE NARROW PLANK BY THE DARLING * * * *.

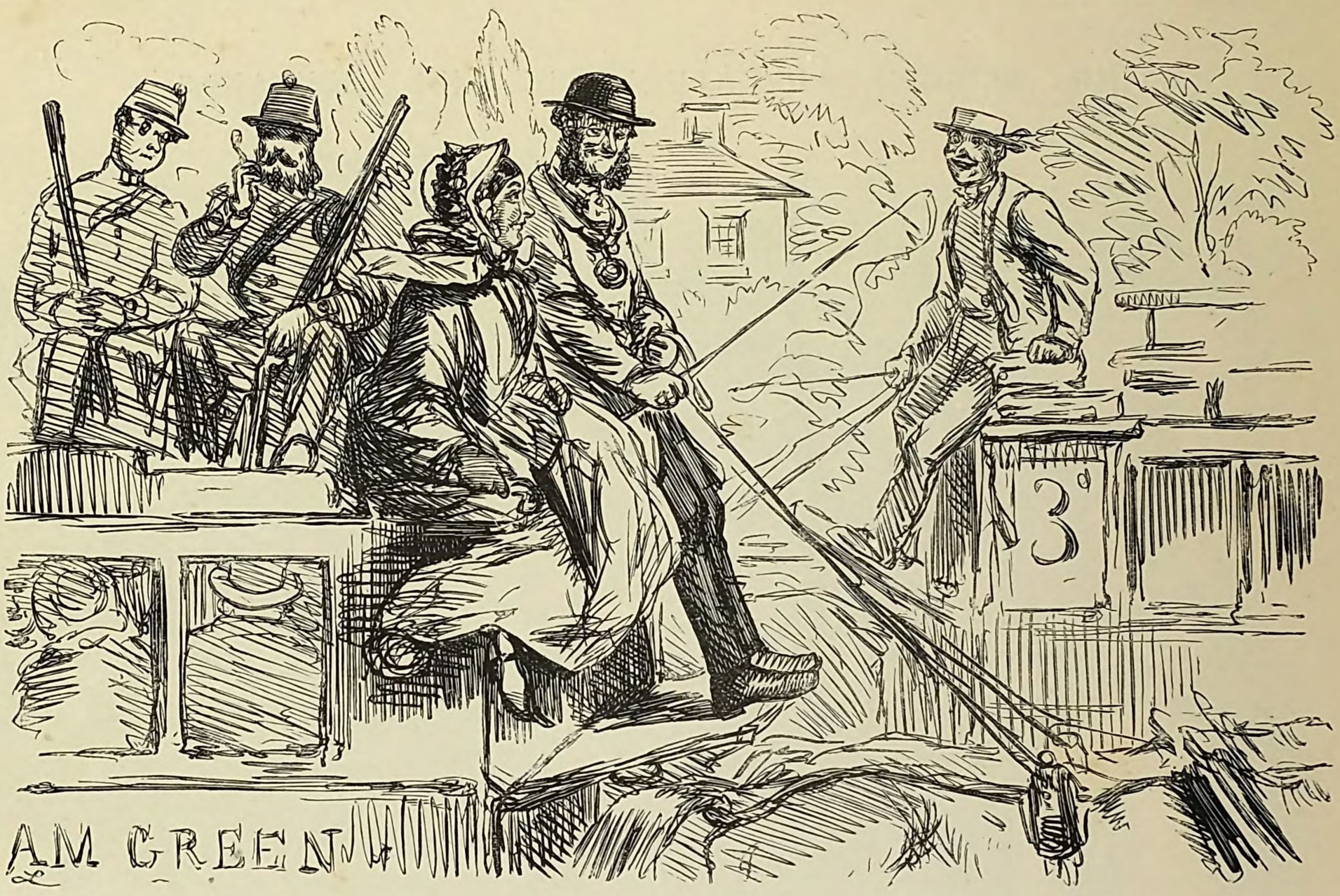
MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. I.

MR. BRIGGS, FEELING THAT HIS HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS, A-CHASING THE DEER, STARTS FOR THE NORTH.

GOING NORTH.

"THIS CARRIAGE IS ENGAGED!"



A TIT-BIT.

Omnibus Driver (in the distance). "HOLLOA, JOE, NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR DUCK, I'LL SEND YOU THE PEAS!"

WE SHOULD THINK IT DID.

Clara. "MAMMA, DEAR! I WISH YOU WOULD SPEAK TO GEORGE! HE WILL KEEP SPINNING FREDDY'S NASTY GREAT HUMMING-TOP IN MY AQUARIUM, AND IT DOES SO FRIGHTEN THE MINNOWS!"

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. II.

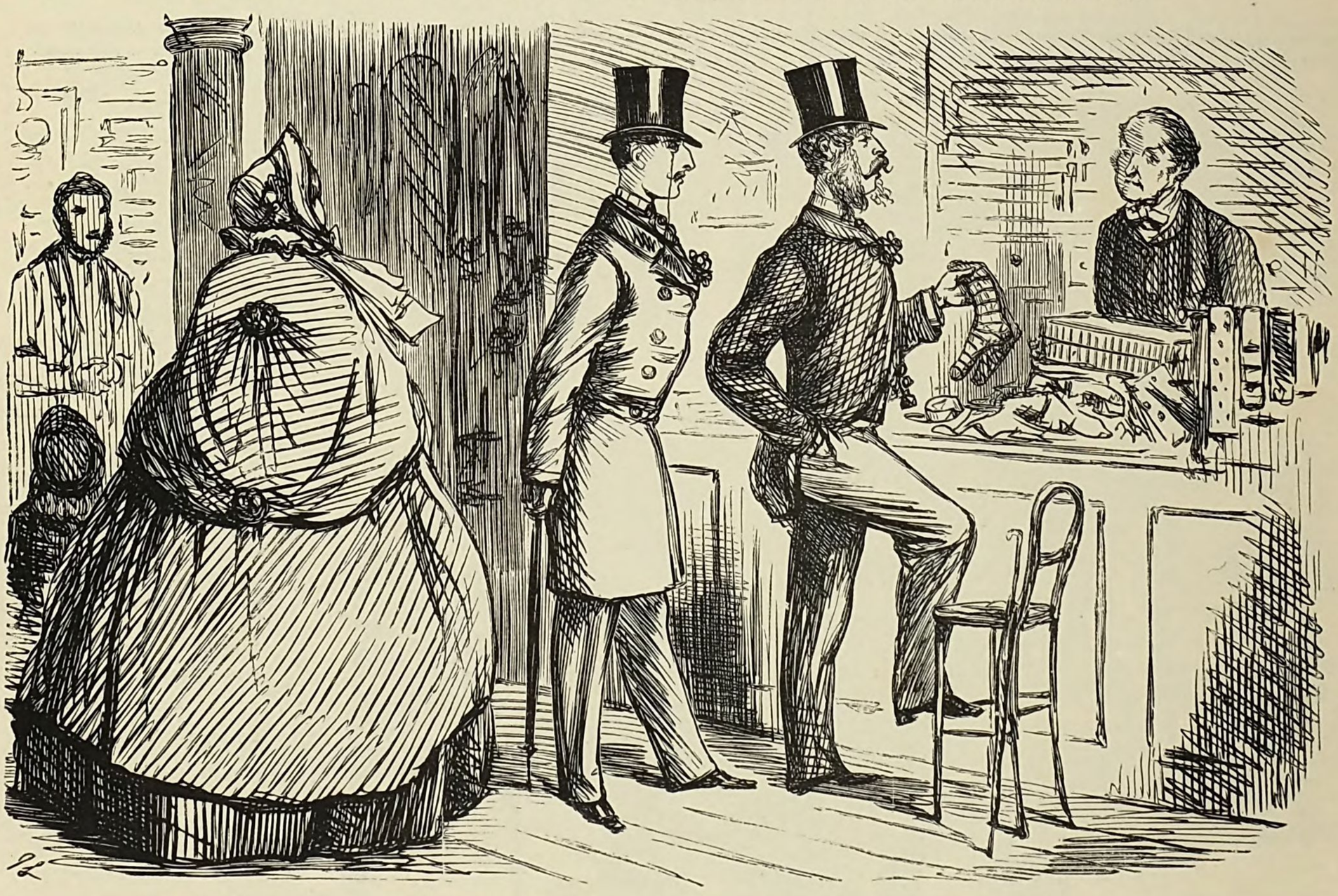
MR. BRIGGS, PREVIOUS TO GOING THROUGH HIS COURSE OF DEER-STALKING, ASSISTS THE FORESTER IN GETTING A HART OR TWO FOR THE HOUSE. DONALD IS REQUESTING OUR FRIEND TO HOLD THE ANIMAL DOWN BY THE HORNS, *[N.B. The said animal is as strong as a bull, and uses his legs like a race-horse.*

No. III.

MR. BRIGGS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT DEERSTALKING GENERALLY, HE LISTENS WITH MUCH INTEREST TO SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LITTLE INCIDENTS FREQUENTLY MET WITH—SUCH AS BALLS GOING THROUGH CAPS—TOES BEING SHOT OFF! —OCCASIONALLY BEING GORED BY THE ANTLERS OF INFURIATE STAGS, &c., &c., &c.

SERVING HIM OUT.

Mrs. T. (to T.) "FEEL A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE, DEAR? CAN I GET ANYTHING ELSE FOR YOU? WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR CIGAR-CASE NOW? *(Aside.)* I'LL TEACH HIM TO GO OUT TO GREENWICH AND RICHMOND WITHOUT ME, AND SIT UP HALF THE NIGHT AT HIS CLUB!"



POSING A CUSTOMER.

Immense Swell. "HAW! LOOK HEAW! IF I—HAW—TOOK A QUANTITY OF THESE THINGS, WOULD THEY—HAW—BE CHEAPAW?"

Hosier. "WELL, SIR, THAT WOULD DEPEND! PRAY ARE YOU *IN THE TRADE?*" [*Feelings of Swell may be imagined.*

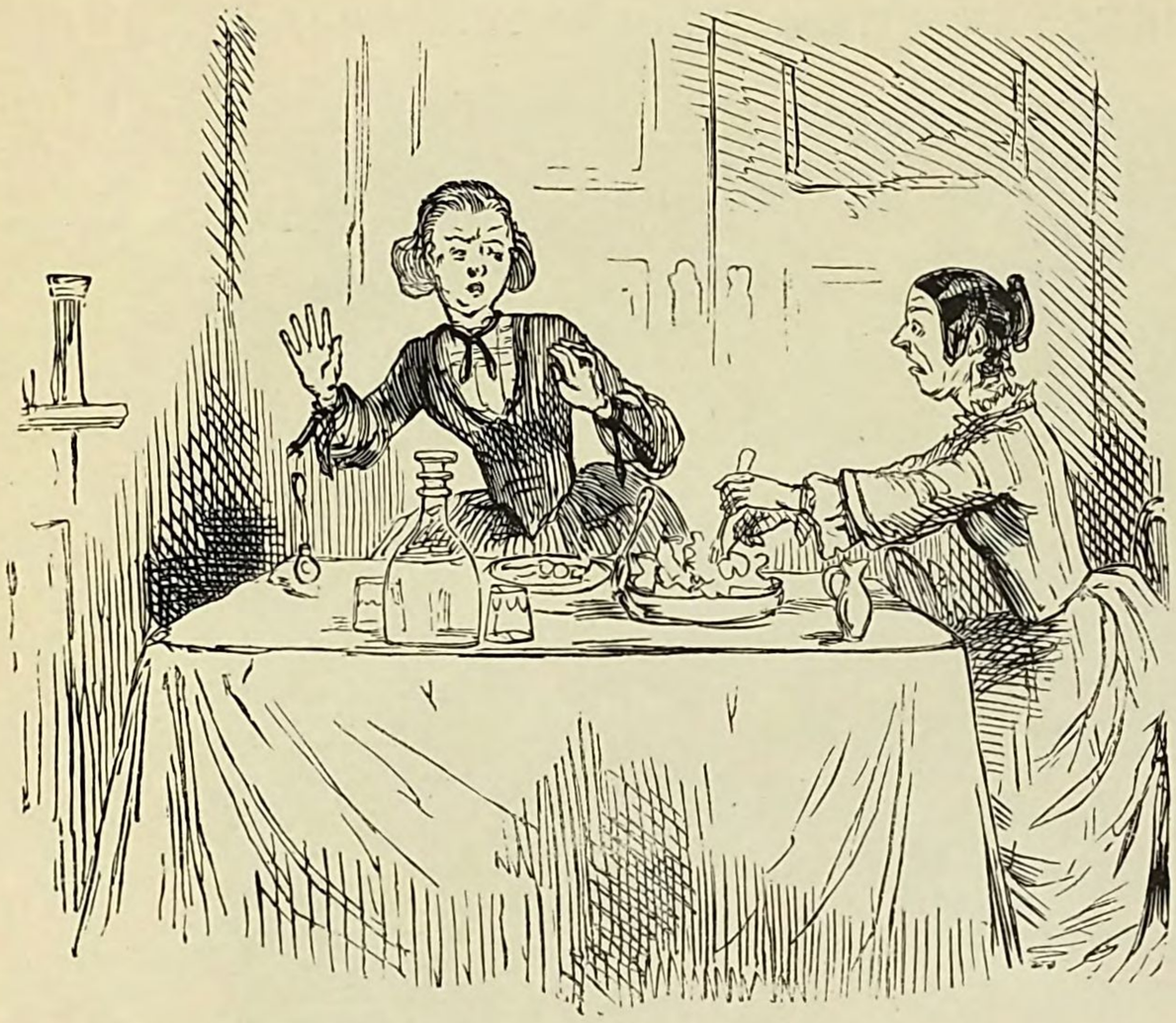
MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. IV.

TO-DAY HE GOES OUT FOR A STALK, AND DONALD SHOWS MR. BRIGGS THE WAY.

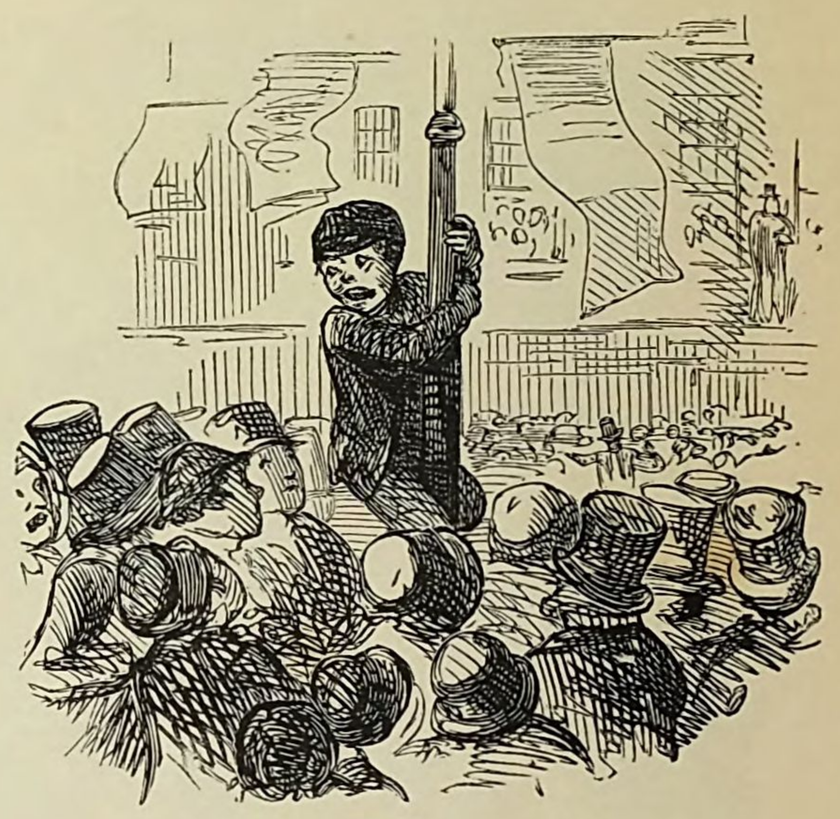
No. V.

WITH EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE THEY COME WITHIN SHOT OF "THE FINEST HART." MR. B. IS OUT OF BREATH, AFRAID OF SLIPPING, AND WANTS TO BLOW HIS NOSE (QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION). OTHERWISE HE IS TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE.



PLEASURES OF VEGETARIANISM.

OH, GRACIOUS, MISS LEGUME! I FEAR I HAVE TASTED ANIMAL FOOD. I HAVE EATEN A WHOLE EARWIG IN MY SALAD!"



A LESSON IN FRENCH.

"NOW THEN, JACK! YOU TAKE THE PRONUNCIATION FROM ME, AND WHEN HE COMES, SING OUT 'VEEV LUMPHOOROAR!'"

DRIED UP!

Boy (attending). "NO, SIR! NOR THERE AIN'T BIN NONE NOT FOR EVER SO LONG!"

Owing to the exceedingly dry weather, Mr. Hackle finds that the stream he has taken for fishing is not in so good a state as he could wish.

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. VI.

AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, MR. B. FIRES BOTH HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES ! ! ! ! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH.

No. VII.

THE ROYAL HART MR. BRIGGS DID *NOT* HIT.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Railway Guard (as it is getting dark). "WOULD YOU LIKE A LIGHT IN THIS CARRIAGE, SIR?"

Swell (showing a Regalia in full blaze). "NO, THANKS! I HAVE ONE!"

[*Exit Guard overpowered.*

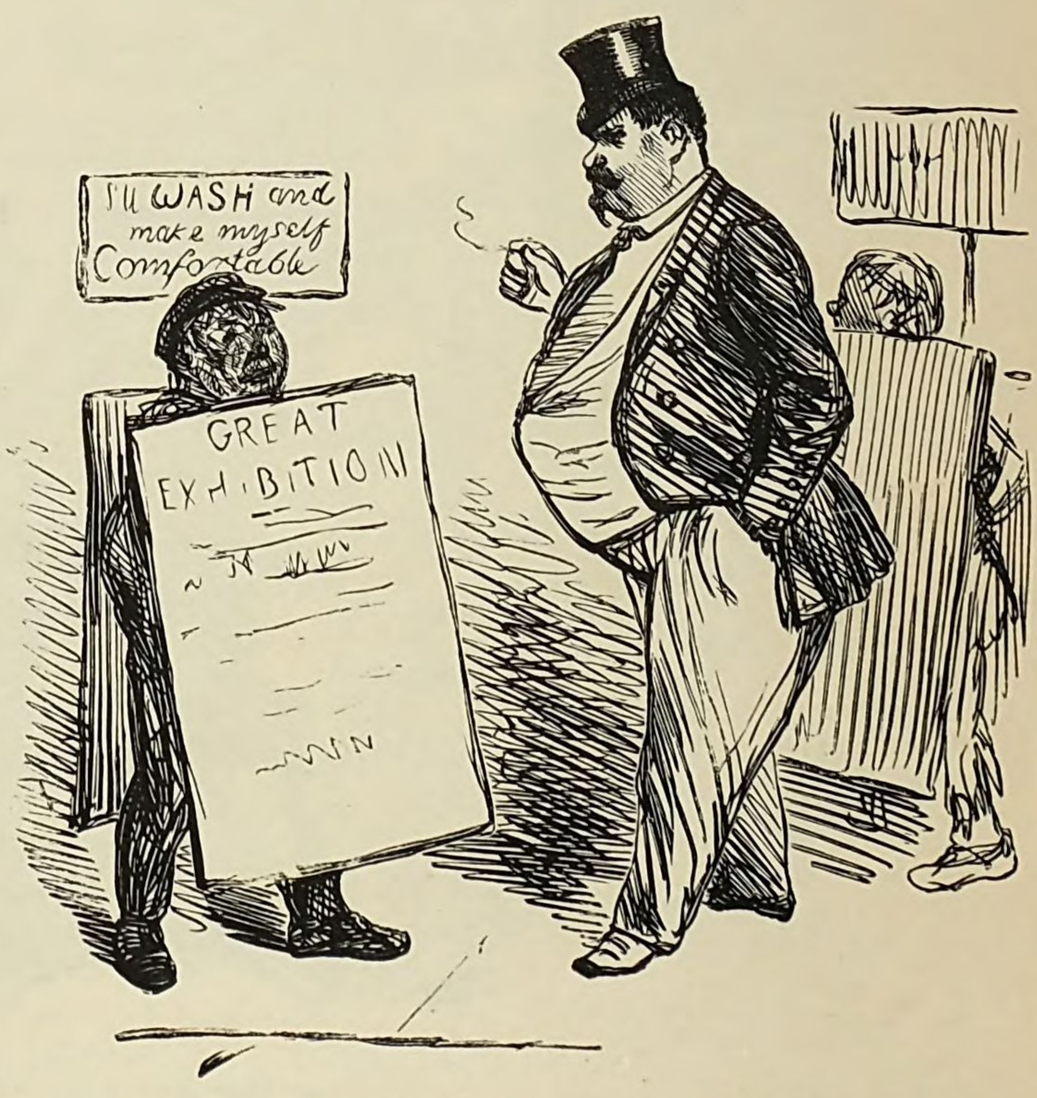
DEBATE ON THE NEW MINISTRY.

Smike. "I SAY, BILL, HOW ABOUT THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"

Bill. "OH, NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! BARRIN' THE PUN!"

THE SENSATION BALL.

THE LATEST PLEASANTRY IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.



THE HAYMARKET AND THEREABOUT.

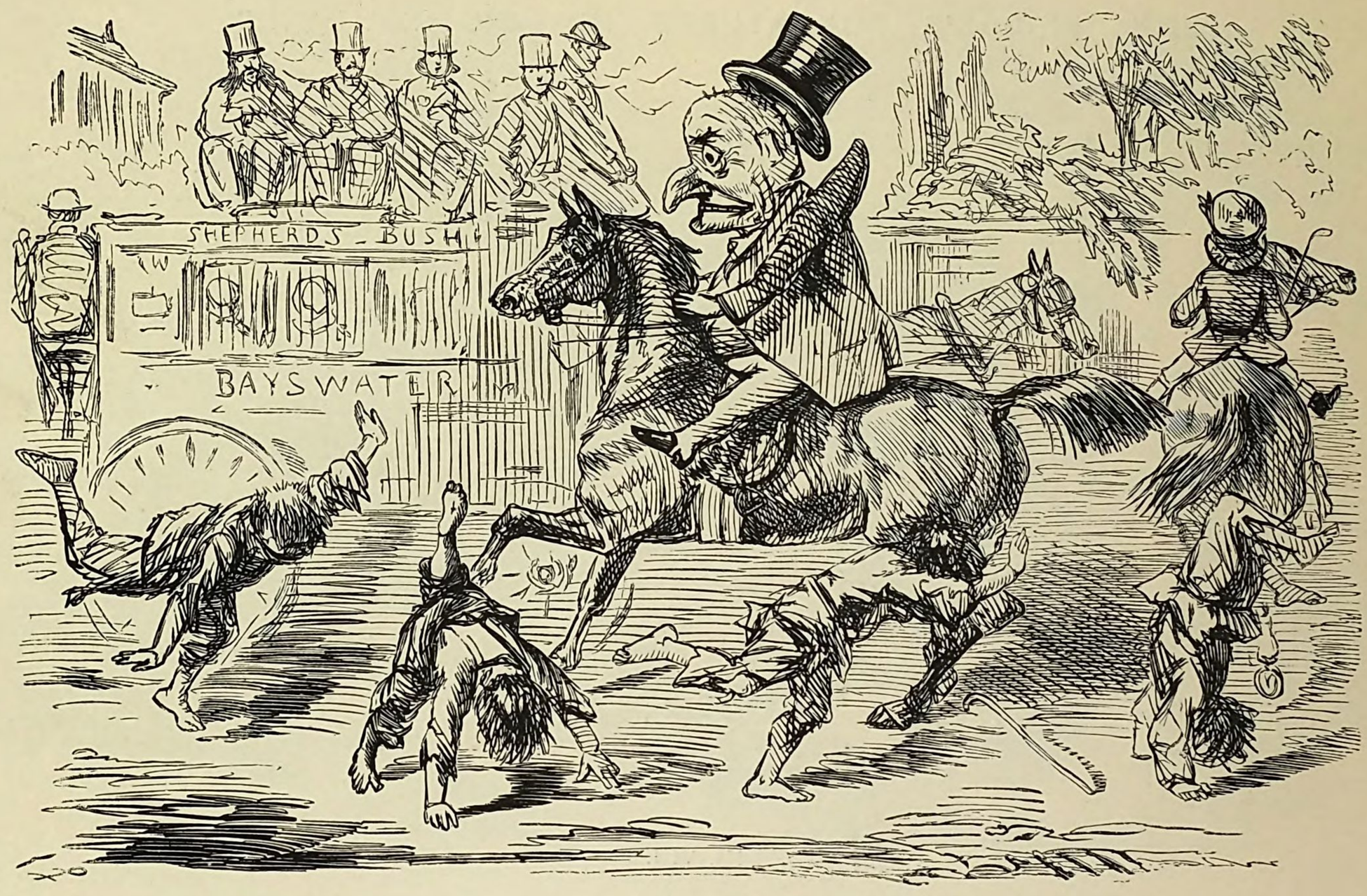
MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. VIII.

AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF CLIMBING, OUR FRIEND GETS TO THE TOP OF BEN SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, AND THE FORESTER LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY DEER ON THE HILLS. YES! SEVERAL HINDS, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST HART THAT EVER WAS SEEN.

No. IX.

TO GET AT HIM, THEY ARE OBLIGED TO GO A LONG WAY ROUND, BEFORE THEY GET DOWN, THE SHOWER PECULIAR TO THE COUNTRY OVERTAKES THEM, SO THEY "SHELTER A-WEE."



THE HUMOUR OF THE STREETS.

THAT ESTIMABLE MAN, MR. PUNCH, GOES FOR A RIDE ON HIS COB, AND CANNOT AGREE WITH A CERTAIN WORTHY MAGISTRATE OR "BEAK" THAT STREET-TUMBLING IS AT ALL A CLEVER OR DESIRABLE PERFORMANCE:—

—AND IT IS NOT A PLEASANT THING, WHEN GOING OUT TO DINNER, TO HAVE A SUMMERSAULT TURNED ON TO YOUR STOM——WE MEAN WAISTCOAT.

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. X.

THE DEER ARE DRIVEN FOR MR. BRIGGS. HE HAS AN EXCELLENT PLACE, BUT WHAT WITH WAITING BY HIMSELF SO LONG, THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM, THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE, AND THE NOVELTY OF THE SITUATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND WHILE HE TAKES HIS FORTY WINKS, THE DEER PASS!

TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Gentleman. "WELL, TOM, THERE'S NO SCENT AGAIN!"

Huntsman (who looks upon Spring time with profound melancholy). "SCENT, SIR! NO, SIR! NOR I DON'T SEE HOW THERE CAN BE ANY SCENT NOW THEM STINKING VIOLETS IS ALL IN BLOOM."

A SECULAR PURSUIT.

Donald Punch (a Keeper.) "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LORD BISHOP, BUT MAY I JUST TROUBLE YE TO SHOW ME YOUR CERTIFICATE?"

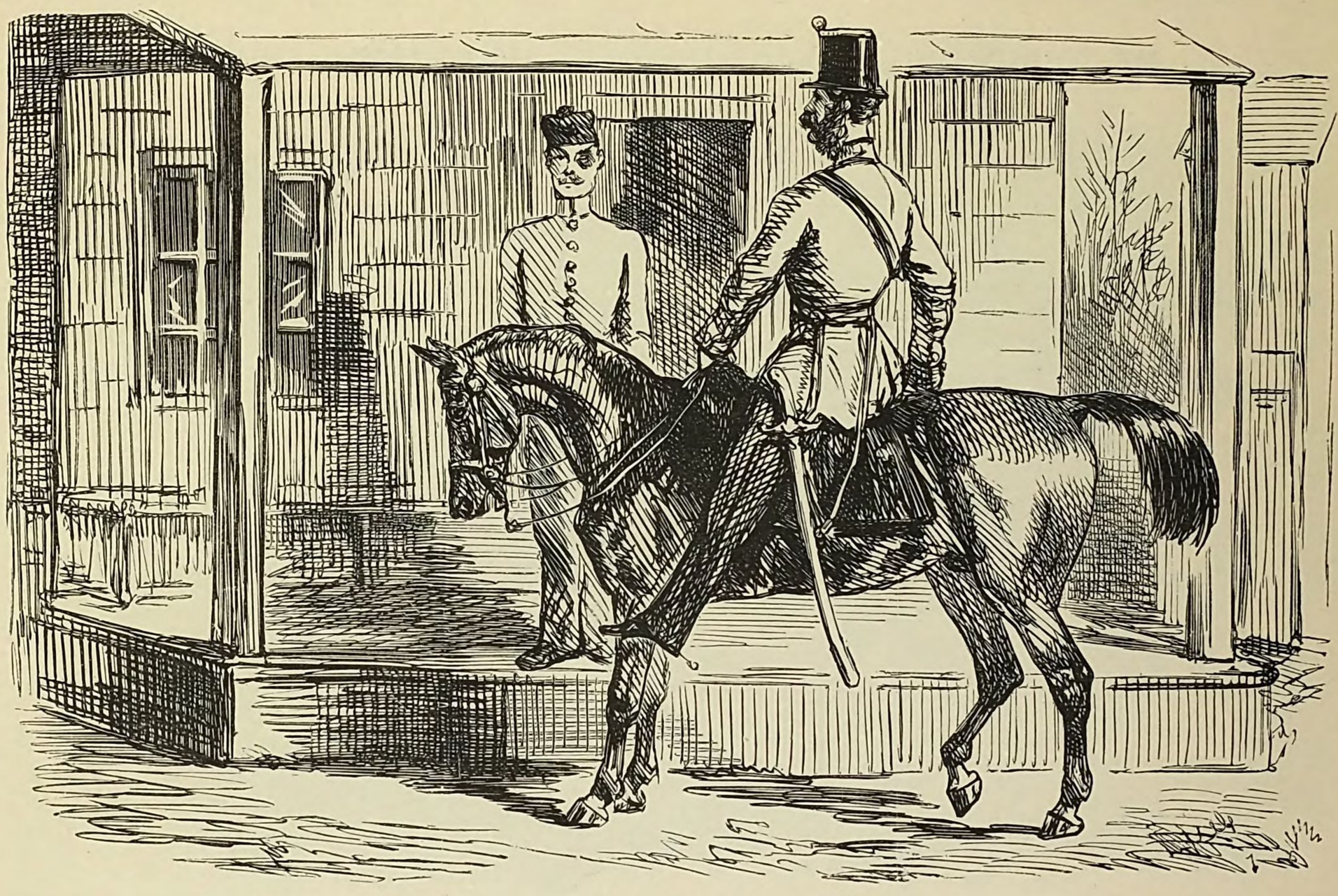
MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. XI.

AS THE WIND IS FAVOURABLE, THE DEER ARE DRIVEN AGAIN.

No. XII.

MR BRIGGS IS SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN! HE IS SO ASTONISHED THAT HE OMITS TO FIRE HIS RIFLE.



IN BARRACKS.

Field Officer of the Day. "HULLO! WHY DON'T THE GUARD TURN OUT?"

Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY'RE GONE TO TARGET PRACTICE!"

Field Officer of the Day. "AND WHO THE, DEUCE ARE YOU?"

Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE PRISONER, SIR!"

[*Related to us as a fact, but which, as a distinguished Field Officer ourselves, we don't indorse.*

A BOUNCER.

Mamma (who won't appear old if she can help it). "YES, DEAR! ARABELLA DOES GROW, CERTAINLY, BUT BLESS YOU, MY DEAR, SHE'S A MERE CHILD—A MERE CHILD!"

CONSOLATION.

Elegant Party. "THERE'S ONE COMFORT NOW-A-DAYS; A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG FELLER, WITH A HELEGANT FIGGER CAN ALWAYS BE A MODEL TO A PHOTOGRAPHER!"

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. XIII.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S STALKING, AND HIS RIFLE HAVING GONE OFF SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, HE KILLS A STAG! AS IT IS HIS FIRST, HE IS MADE FREE OF THE FOREST BY THE PROCESS CUSTOMARY ON THE HILLS!

No. XIV.

AND RETURNS HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE IS A LITTLE KNOCKED UP, BUT AFTER A NAP, WILL, NO DOUBT, GO THROUGH THE BROAD-SWORD DANCE IN THE EVENING AS USUAL.

LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

Governess. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

Frank. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; *I'LL PROMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.*"

A FINE POLISH.

CONSOLING FOR CONSOLS.

Young Hardman. "GOING TO DINGLEY CROSS ROADS?" *Consols.* "YES!"

Y. H. "AH, THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SENT YOUR *HORSE* ON!"

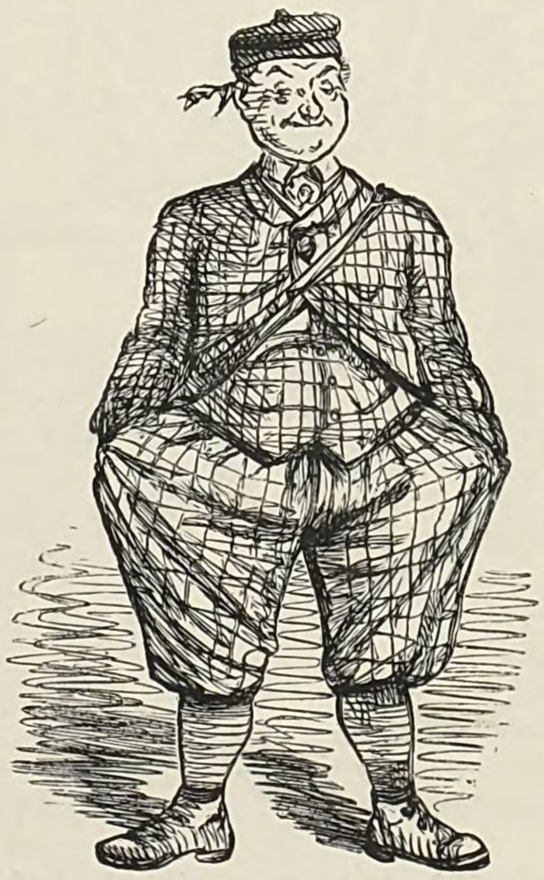
[CONSOLS *never rides upon less than 250 guineas, and thinks himself as near perfection as possible.*

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. XV.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.

ON HIS WAY TO THAT TURNIP-FIELD, OUR DEAR OLD BRIGGS PASSES THROUGH THE PARK IN WHICH HIS FRIEND'S FAVOURITE BISONS ARE KEPT, HE SAYS TO GEORDIE THE KEEPER: "I TRUST, MY GOOD FELLOW, THIS IS NOT THE SEASON YOU SPOKE OF IN WHICH THESE CREATURES—YOU KNOW—EH—WHAT—A—A—ARE *DANGEROUS?*"



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OUR EXCELLENT FRIEND, MR. BRIGGS, ALWAYS SHOOTS NOW IN KNICKERBOCKERS, AND DECLARES THEY ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE THINGS POSSIBLE; AND SO THEY ARE.

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ENGLISH DARLINGS REFLECTED IN A FRENCH MIRROR!

(DEDICATED TO THOSE POLITE AND PROFOUND OBSERVERS OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE PARISIAN ARTISTS!)

ENGLISH SOLDIERS ACCORDING TO FRENCH NOTIONS.

THE FRENCH CARICATJRISTS, WITH THEIR USUAL ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ARE FOND OF REPRESENTING OUR SOLDIERS AS CONTINUALLY PLAYING AT BILLIARDS.—WELL! PERHAPS IT WILL BE FOUND THAT THEY *DO* PLAY THEIR *CANNONS* REMARKABLY WELL!

* British Officers of Distinction. ‡ ‡ Daughters of Albion! (The wonderful fidelity of this representation will be immediately acknowledged.)
° ° Young Guardsmen! (Painful, perhaps, but too true!) † The *Boule Dogue*. (Asleep, of course.)

IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady. "WHAT! TWO SHILLINGS! AND EIGHTEENPENCE FOR WAITING THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR?—NONSENSE, MAN! IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES BY MY WATCH!"

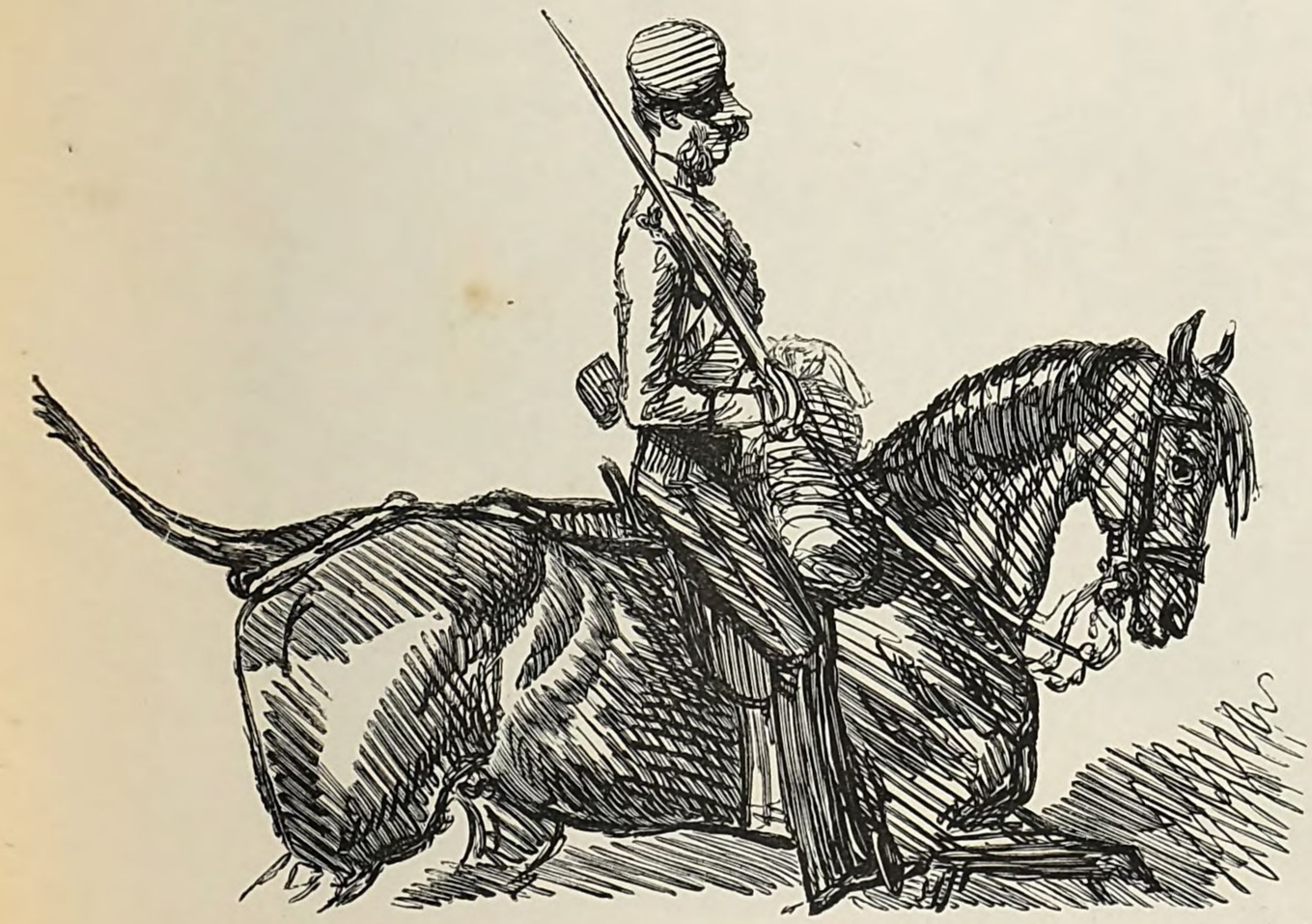
Cabman (insinuatingly). "WASN'T IT, MISS? WELL, THEN, I S'POSE IT WAS A MISSIN' O' YOUR PRETTY FACE AS MADE IT *SEEM* THREE KERVARTERS OF AN HOUR!"

[*Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.*

THE IDLE SERVANT.

Mistress. "YOU ARE AN EXCESSIVELY WICKED BOY, SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY LONG TIME BRINGING ME THIS LETTER—AND I MUST INSIST UPON KNOWING IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE BEEN IDLING AWAY YOUR TIME—SPEAK, SIR!"

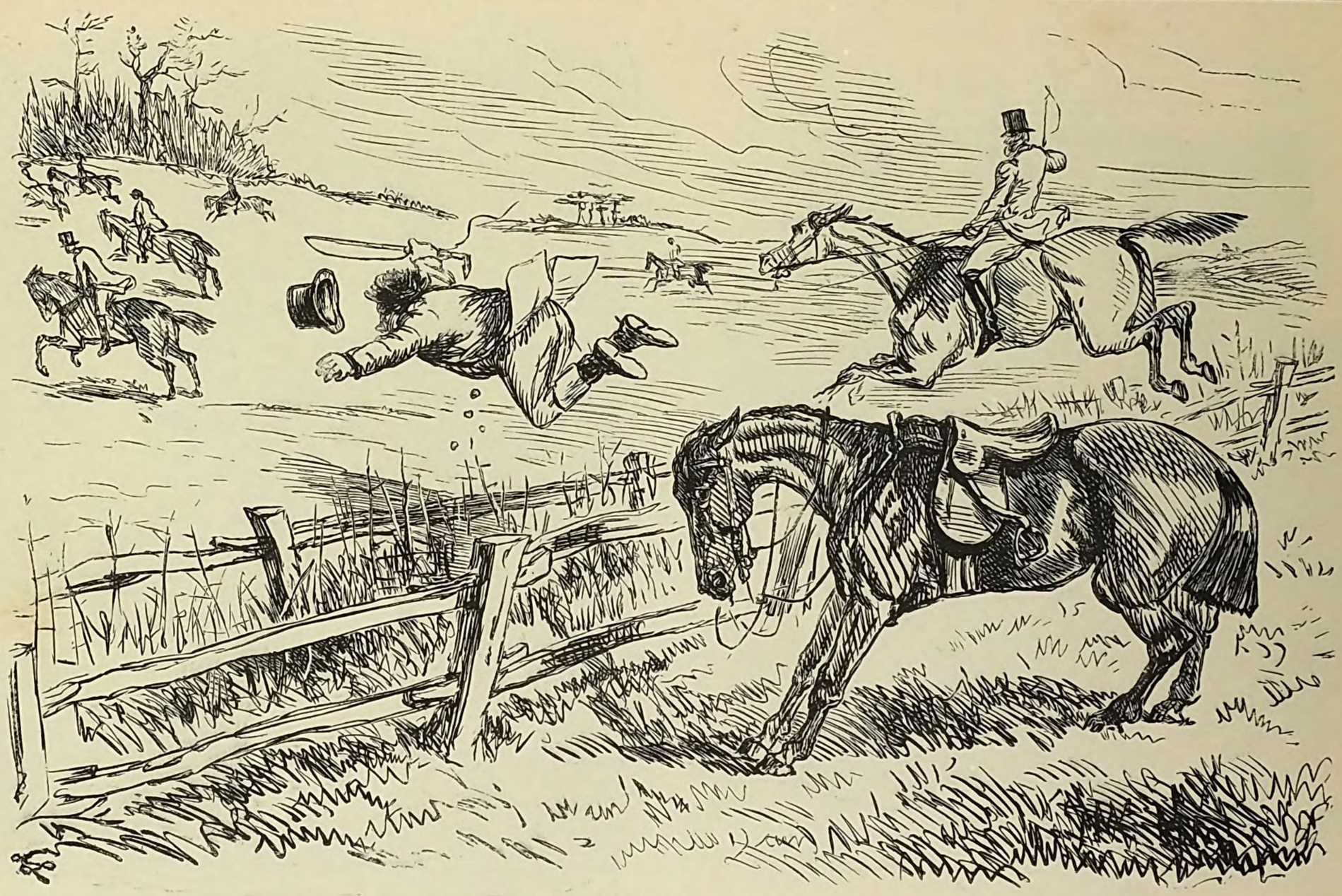
Domestic. "BOO-HOO-'M! IF YOU PLEASE, 'M! *ME AND ANOTHER BUTLER* WAS A-LOOKING AT PUNCH, BOO-HOO!!"



A LITTLE ROWLANDS' MACASSAR WANTED SOMEWHERE

A HINT TO THE HORSE GUARDS.

FRIVOLITY



WELL OVER! ANYHOW!

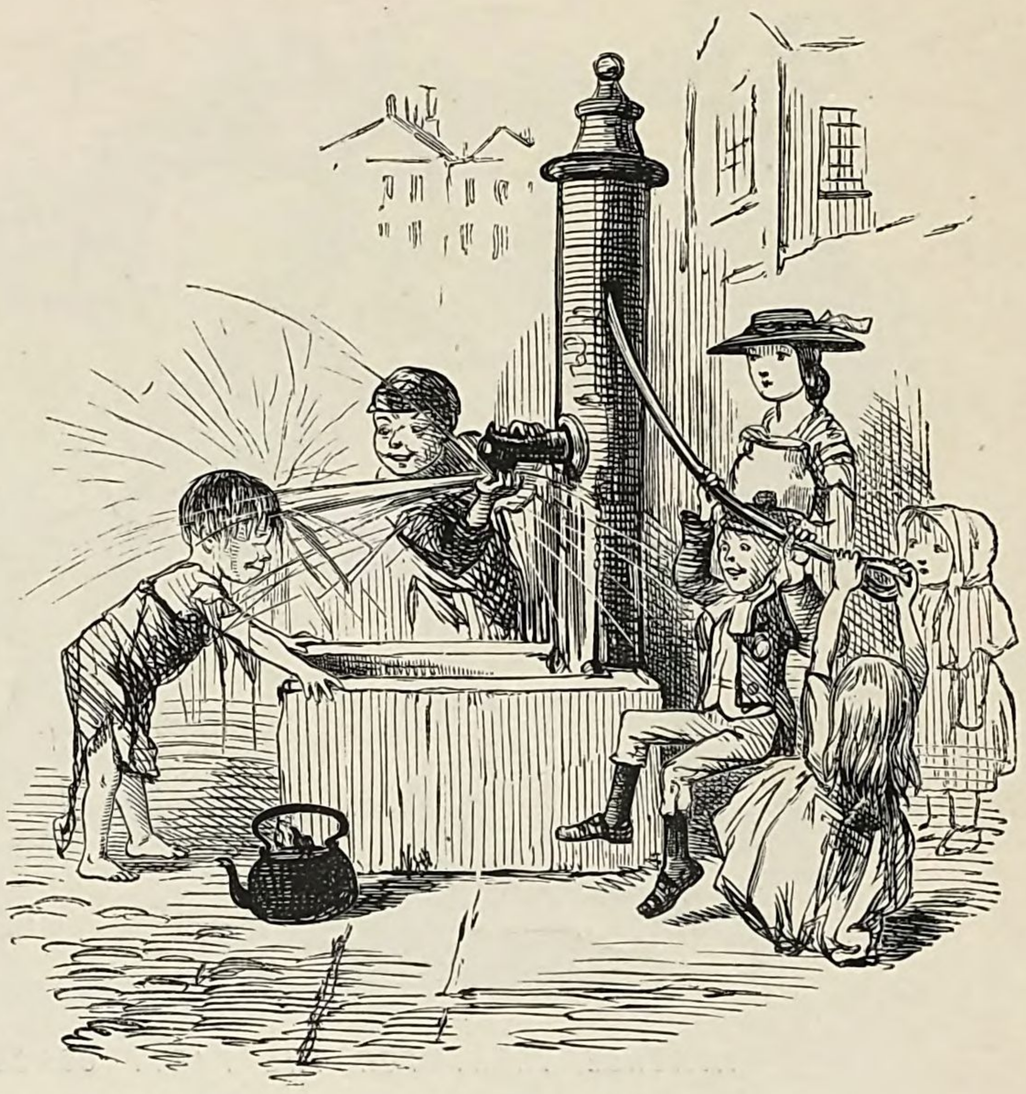
THE RIDING-HAT QUESTION.

Lucy. "NOW TELL ME, MARY, WHICH IS THE BEST?"

Mary (who is rather horsey). "WELL, DEAR, FOR TEA IN THE ARBOUR, AND THAT SORT OF THING, PERHAPS THE LITTLE ROUND ONE; BUT IF YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE GOING ACROSS COUNTRY, THE CHIMNEY-POT ALL TO NOTHING!"

NOT A BAD JUDGE.

Alimentive Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, WOULDN'T I LIKE TO BOARD IN THAT 'OUSE JUST!"



OH, HOW JOLLY!

THE BORES OF THE BEACH.

SO! AS IT'S A FINE DAY, YOU'LL SIT ON THE BEACH AND READ THE PAPER COMFORTABLY, WILL YOU? VERY GOOD! THEN WE RECOMMEND YOU TO GET WHAT GUINEA-PIGS, BRANDY-BALLS, BOATS, AND CHILDREN'S SOCKS, TO SAY NOTHING OF SHELL-WORK BOXES, LACE COLLARS, AND THE LIKE, YOU MAY WANT, BEFORE YOU SETTLE DOWN.

IMMENSE TREAT FOR THE PARTY CONCERNED.

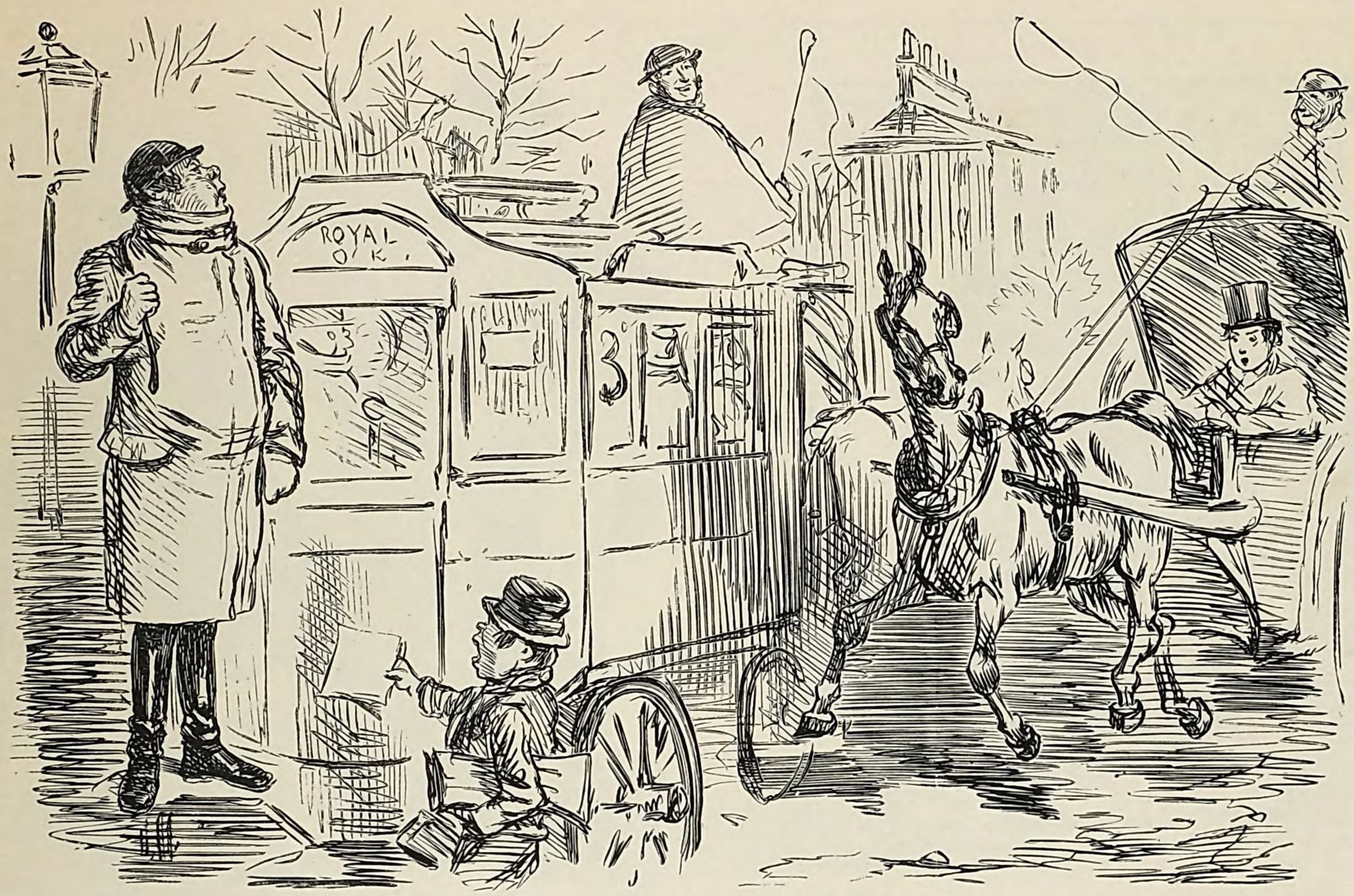
Master Jack. "NOW, GRANNY, YOU MAY COME AND HAVE SOME JUMPS OVER OUR DAISY CHAIN."

GOOD BLACKING.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Diana. "WELL, ALFRED, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND TO JOIN A RIFLE CORPS—EH?"

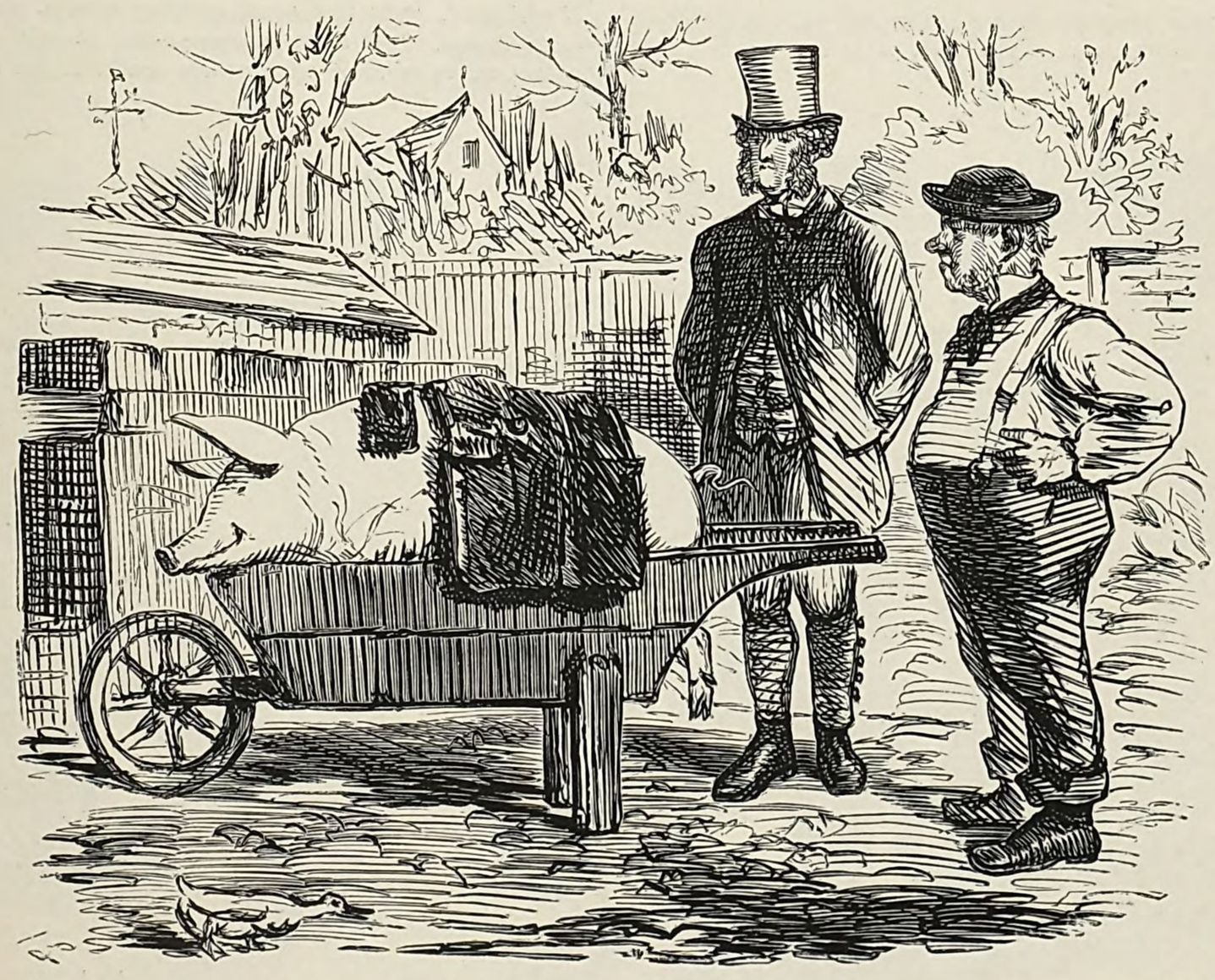
Alfred. "WHY, NO. YOU SEE, I'M MORE IN THE RIDING WAY. NOW, IF THEY WILL GET UP SOME VOLUNTEER CAVALRY—WHY, I'LL FIND A MAN AND A HORSE!"



CHAFF.

Bus Conductor (slamming the door). "FULL INSIDE!"

Facetious Driver. "FULL INSIDE! WELL—SO YER OUGHT TO BE; YER HAD A SIRLOIN OF BREAD AND CHEESE FOR YER TEA!"



THE INVALID.

Master. "WELL, SAUNDERS, I SEE YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO DO MUCH WITH THE OLD SOW, AFTER ALL?"

Saunders. "WHY, YOU SEE MAISTER RICHARD, SHE WARENT TAKEN IN TIME, THE POWER THING, SHE WARENT—SHE'S STRUV HARD TO GET ROUND, BUT THE WEATHER'S AGIN HER, YE SEE. TO-DAY IT SHONE A BIT, AND I THOUGHT IT'D DO HER GOOD TO GET OUT. SO IN THE WARM OF THE ARTERNOON I PUT HER IN THE BARROW, AND TOOK HER FOR A LITTLE RIDE IN THE SUN!"

CURIOUS EFFECT OF RELAXING AIR.

Traveller in the Isle of Wight. "BLESS MY HEART! THERE'S THE BELL RINGING ON THE PIER. HOLLO! WHY, WHERE'S THE CARPET BAG I LEFT IN THE PASSAGE?"

Hotel Keeper (faintly). "OH, HOW SHOULD I KNOW? DON'T ASK ME, I'M ONLY THE LANDLORD. YOU HAD BETTER TRY IF YOU CAN'T WAKE ONE OF THE WAITERS."

FLUNKEIANA.

French Maid. "YOU LIKE A—ZE—SEA-SIDE, M'SIEUR JEAN THOMAS?"

John Thomas. "*PAR BOKHOO,* MAMZELLE—*PAR BOOKHOO.* I'VE—AW—BIN SO ACCUSTOMED TO—AW—GAIETY IN TOWN, THAT I'M—AW—A'MOST KILLED WITH *ARNWEE* DOWN HERE."

PLUCK!

Master Cock-Robin. "I TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE CHARLES—IF YOU ARE AT ALL NERVOUS ABOUT THE GAROTTERS—I'LL WALK HOME WITH YOU!"

A LOVING CUP.

SKETCH ON THE SEA-COAST DURING THE GALE.

Lord D-ndre-ry (to his Bwother). "A-A-A, I THAY- THAM! WATHER A DITHPLAY OF FIGGER—EH?"

A SLOW GAME.

Chorus of Offended Maidens. "WELL! IF CLARA AND CAPTAIN DE HOLSTER ARE GOING ON IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER, WE MAY AS WELL LEAVE OFF PLAYING."

SCENE—A MAN'S ROOMS IN THE TEMPLE.

(STEADY MAN SMOKES A SHORT PIPE, AND JAWS AT THE YOUNG SWELL LOUNGING IN EASY CHAIR.)

Steady Man. "A MAN MUST *WORK* NOW-A-DAYS, OR HE GETS LEFT BEHIND. THE ONLY POSITION WORTH HAVING IS WHAT YOU MAKE FOR YOURSELF," &c., &c.

Youthful Swell. "OH, YES, I QUITE AGWEE WITH YOU ABOUT WORK. I DON'T MIND WORK, YOU KNOW, IN A GENEWAL WAY—BUT I OBJECT TO WHAT I CALL 'WORK OF SUPERWEWOGATION!"

Steady Man. "AND PRAY WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY THAT?"

Youthful Swell. "WHY—I MEAN I DON'T CARE TO DO ANYTHING I CAN GET DONE FOR ME!"

CROQUET.

THE LATEST STYLE.

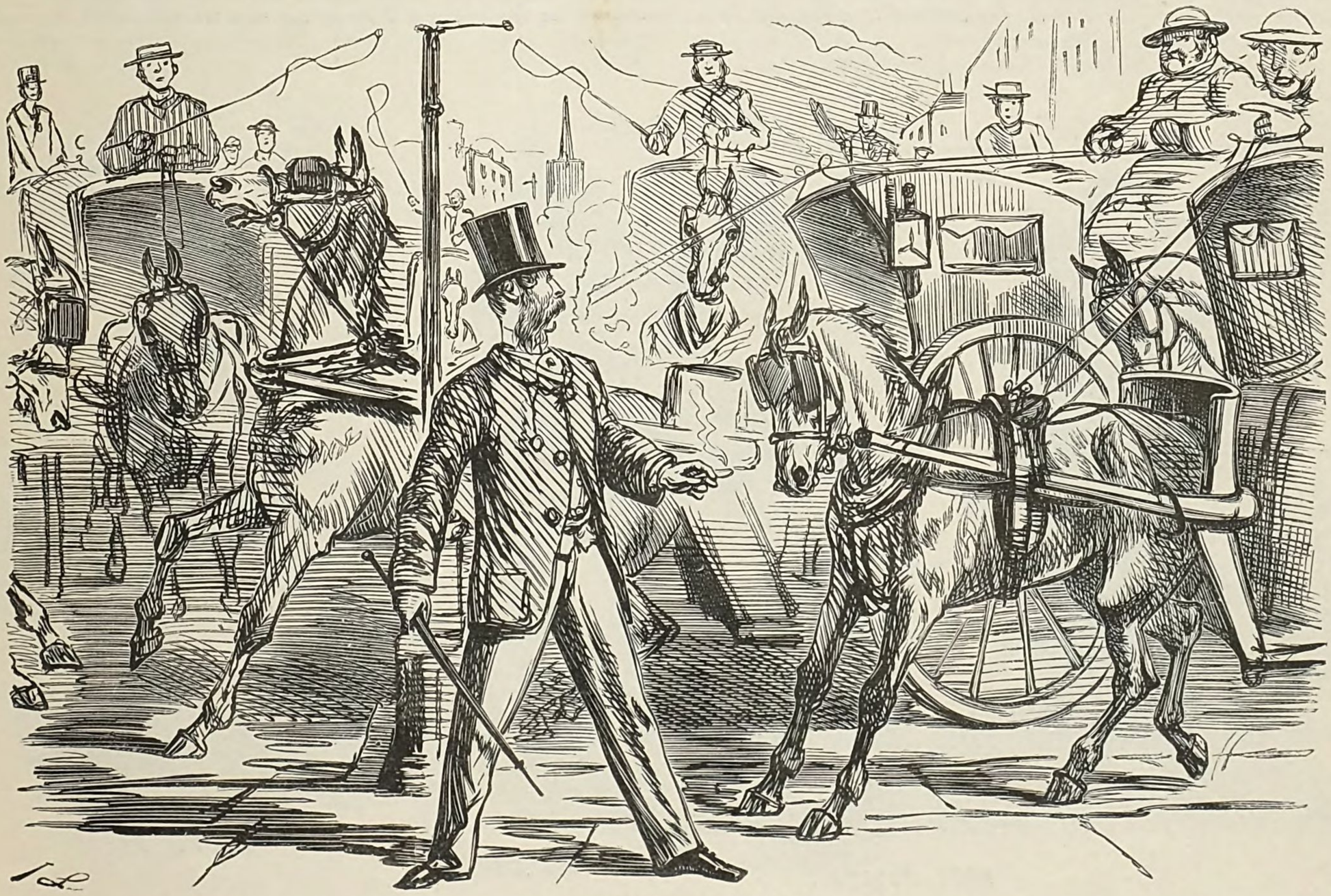
THE LAST NEW THING IN CLOAKS.

Pretty Milliner (trying it on). "DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD SUIT THE LADY, SIR?"

[*Little Tompkins begins to like shopping rather.*

FASHIONS IN HAIR.

Lady Swell. "OH, YES, YOU KNOW! QUITE NEW! THE OLD NETS AND BEAVERS' TAILS GETTING AWFULLY COMMON, YOU KNOW!"



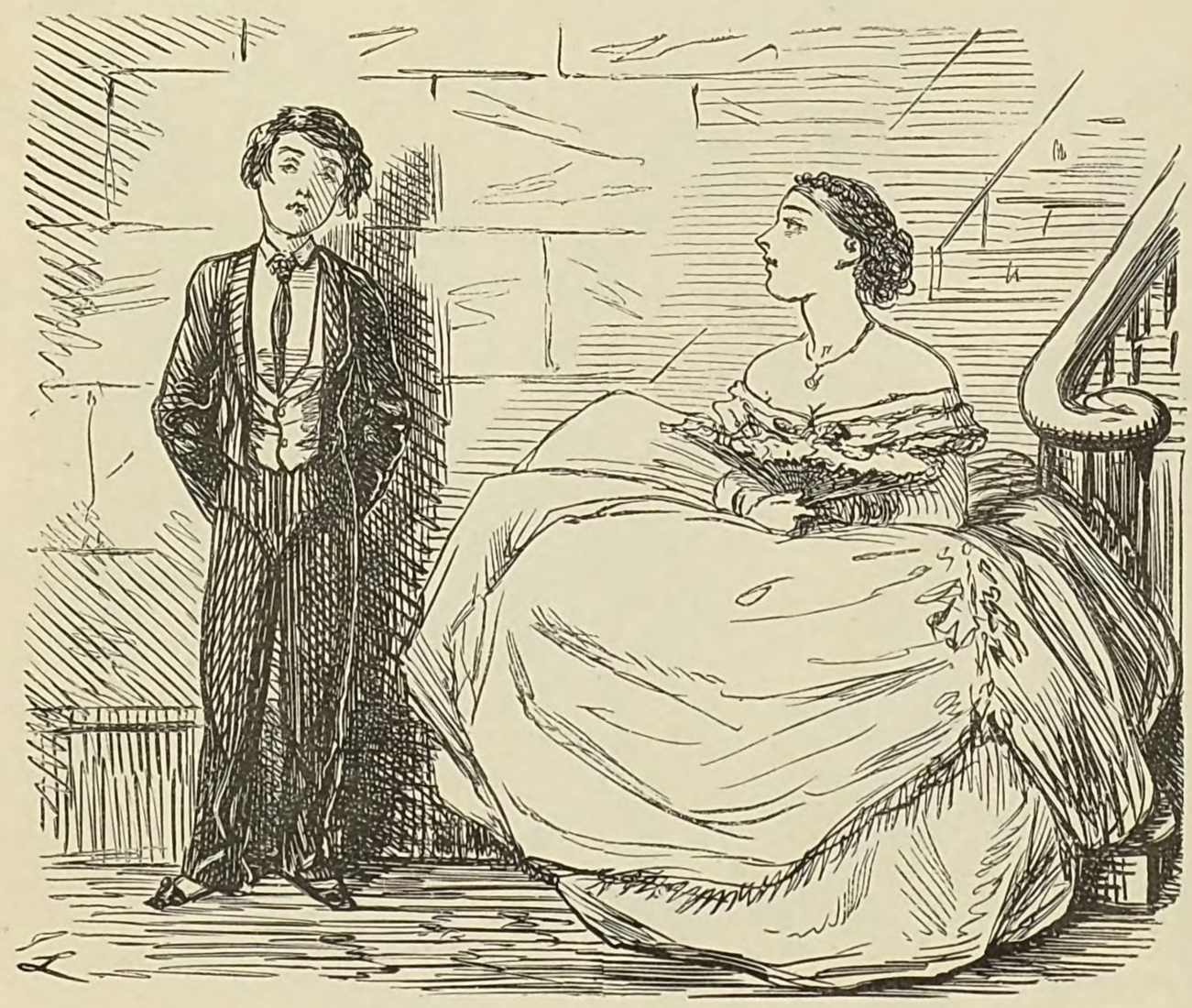
A RACE FOR A FARE.

EXCITEMENT OF THE HANSOM CABBIES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A SWELL OUT OF THE SEASON.

TURNING THE TABLES; OR, A LITTLE SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Henrietta (who is joking, of course). "I'VE BEEN THINKING, DEAR CHARLES, THAT AS YOU REQUIRE CHANGE, IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU TO GO DOWN WITH THE CHILDREN TO SOME QUIET PLACE AT THE SEA-SIDE, WHILE I AND MRS. FRED SPANKER WENT TO BADEN-BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS—EH—?——"

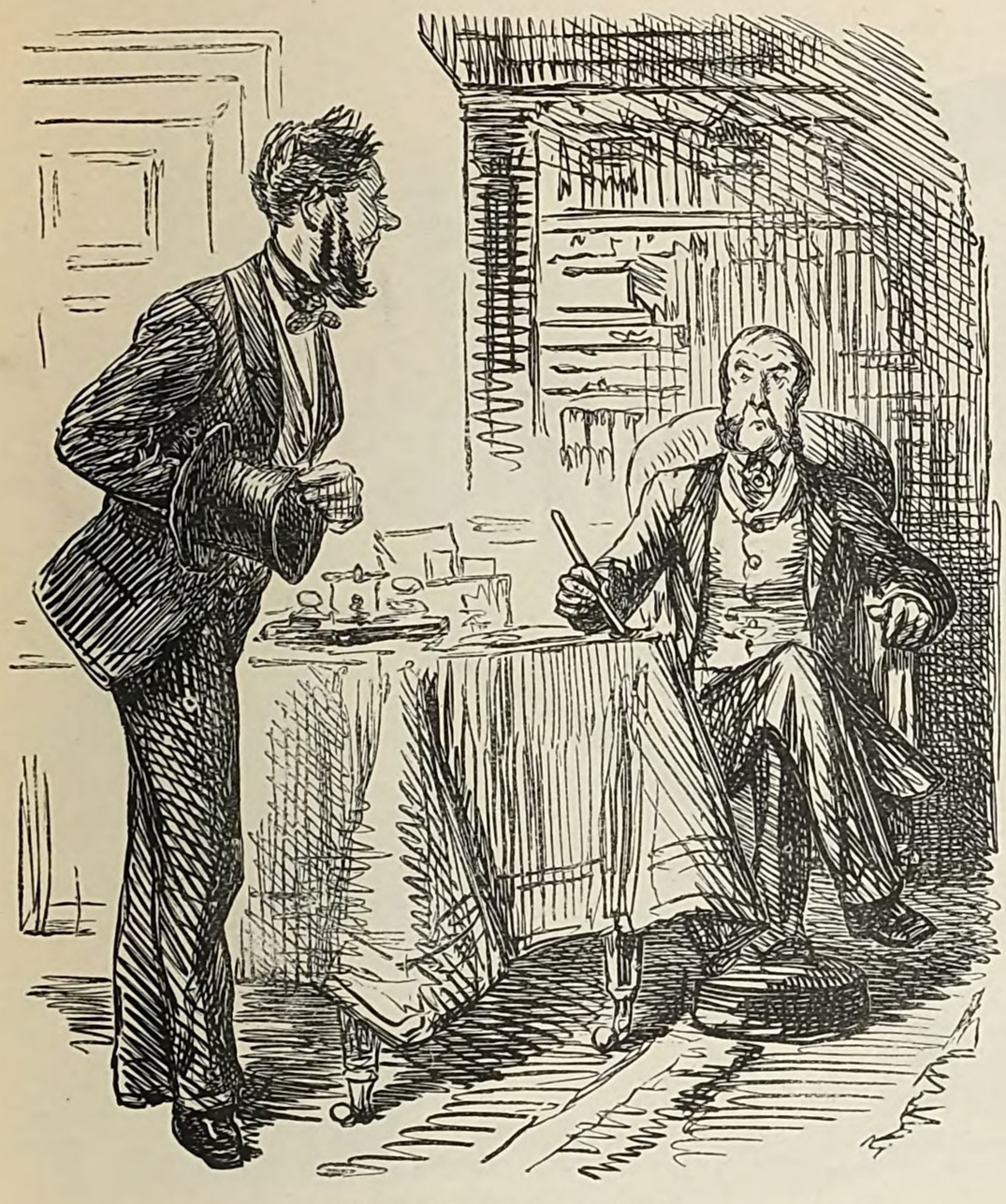
[*This last being just what the wretch* CHARLES *has been proposing to himself and* FRED SPANKER *for the last month.*



POOR FELLOW!

Frank. "I KNOW THIS—I CAN'T STAND MANY MORE EVENING PARTIES, AND IF I DON'T GET INTO THE COUNTRY AND HAVE A FEW DAYS' HUNTING, I SHALL KNOCK UP!"

"NOW I'M PAPA."



PUTTING IT BLANDLY.

Jones (living in the plebeian locality of St. John's Wood). "I AM ALSO EXTREMELY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY WINDOWS—IF YOU ENTER MY SERVICE, I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO CLEAN THEM VERY CAREFULLY."

John Thomas (from Belgravia). "OH, OF COURSE, SIR! *YOU* CAN HAVE YOUR WINDOWS CLEANED IF YOU LIKE—BUT IN *BELGRAVIA*—WE PREFERS THEM DIRTY—IT'S CONSIDERED MORE *ARISTOCRATIC!*"

THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.

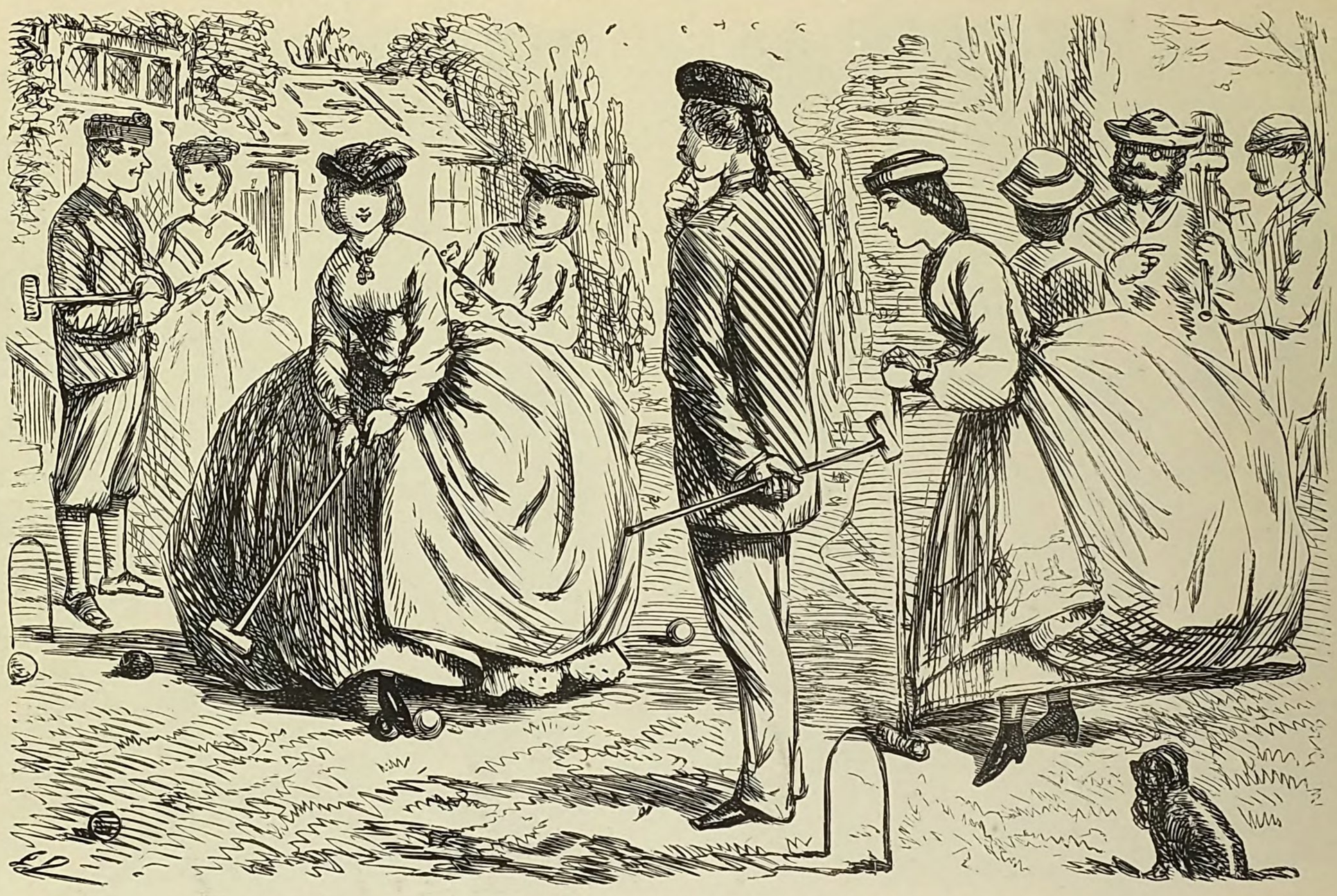
THIS IS JONES, WHO THOUGHT TO SLIP DOWN BY THE RAIL EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND HAVE A GALLOP WITH THE FOX-HOUNDS. ON LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW, HE FINDS IT IS A CLEAR FROSTY MORNING. HE SEES A SMALL BOY SLIDING—ACTUALLY SLIDING—ON THE PAVEMENT OPPOSITE!! AND—DOESN'T HE HATE THAT BOY—AND DOESN'T HE SAY, IT IS A BEASTLY CLIMATE!!

ON A PARISIAN BOULEVARD.

PAINFUL AND HUMILIATING CONTRAST, TO THE DISADVANTAGE OF OUR POOR LITTLE ENGLISH TRAVELLER, OF COURSE.

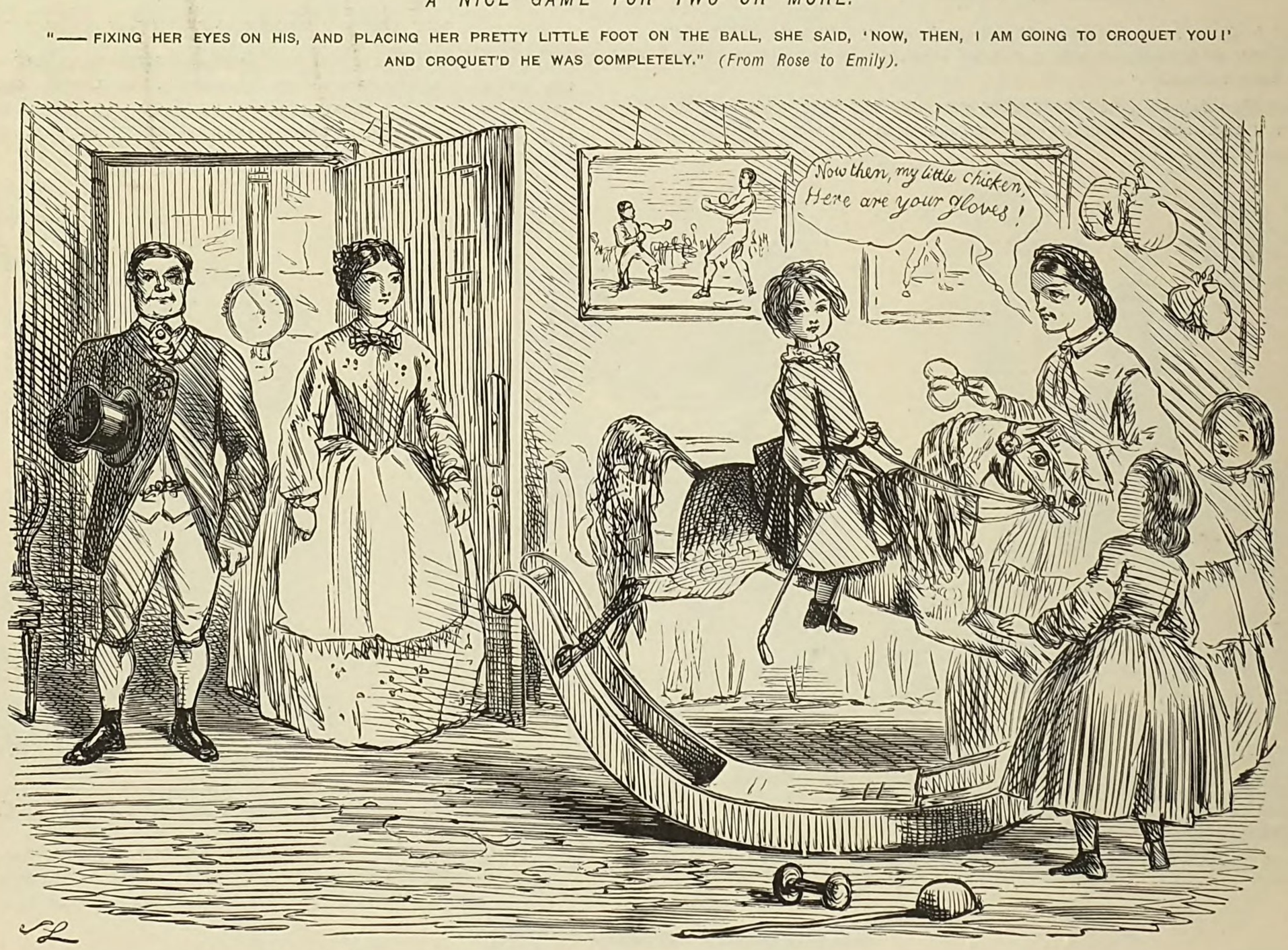
ON THE RACE COURSE.

THE RESPECTABLE CAPITALIST WHO WILL BET A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST EVERYTHING, AND PAY IF HE LOSES—OF COURSE!



A NICE GAME FOR TWO OR MORE.

"—— FIXING HER EYES ON HIS, AND PLACING HER PRETTY LITTLE FOOT ON THE BALL, SHE SAID, 'NOW, THEN, I AM GOING TO CROQUET YOU!' AND CROQUET'D HE WAS COMPLETELY." *(From Rose to Emily).*



MUSCULAR EDUCATION—THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

Domestic. "PROFESSOR MAULEY, MA'AM!"

FOND DELUSION.

First Tourist (going North). "HULLO, TOMPK——"

Second Ditto (ditto, ditto). "HSH—SH! CONFOUND IT, YOU'LL SPOIL ALL. THEY THINK IN THE TRAIN I'M A HIGHLAND CHIEF!"

THE LATEST FASHION.

Charles. "SWEET STYLE OF TROWSER, GUS!"

Gus. "YA-AS! AND SO DOOSED COMFORTABLE. THEY'RE CALLED PANTALONS À LA PEG-TOP!"

Charles. "NO!—REALLY!"

A SKETCH ON THE DOWNS.

Jolly Post Boy of the Period. "I SAY, BILL, DON'T YER WISH IT WAS DARBY DAY ALL THE YEAR ROUND?"

THE GUARDIAN OF THE FIELD.

THE PIOUS PUBLIC-HOUSE.

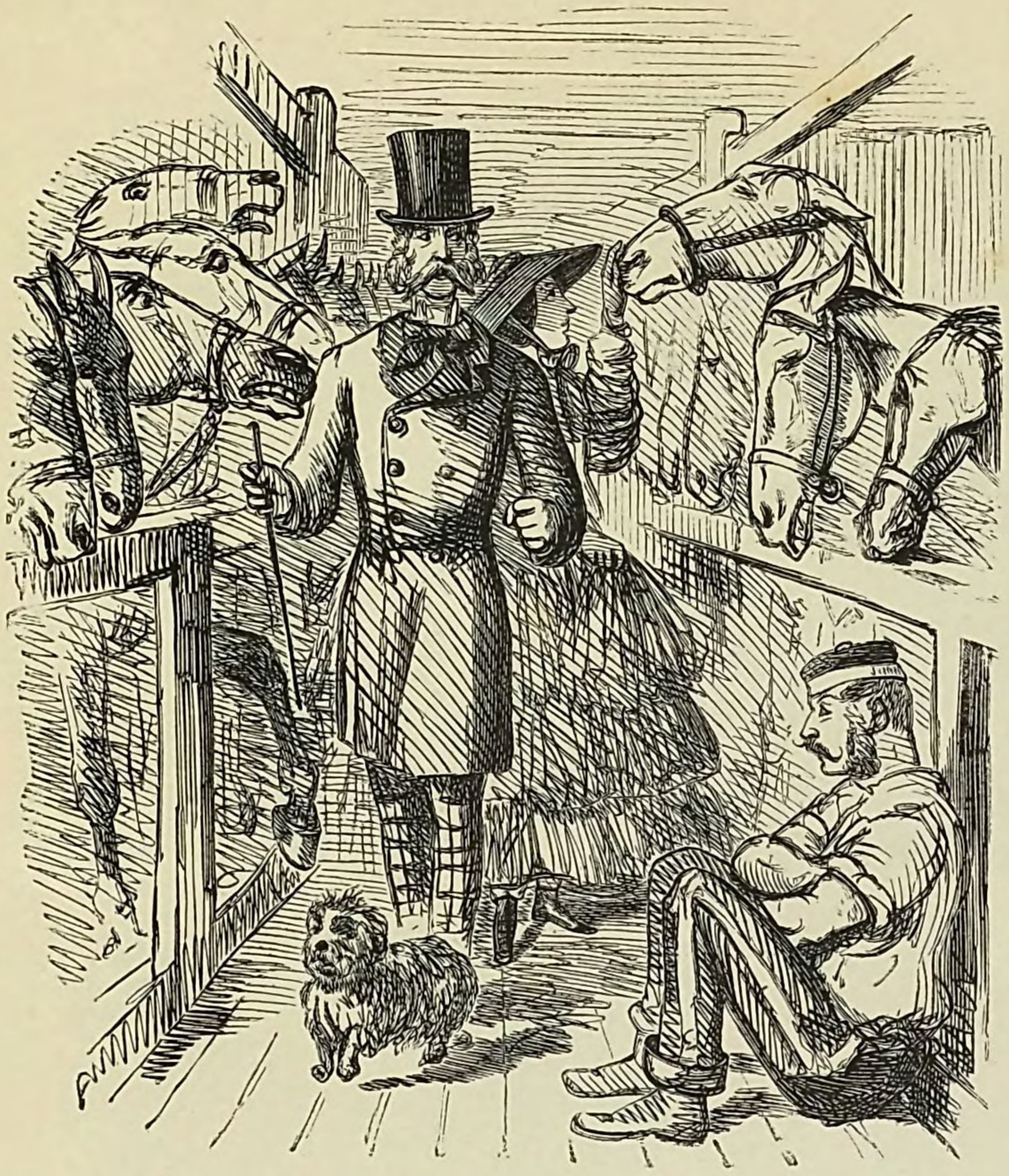
(WHERE YOU MAY GET ADULTERATED BEER AND GIN.)

A PLACE IN WHICH THE GREAT BREWERS *DON'T* SEE ANY PARTICULAR HARM

THE PROFLIGATE PASTRYCOOK'S.

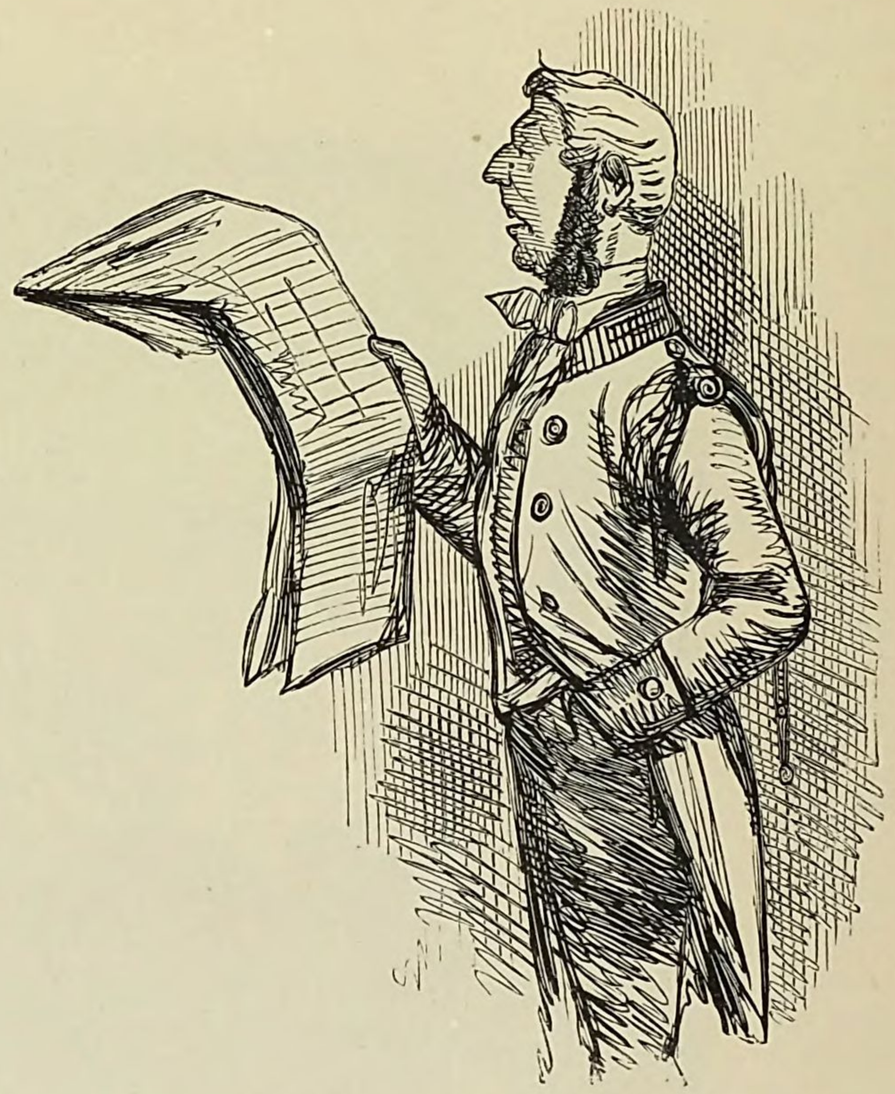
(WHERE THEY SERVE THE DEMORALISING VEAL PIE AND GLASS OF SHERRY, OR FRENCH LIGHT WINE.)

TOO SHOCKING TO THINK OF!



NO. 999 GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT. OFF QUEENSTOWN—VISITORS ON BOARD.

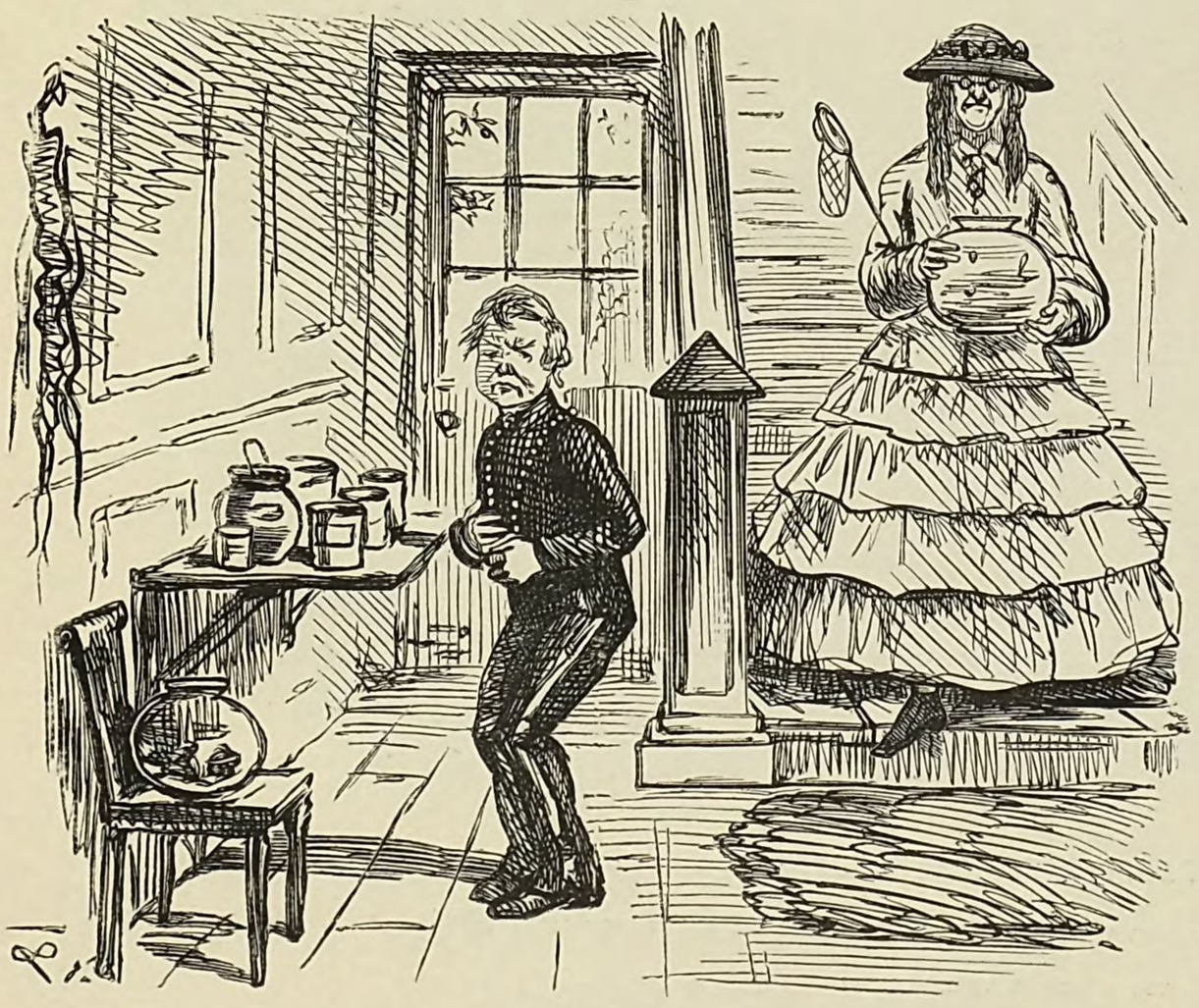
Party (in cheery tone, calculated to impart confidence to the weaker sex). "FOLLOW ME, FOLLOW ME—THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, I ASSURE YOU. WOA—WO—WO—MY MAN—STEADY, MARE—WO! *(sotto voce.)* I'M DEUCED GLAD IT'S THEIR HEADS INSTEAD OF THEIR HEELS—WO!"



HONOUR TO THE BRAVE!

Flunkey (reads). "*Yesterday, thirty of the Invalids from the Crimea were inspected * * * many of the gallant fellows were dreadfully mutilated at the Alma and Inkermann. * * * After the inspection, ten of the Guards were regaled in the Servants' Hall.*"

Flunkey (log.). "REGALED IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL! EH? WELL, I DON'T THINK THEY'VE ANY CALL TO GRUMBLE ABOUT NOT BEIN' 'HONOURED SUFFICIENT!'"



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

WHY, THE FACT IS, THE STUPID AND GREEDY BOY HAS MISTAKEN FOR JAM, AND SWALLOWED, A RATHER FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ACTINEA EQUINA, OR PURPLE SEA ANEMONE WHICH AUNT FOOZLE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COAST!

WEIGHT FOR AGE.

Nurse. "DRAT THE CHILD! WHY CAN'T YER WALK?—YER MORE PLAGUE THAN ALL MY MONEY!"

BY THE FAST TRAIN.

Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, MISS?"

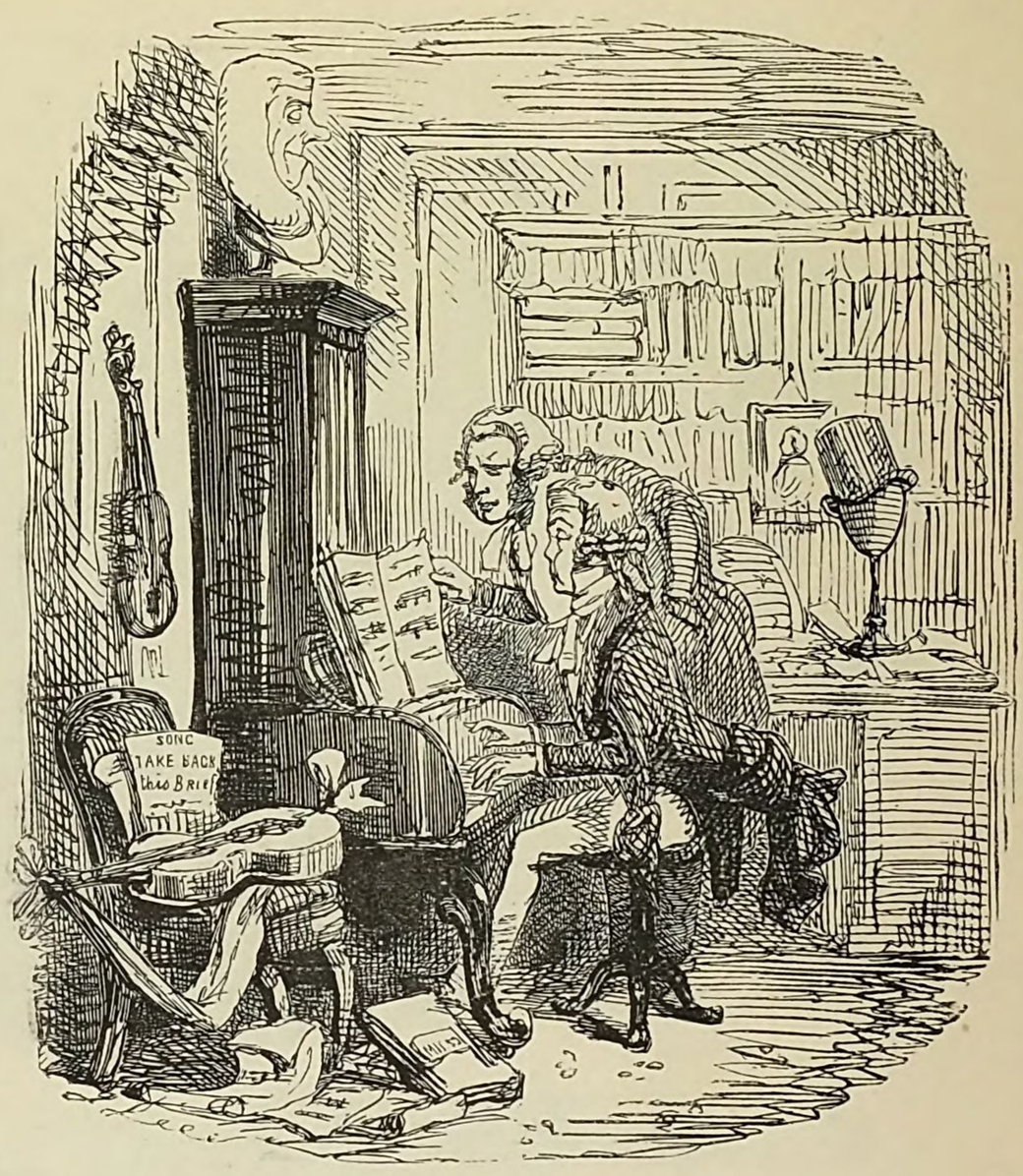
Young Lady (who is also a leetle fast). "YES! PORTMANTEAU, A LITTLE BAY HORSE AND A BLACK RETRIEVER!—AND LOOK HERE, GET ME A HANSOM!"

"IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!"

THE LAST SWEET THINGS IN HATS AND WALKING-STICKS AT BIARRITZ.

THE GREAT WHISKER-CUTTING MOVEMENT.

Unhappy Sub. "BY JOVE, YOU KNOW, AS IF ALDERSHOT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH OF ITSELF, WITHOUT DEPRIVING US OF THE ONLY AMUSEMENT WE HAD!"



THE LEGAL SOLFEGGIO.

IN RE DOE VER SUS RICH ARD ROE.

TOO BAD.

Professor Pumper. "MAY I ASK, MISS BLANK, WHY YOU ARE MAKING THOSE LITTLE PELLETS?"

Miss B. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. IT IS A HABIT I HAVE. I ALWAYS MAKE BREAD PILLS WHEN I FEEL BORED AT DINNER!"

END OF A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

Sporting Gent. "'OUNDS BEEN THROUGH HERE, OLD MAN?"

Sporting Gent. "'OW LONG?"

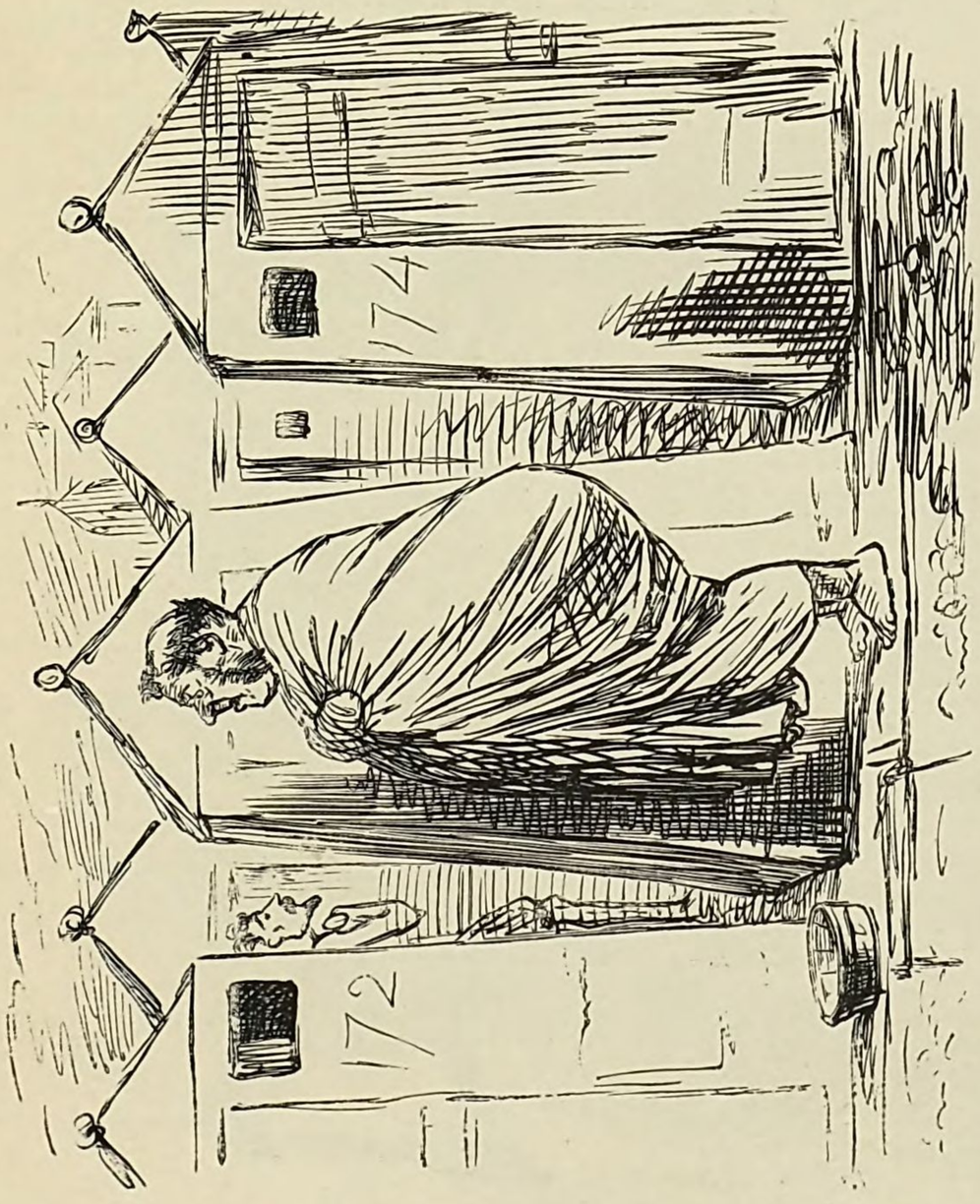
Old Man. "YA'AS!"

Old Man. "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINNITS ABOUT!"

PHEASANT SHOOTING. A WARM CORNER.

MOSSOO LEARNING TO FLOAT.

BOIS DE BOULOGNE—FOR CAVALIERS ONLY.



AT DIEPPE.

Jones. "H'M! HERE'S A PRETTY TO-DO! CAN'T FIND MY MACHINE NOW!"

DIVING BELLES.

A GAROTTE EFFECT.

THIS IS DE ROBINSON, WHO, IN HIS HURRY AND ANXIETY TO BE IN TIME FOR DINNER, PUTS HIS KNUCKLE-DUSTERS IN HIS COAT-TAIL POCKET. (SENSATION SCENE.)

* THE KNUCKLE-DUSTER, OR SOMETHING LIKE IT.

ART TREASURES.

Reginald (who has a fine taste, and is very fond of curious old Glass). "NOW, UNCLE, HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE."

YOUNG AMERICA.

A FRESHENER ON THE DOWNS.

WHAT IS IT?

First Boy (loq.). "I TELL YER IT'S 'ED'S HERE!—I SEEN IT MOVE!"

Second Ditto. "I SAY IT'S AT THIS END, YER STOOPID!—I CAN SEE 'IS EARS!"

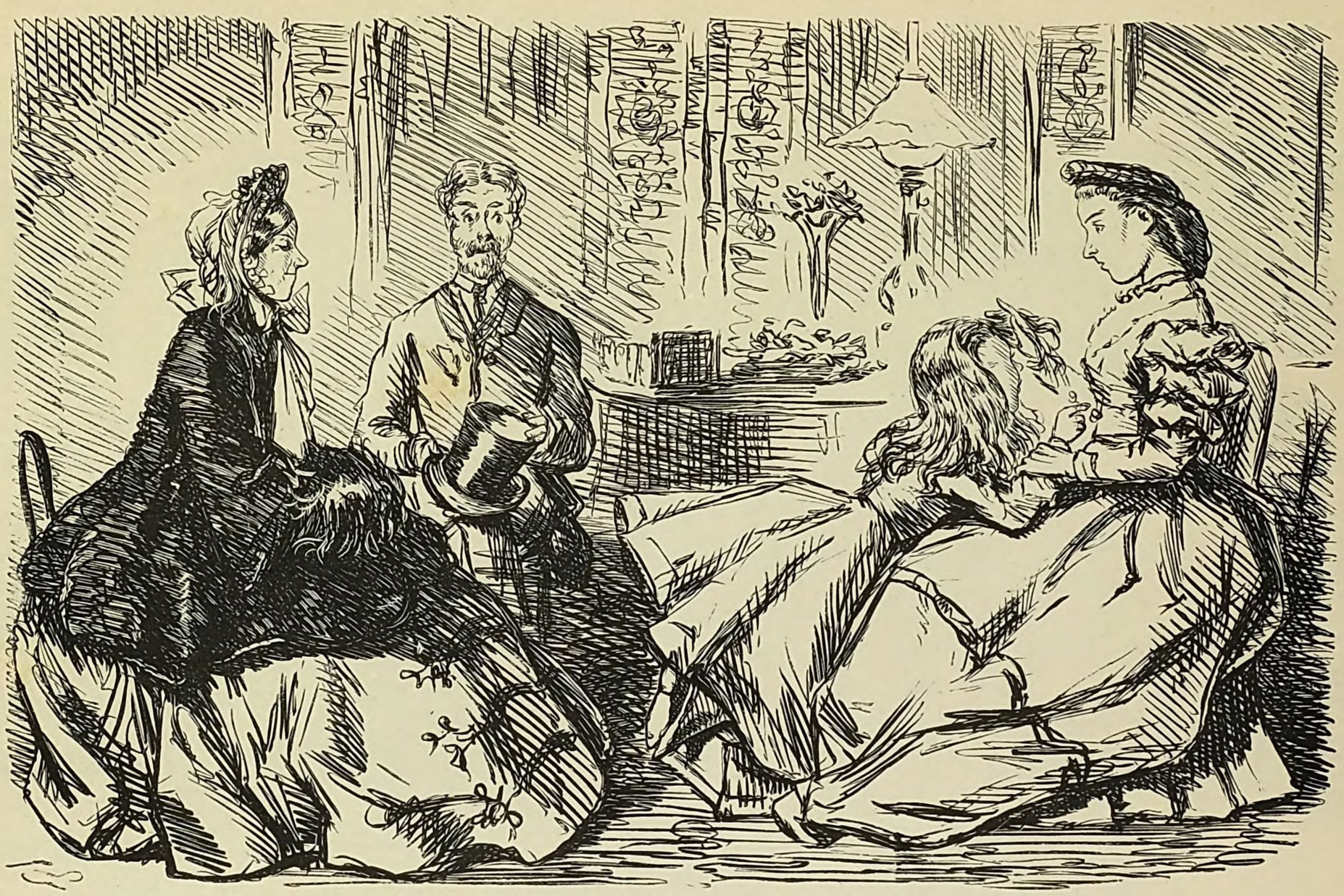
A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Old Gent. (with tender feet). "NOW, BOY, BE VERY CAREFUL!"

Boy. "OH, YES, YOUR HONOUR! THESE 'ERE KNOBS 'LL TAKE A BEAUTIFUL POLISH!"

PRUDENCE.

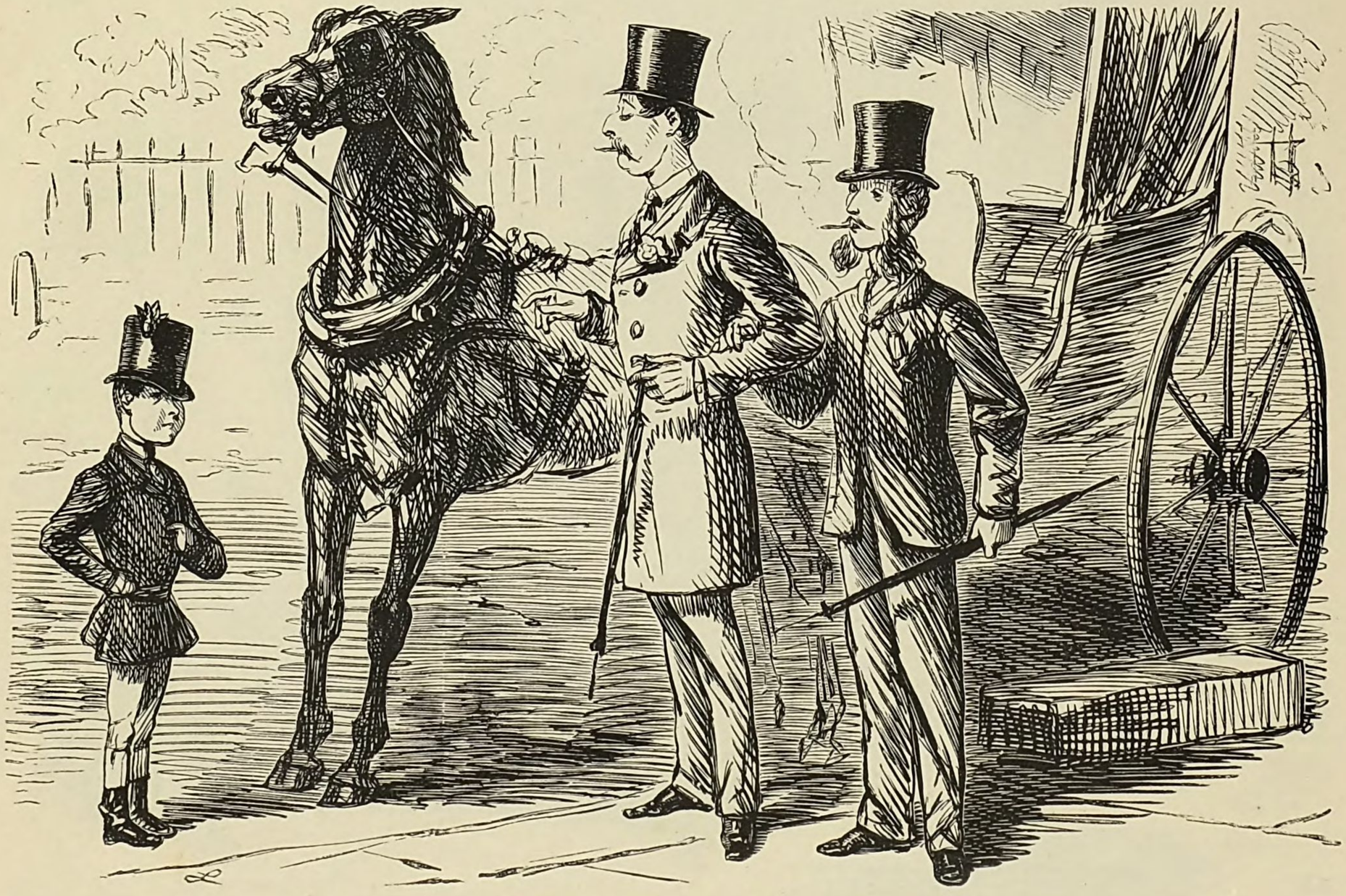
Matilda (with the hat). "WELL, DEAR, NO ONE EVER PRESUMED TO ADDRESS *ME.* STILL, AFTER ALL THE LETTERS IN THE PAPERS, I THINK NO GIRL OF PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE SHOULD EVER GO OUT UNPROTECTED; SO I ALWAYS TAKE THOMPSON NOW!"



HUSH! HUSH!

Aunt (handling Young Lady's abundant hair). "WHAT A TROUBLE, DEAR KITTY, YOUR HAIR IS TO ONE!"

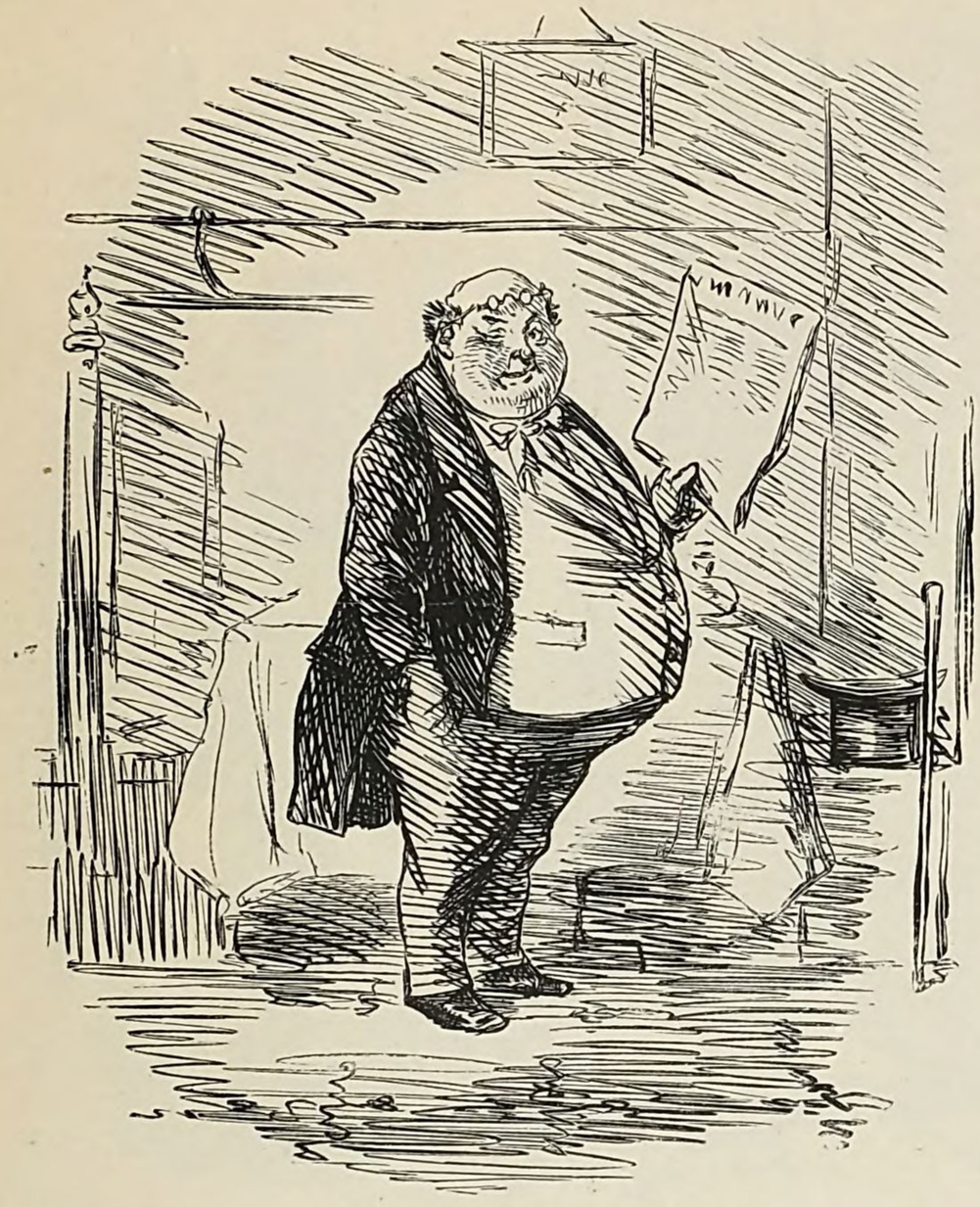
Dear Kitty. "OH, AUNTY, IF IT'S A TROUBLE, WHY DON'T YOU PUT KITTY'S HAIR IN YOUR DRAWER, JUST AS YOU DO WITH YOUR OWN?"



THE QUIP MODEST.

Swell. "BOY! WHO'S CAB'S THIS?"

Boy. WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU? DO YOU S'POSE MY GOV'N'R GIVES ME BOARD WAGES TO TELL WHO BELONGS TO US?"



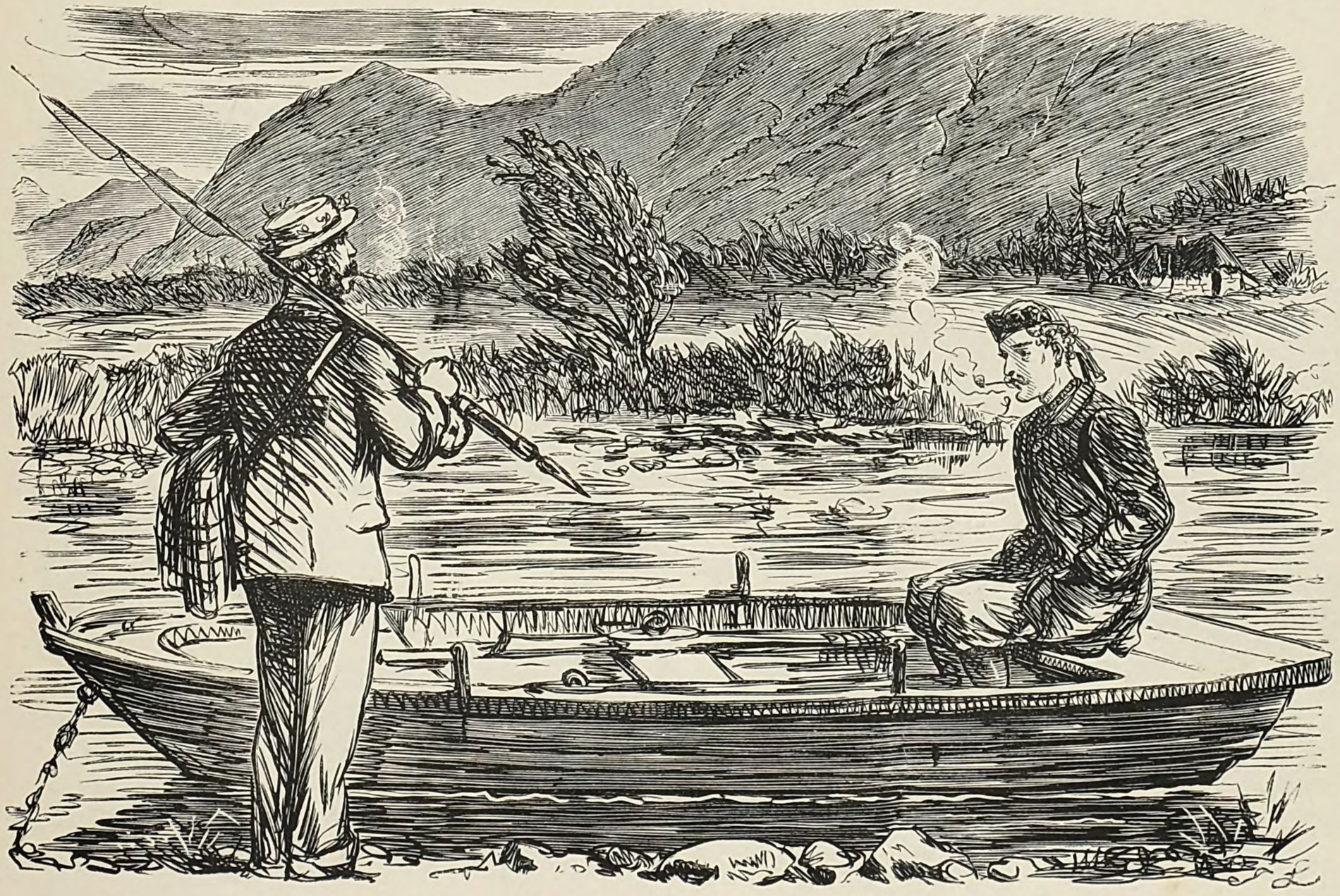
A STOUT ASSERTION.

Old Party (reads). "CRYSTAL PALACE—THIS DAY—FÊTE OF THE AMATEUR GYMNASTIC SOCIETY,—'THAT'S THE HOLIDAY FOR ME!'"

THE COURTESIES OF TRAVEL.

Juvenile. "DO YOU OBJECT TO MY SMOKING A CIGAR, SIR?"

Elderly Party. "OH NO, CERTAINLY NOT, IF IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU SICK!"



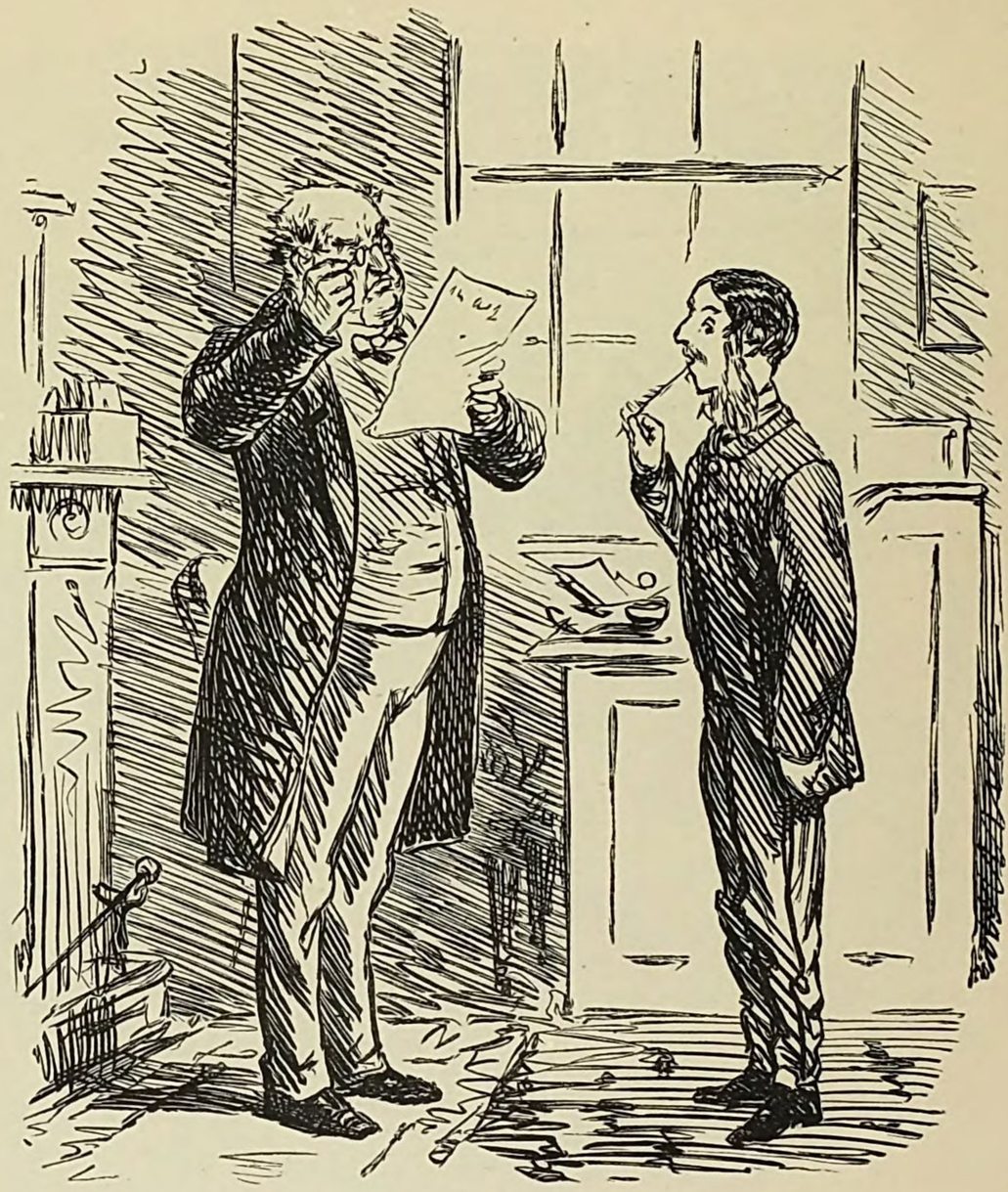
LOOKING AT IT PLEASANTLY.

Friend (on the bank). "WELL, JACK! HAVE YOU HAD PRETTY GOOD SPORT?"

Jack. "SPORT! IF YOU CALL IT SPORT TO HAVE NO WATER AND NO FISH, AND TO PAY NINETY POUNDS FOR THREE WEEKS OF IT, I'VE HAD PLENTY!"

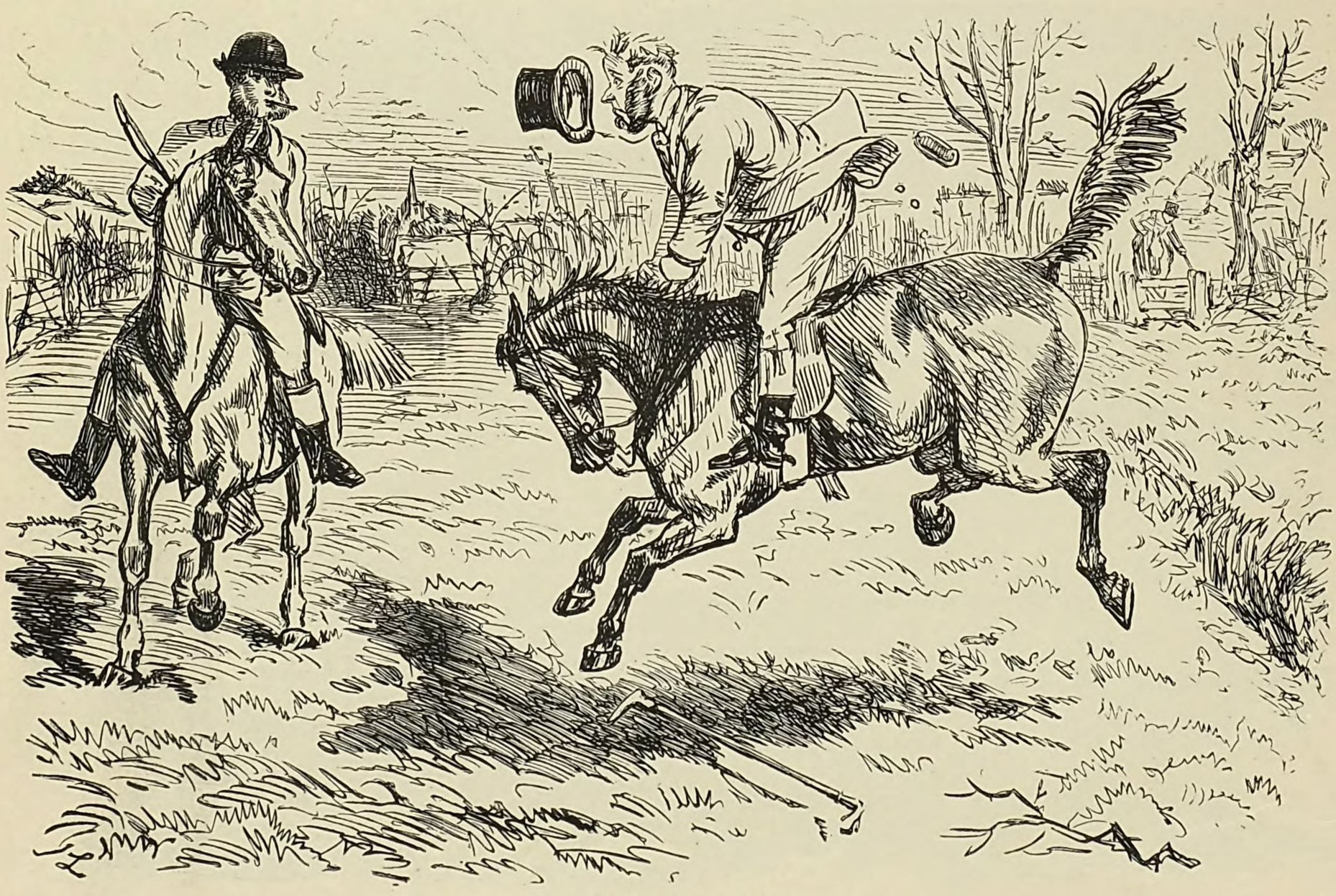
PRACTISING ON A PATIENT.

Young Practitioner. "H'M, VERY ODD—I MUST HAVE MADE SOME MISTAKE; THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH *THIS* TOOTH. NEVER MIND, TRY AGAIN!"



AN OFFICE INCIDENT.

Infuriated Principal, opening Fast Clerk's telegram by mistake (reads). "'TOM TIT' SURE TO WIN—TELEGRAPH AND SAY IF YOU WILL HAVE PONY ON—IF SO, SEND CASH TO-DAY!"



GOING TO COVER.

Brown (who has given Tomkins, from Town, a Mount). "YOU NEEDN'T BE THE LEAST AFRAID. IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER HE HAS BEEN OVER A FEW FENCES!"

THE BATTUE.

Swell Keeper (to party assembled). NOW, I WANTS A COUPLE O' LORDS FORRAD—A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE RIGHT, AND A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE LEFT!" *(Turning to humble Commoner in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters.)* "YOU TRY THE HIGH STUFF WITH THE BEATERS, AND TAKE YOUR CHANCE OF A *HARE BACK."*

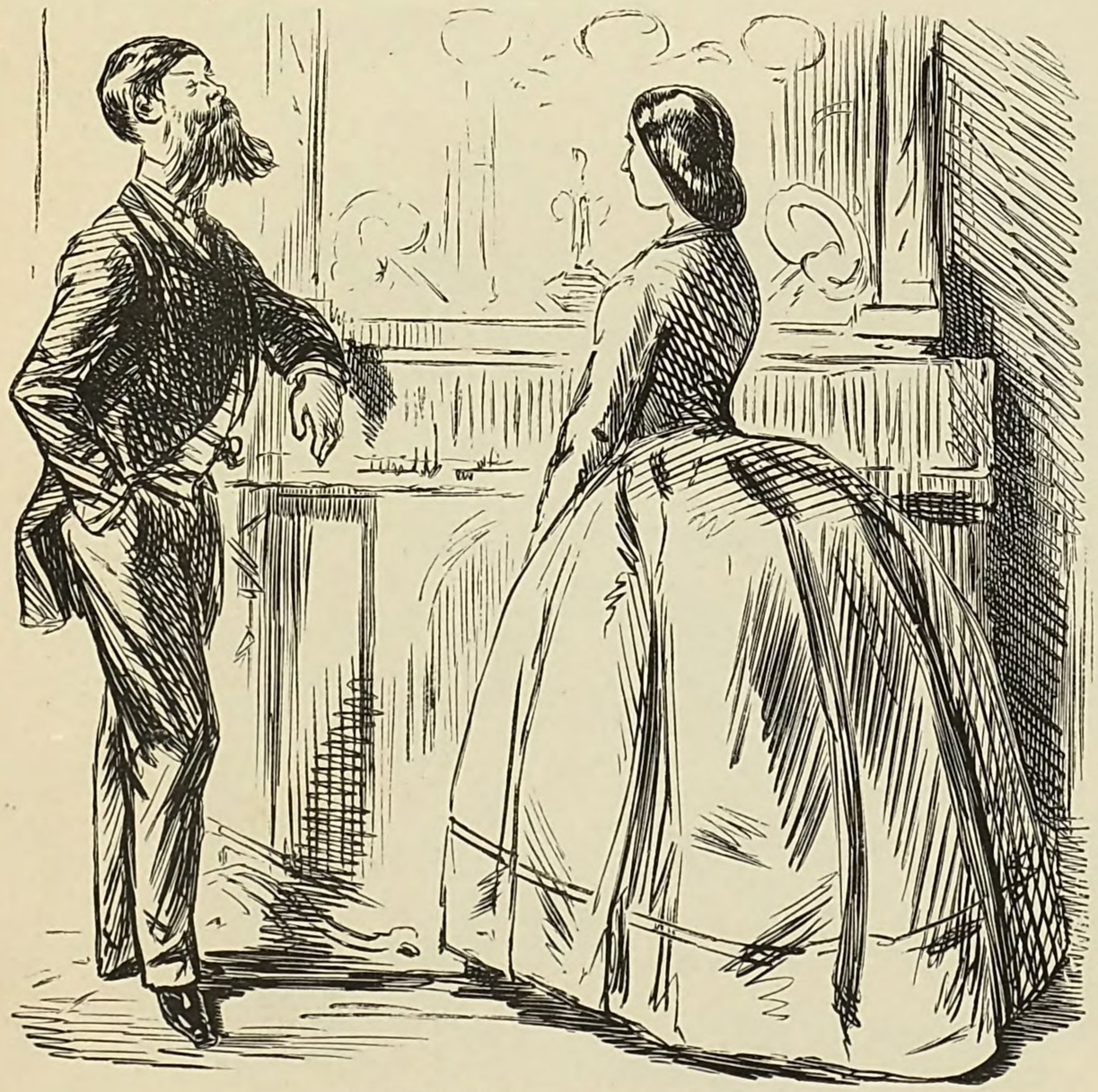
JOLLY ANGLERS.

OLD FLOAT AND TOM GENTLE DON'T GET ANY BITES, SO THEY LAND ON AN ISLAND TO HAVE A QUIET SMOKE—THEY SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT THE ROPE HAS SLIPPED, AND THE BOAT IS DRIFTING DOWN THE RIVER! *(No one near for miles.)*

DINER À LA RUSSE.

Host. "STAY, STEVENS—WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE SALMON? NOBODY HAS HAD ANY OF IT!"

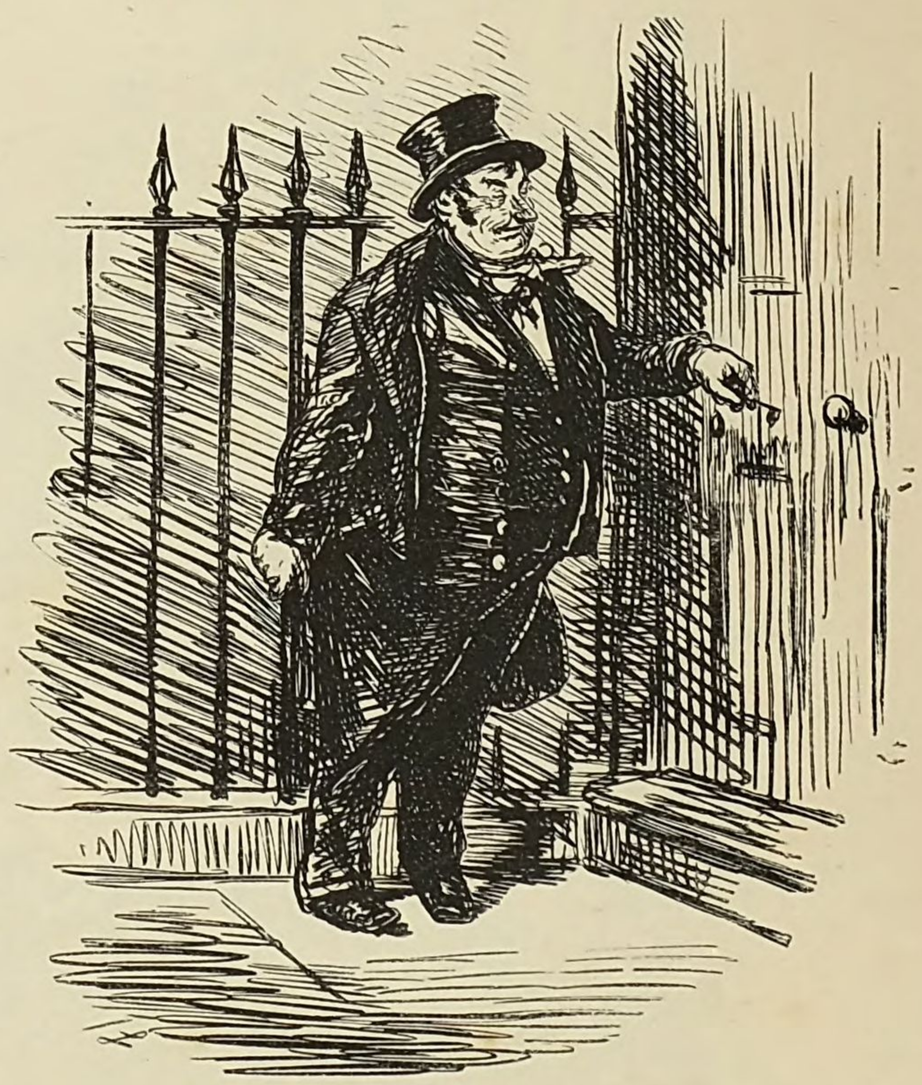
Butler. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT ARE *WE* TO HAVE FOR SUPPER?"



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Bristles. "THEN YOU REALLY THINK IT AN IMPROVEMENT, EH?"

Miss Spikes. "DECIDEDLY—IT HIDES SO MUCH MORE OF YOUR FACE."



A TRUE TALE.

THE EARTHQUAKE WAS FELT, TOO, IN MANY PARTS OF LONDON. THIS IS OLD BEERY, THE CHURCHWARDEN, WHO DECLARES THAT WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY THE PAVEMENT HIT HIM ON THE NOSE, AND THAT HIS STREET-DOOR WOULDN'T LET HIM GET HIS LATCH-KEY IN.

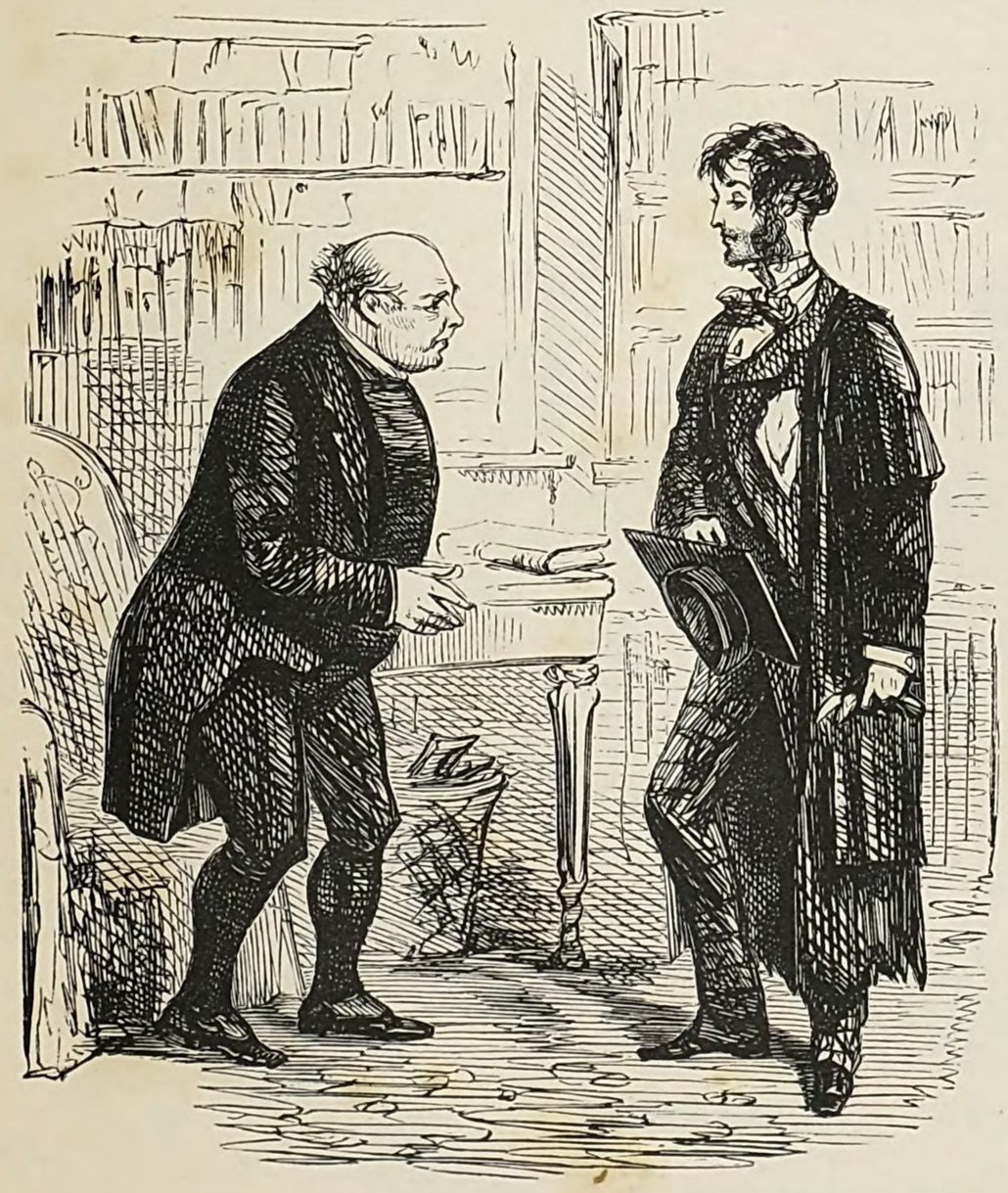
CURIOUS ECHO AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Traveller. "PORTER! PORTER!"

Echo. "DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET HIM?"

A DIFFICULT TASK.

Costermonger. "NOW, MISTER, I WANTS MY DELICACY OF TOUCH RESTORED, AND THE SEAL OF HELEGANCE IMPRESSED UPON MY BUNCH OF FIVES!"



DISSENTERS IN THE UNIVERSITY.

Head of House. "PRAY, SIR, MAY I ASK WHY YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDING CHAPEL?"

Sir Liabed Rattlecash. "WHY, SIR, THE FACT IS—AW—THAT—I—AW—HAVE BECOME A DISSENTER."

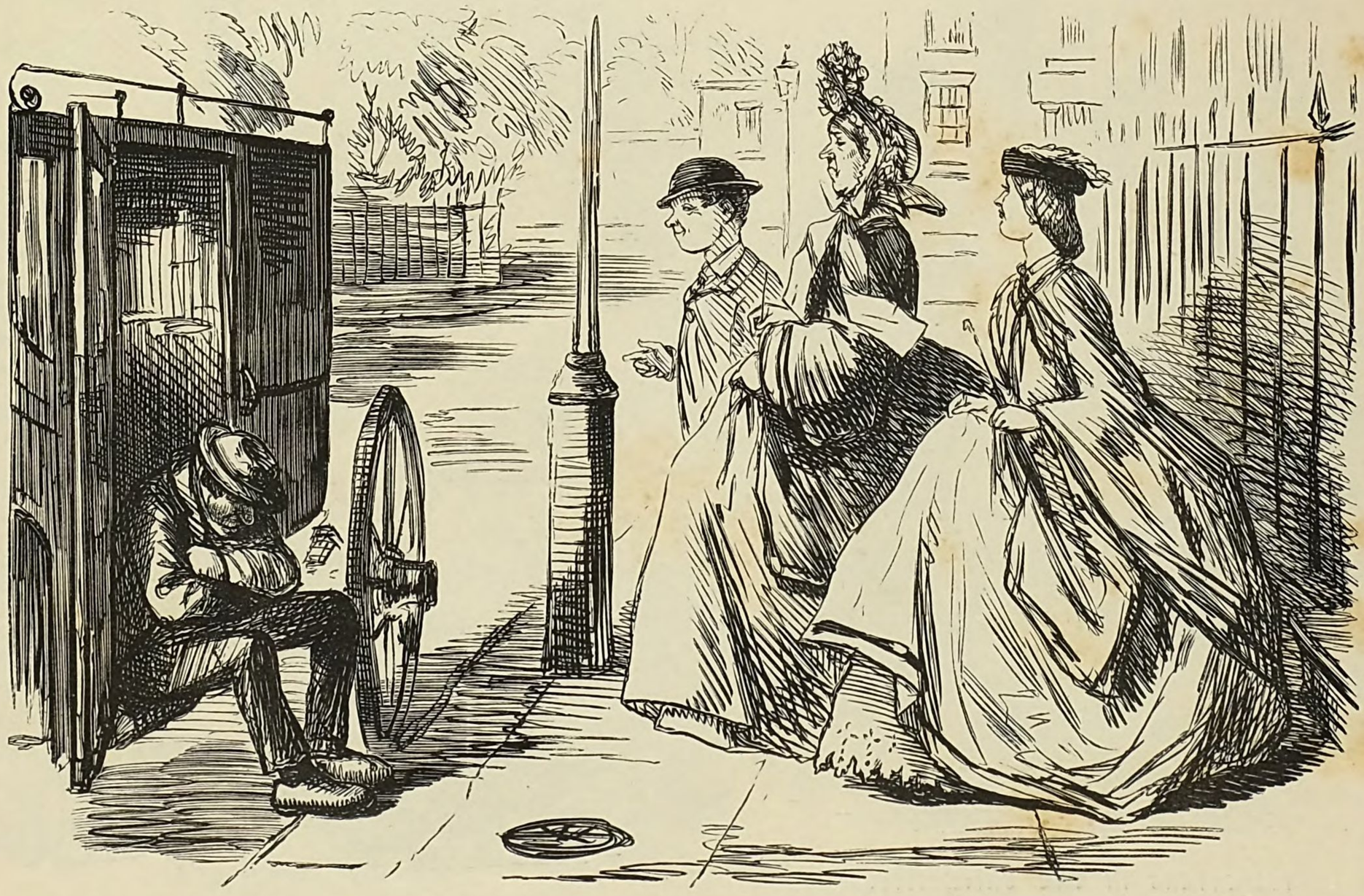
A DRAWING-ROOM.

William. "NOW, CHAWLES, AIN'T YOU READY? *OUR* CARRIAGE IS AT THE DOOR AND THE FOLKS ARE IN!"

SERVANTGALISM, &c.—No. XIV.

Lady. "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"

Domestic. "WELL, MA'AM, IF YOU ARST ME, I B'LIEVE THE REEL REASON WERE, THAT MISSUS THOUGHT I WERE TOO GOOD-LOOKING!"

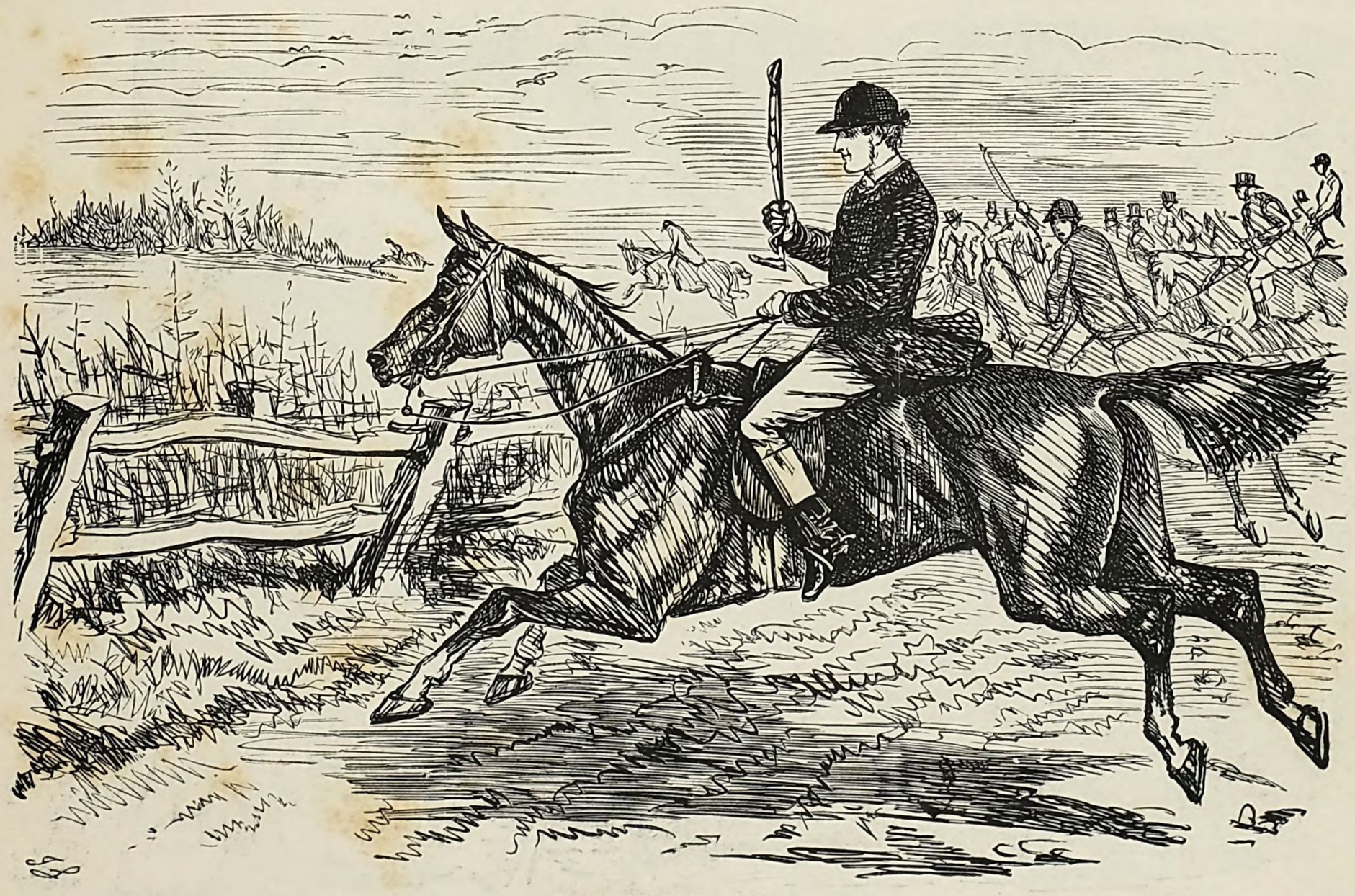


AN OPPORTUNITY.

Frederick (pointing to sleeping Cabby). "THERE, AUNT! NOW'S YOUR TIME FOR A PAIR OF GLOVES!"

CHAMBER PRACTICE.

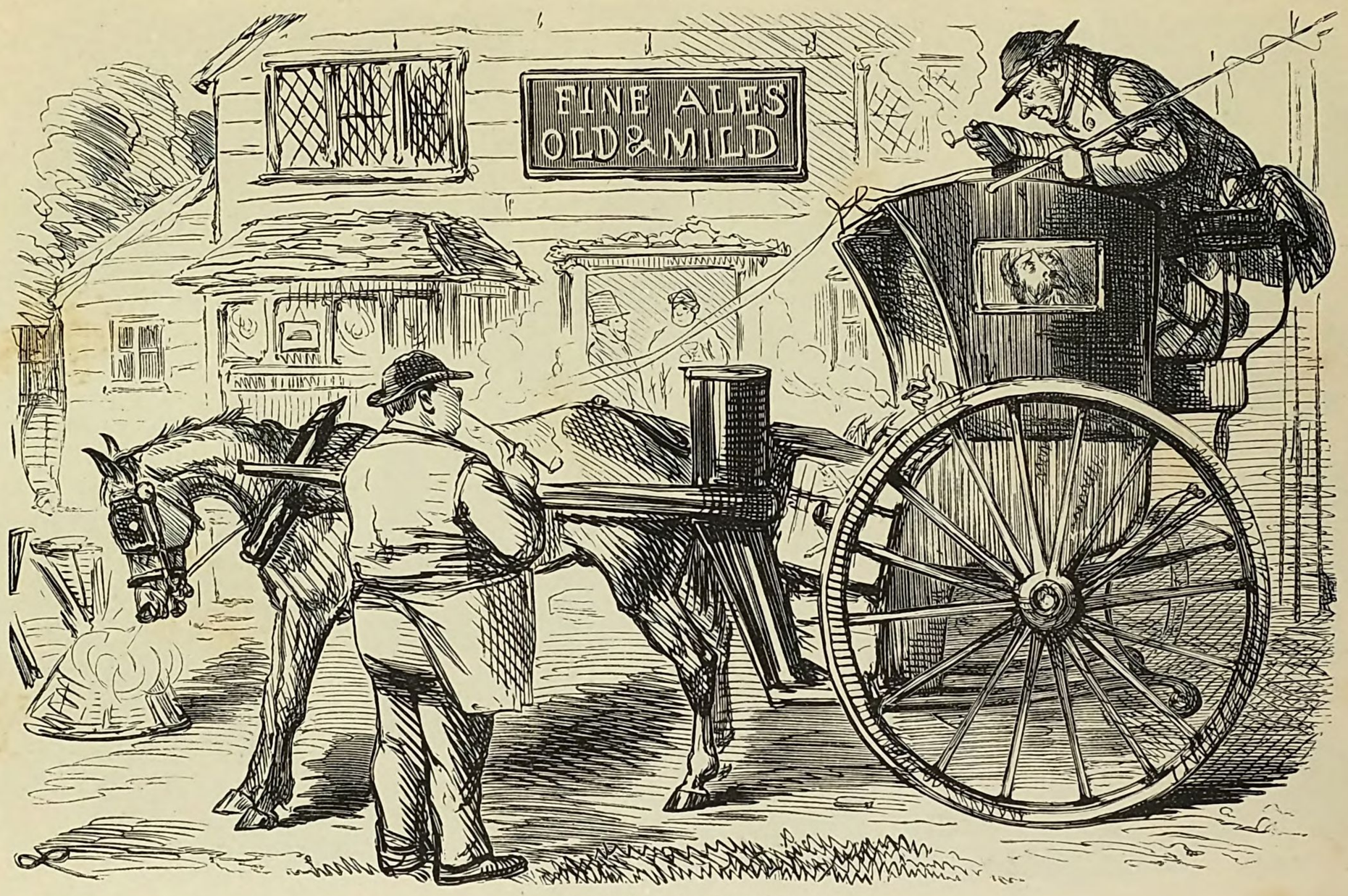
Messenger (from Studious Party in the floor below). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE SAYS HE'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D LET HIM KNOW WHEN THE REPAIRS WILL BE FINISHED, FOR THE KNOCKING DO DISTURB HIM SO!"



TAKING THE RISKS.

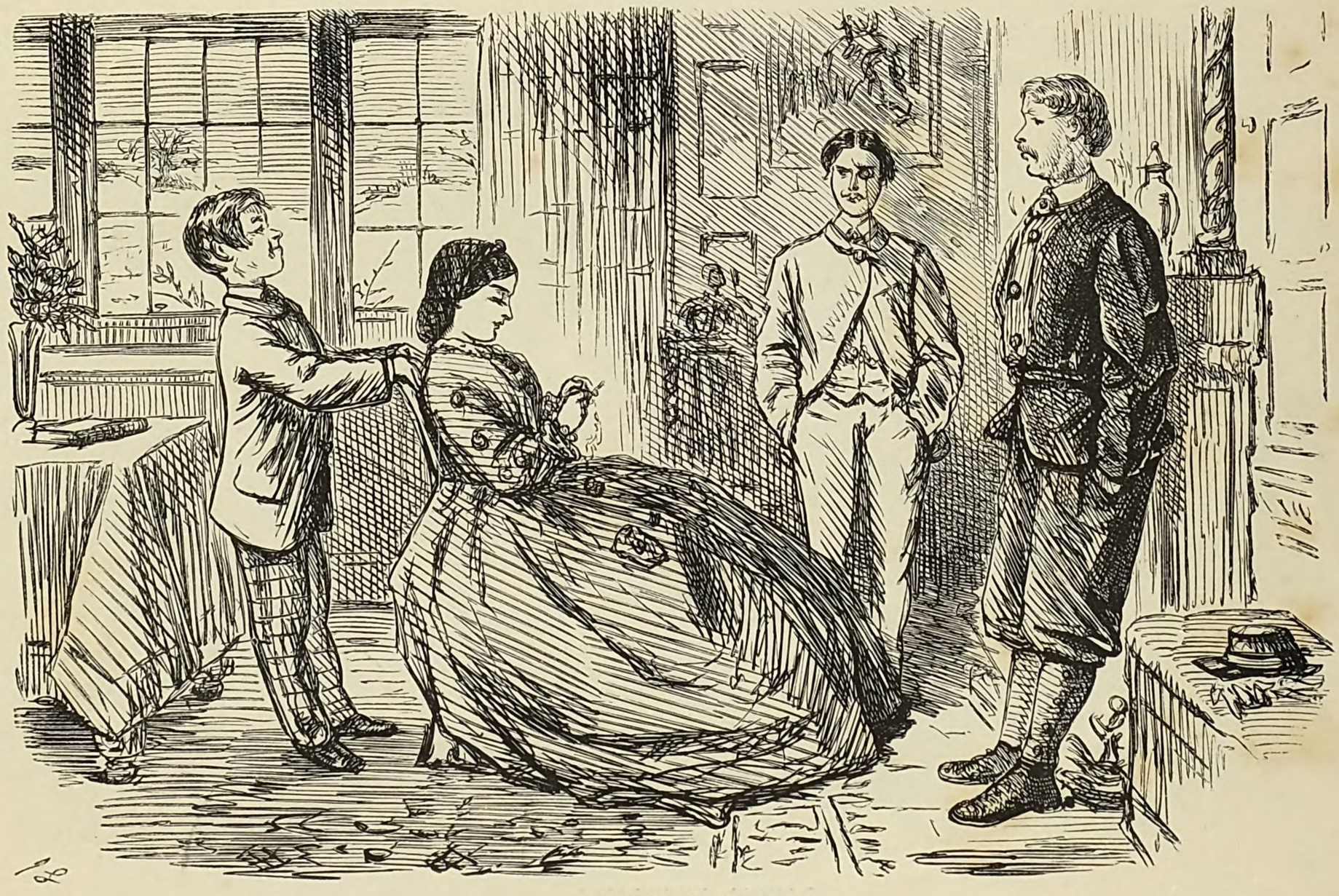
First Undergraduate. "HI! FRANK! HERE'S A GATE!"

Second Undergraduate. "GATE! I DIDN'T PAY TWO GUINEAS TO GO THROUGH GATES, WITH SUCH LOVELY POSTS AND RAILS BEFORE ME!"



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWHERES, DID YOU, SIR?"



CONSOLATION.

Emily (to rejected Subs). "IT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE, CERTAINLY, TO BE UNSUCCESSFUL IN YOUR EXAMINATIONS, AND SO MANY TIMES, TOO! BUT I SHOULD WORK HARD, AND TRY AGAIN."

Younger and much too sharp Brother. "NEVER YOU MIND, CHARLEY! IT PROVES THAT THERE'S NO WANT OF *PLUCK* ABOUT YOU!"

A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

Cousin Florence. "WELL, TOMMY, AND SO YOU LIKE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND PHILIP, DO YOU? AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK HE IS?"

Tommy. "WELL, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW; BUT I SHOULD THINK HE WAS *RATHER* OLD, FOR HE *BLOWS HIS OWN NOSE!*"

AN UNFEELING HUSBAND.

"NOW, MY LOVE!—ARE YOU NOT READY FOR CHURCH?"

"READY FOR CHURCH, MR. SMITH!—HOW YOU TALK!—WHEN YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT ODIOUS MISS JACKSON HAS NOT SENT HOME MY NEW BARÈGE DRESS!"

A LITTLE SMOKE-JACK.

Small Foxhunter. "HERE! STOP A BIT, MAJOR, HAVE ONE OF MINE! THE GOVERNOR'S AIN'T IN GOOD CONDITION—NOW I'VE HAD MINE FOR EVER SO MANY YEARS, AND THEY'RE SPLENDID!"

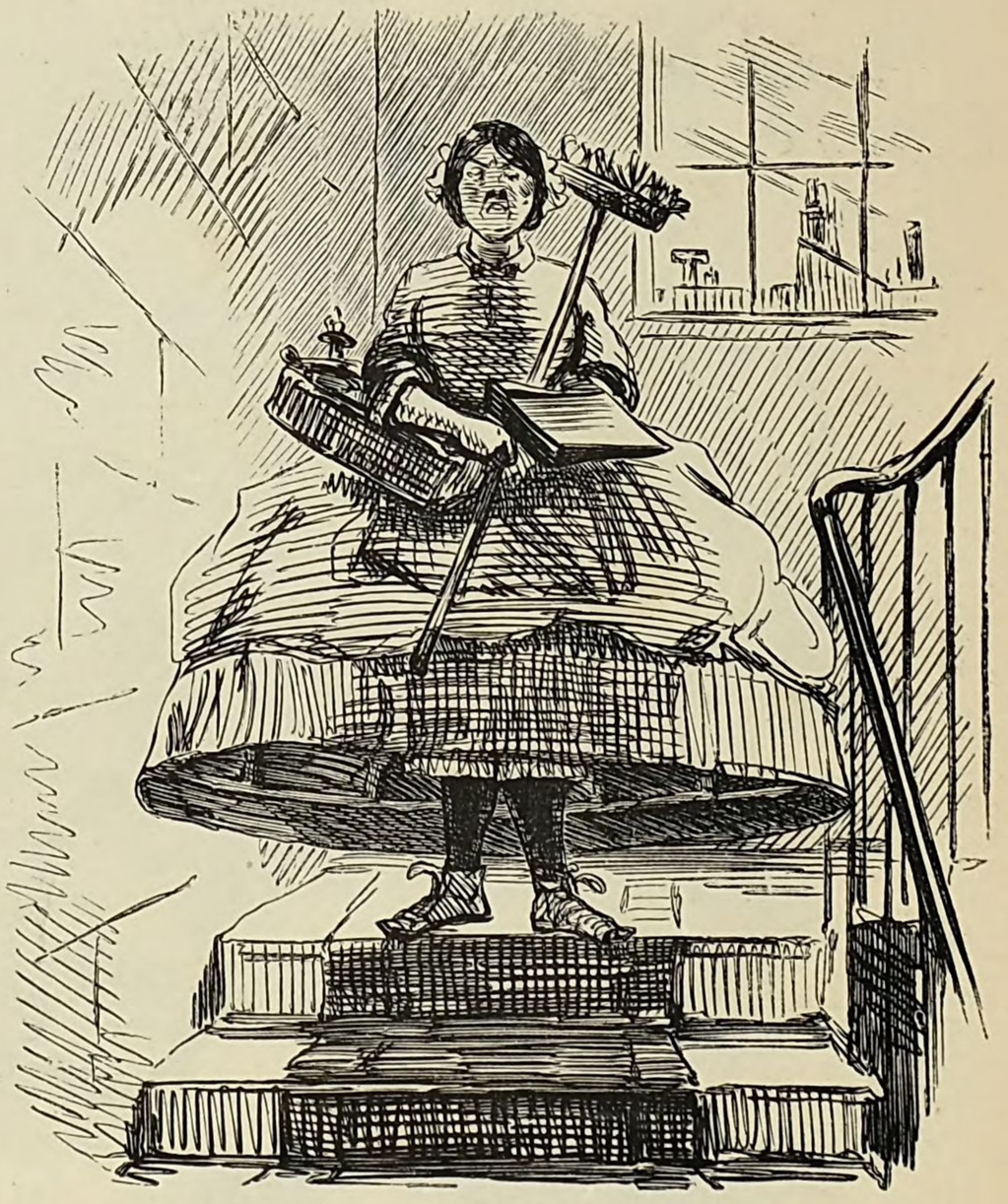
A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!" *Baker.* "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"
Tender Female. "HE'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"
Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! 'ORSEPITAL INDEED!—*I ONY WISH I'D GOT ARF HIS COMPLAINT!*"

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Mary. "WHY, TUMMAS, IT'S THE VERY MORAL OF YER!"

Tummas. "PRETTY THING, AIN'T IT? PITY THE YALLER OF THE UNIFORM COMES GO BLACK!"

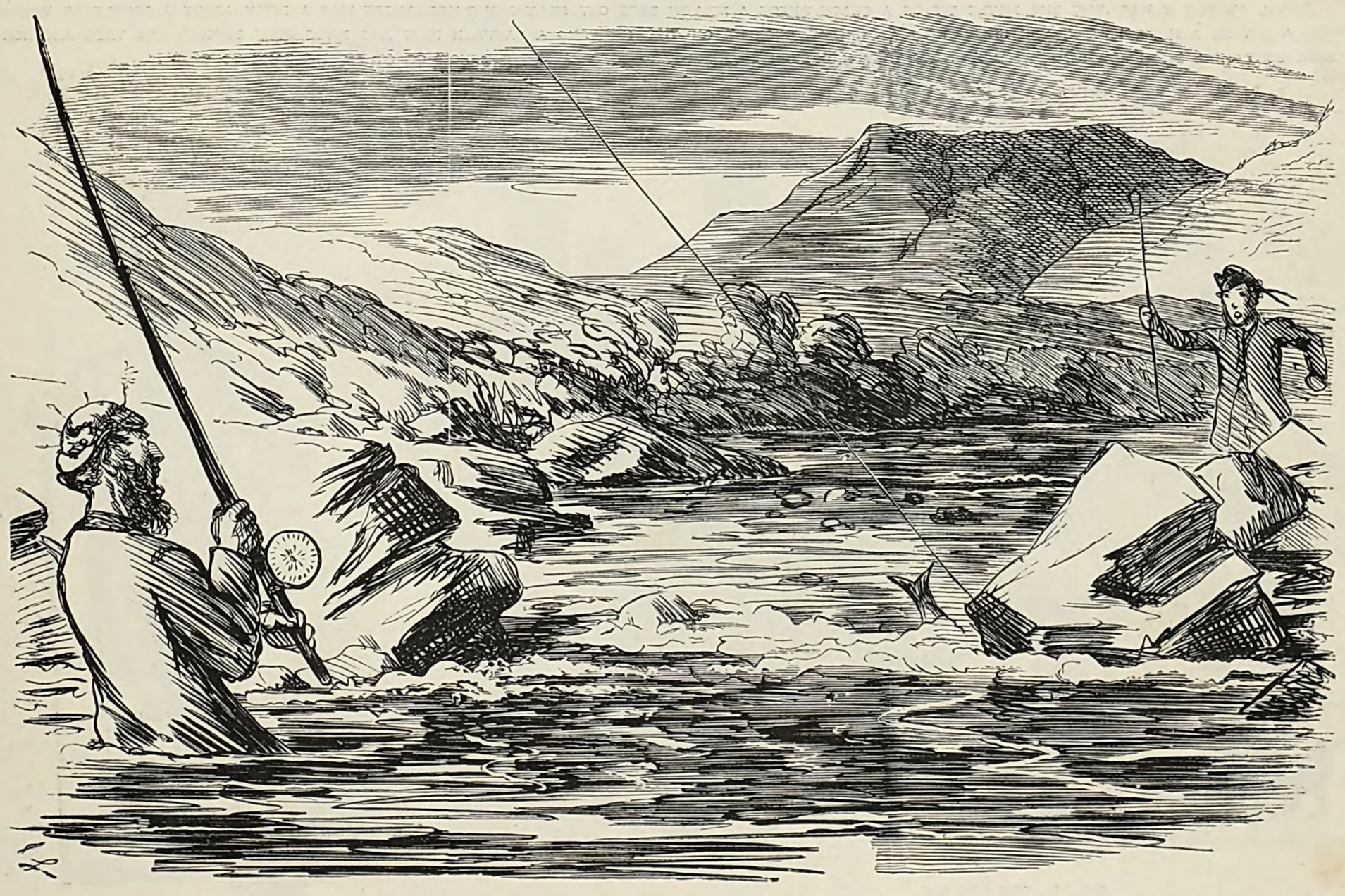


CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Domestic. "BOTHER MISSUS, SHE WEARS IT HERSELF, AND I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T."

SOMETHING IN THAT!

"NOW, TOM," SAID YOUNG JOE WAGLEY, "ONE OF US OUGHT TO GO ON THIS SIDE OF THE HEDGE, AND ONE ON THE OTHER; SO I'LL TAKE THIS, IF YOU WILL GET OVER THE STILE."—"OH, YES," REPLIED TOM; "BUT HOW ABOUT THE BULL?"



SALMON FISHING.

Piscator. "FOLLOW HIM UP! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY FOLLOW HIM UP!"

A MERE TRIFLE.

Gertrude. "BUT, MY DEAR ARTHUR, HOW CAME YOU TO GET SUCH A 'CROPPER,' AS YOU CALL IT?"

Arthur. "WELL! IT WAS JUST THE LITTLE BIT OF A PLACE WHERE A FELLOW DOES GET SPILT SOMETIMES—THERE WAS A DITCH ABOUT A COUPLE OF YARDS WIDE, AND THEN A HIGHISH BANK, YOU KNOW, WITH A STIFFISH QUICKSET ON THE TOP—AND A NASTYISH POST AND RAILS JUST BEYOND—AND THEN ANOTHER WIDISH SORT OF A DITCH AND INTO A FIELD WHERE THEY HAD BEEN DRAINING—AND SO, YOU SEE, SOMEHOW OR OTHER, WE CAME TO GRIEF!"

REAL TRAGEDY.

Old Party *(proprietor of nasty yapping Pet Dog).* "OH, POLICEMAN! MY DARLING FLO JUST BIT THAT HORRID MAN'S LEG, AND HE HAS HIT HER WITH HIS CANE."

ON DUTY.

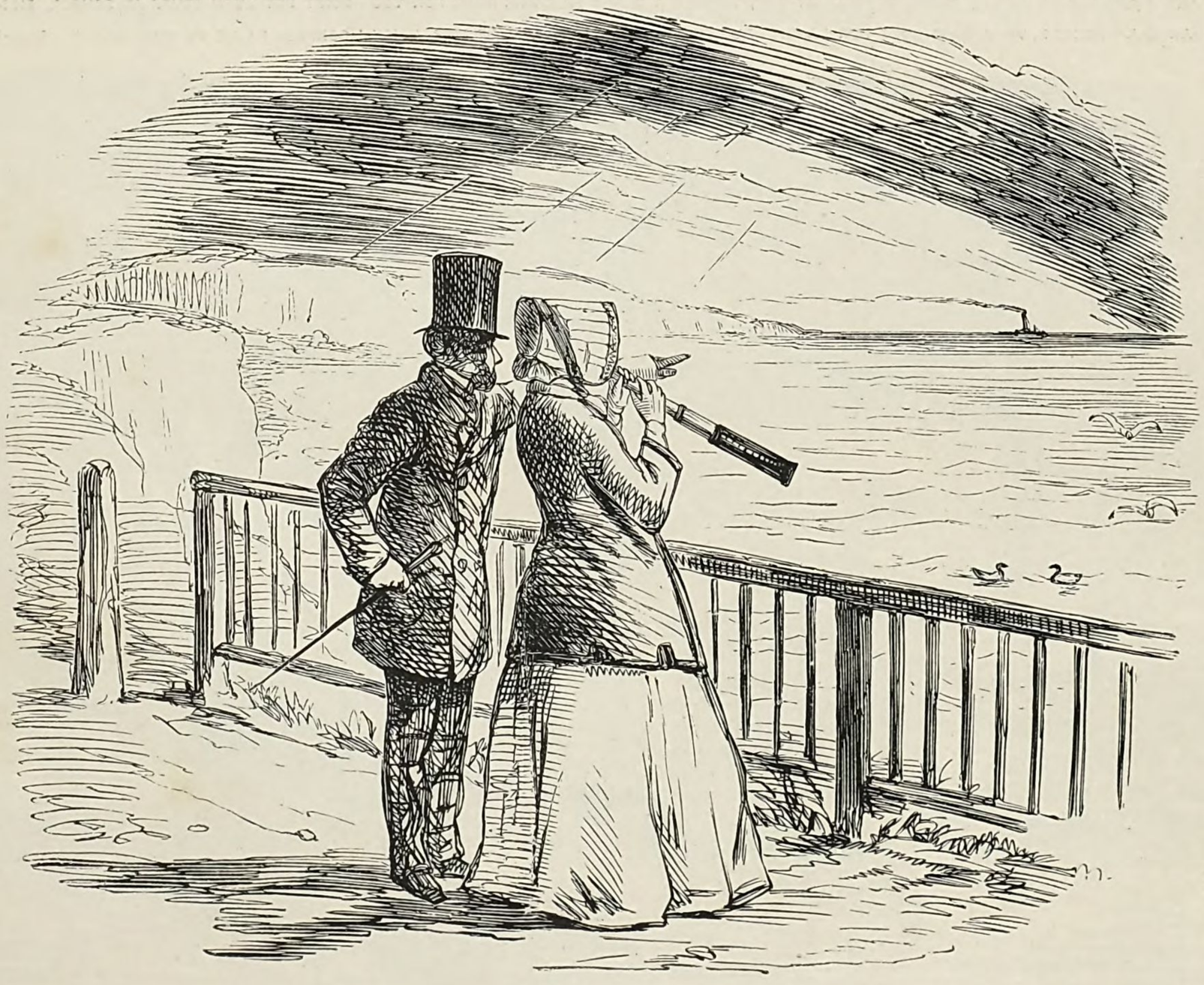
A CONNOISSEUR.

AT A DINNER GIVEN BY MY LORD BRODACRES TO SOME OF HIS TENANTS, CURAÇOA IS HANDED IN A LIQUEUR-GLASS TO OLD TURNIPTOPS, WHO, SWALLOWING IT WITH MUCH RELISH, SAYS—"OI ZAY, YOUNG MAN! OI'LL TAK ZUM O' THAT IN A MOOG!"

WELL TIMED.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, TELL ME THE TIME."

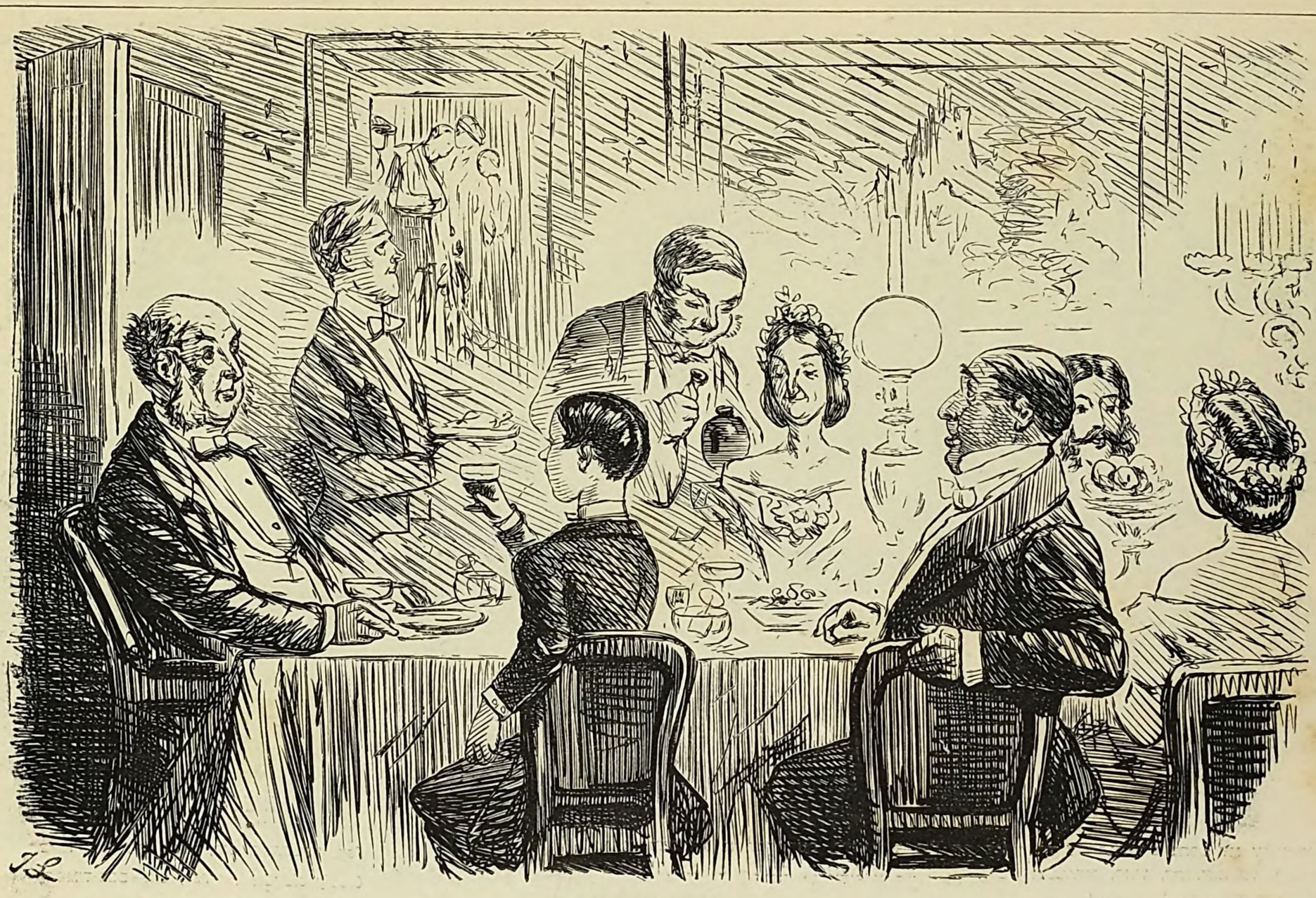
Crusty old Gent. "YES, SIR—BED-TIME."



SINGULAR OPTICAL DELUSION.

Gentleman. "THERE, LOVE: DO YOU SEE THAT STEAMER?"

Lady. "OH, DISTINCTLY! THERE ARE TWO."



THE NEW SCHOOL.

Uncle (who is rather proud of his cellar). "NOW, GEORGE, MY BOY, THERE'S A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE FOR YOU—DON'T GET SUCH STUFF AT SCHOOL, EH? EH? EH?"

George. "H'M—AWFULLY SWEET! VERY GOOD SORT FOR LADIES—BUT I'VE ARRIVED AT A TIME OF LIFE, WHEN I CONFESS I LIKE MY WINE *DRY!*" *(Sensation.)*

DELICIOUS!

HUNTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A MOUNT IN THE MIDLANDS.

A QUIET REBUKE.

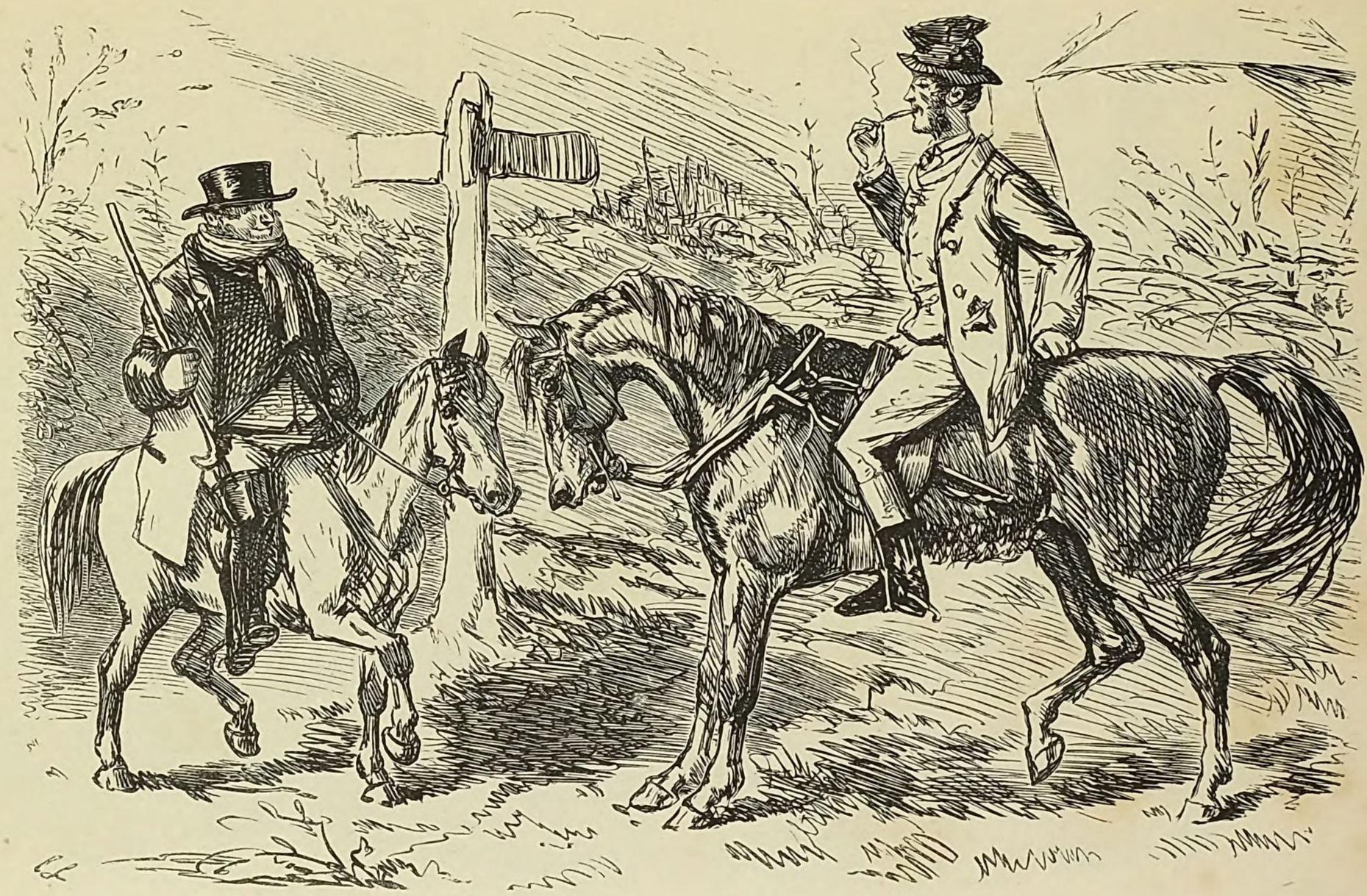
Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling). "BUT WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?"

Car-Driver. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, THIN—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO SEE HOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR SUCH A HARD DAY'S WOR-RK!"

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

Brown (excited). "HI, JONES!—NET! NET! NET!—MAKE HASTE, OR I SHALL LOSE HIM!"

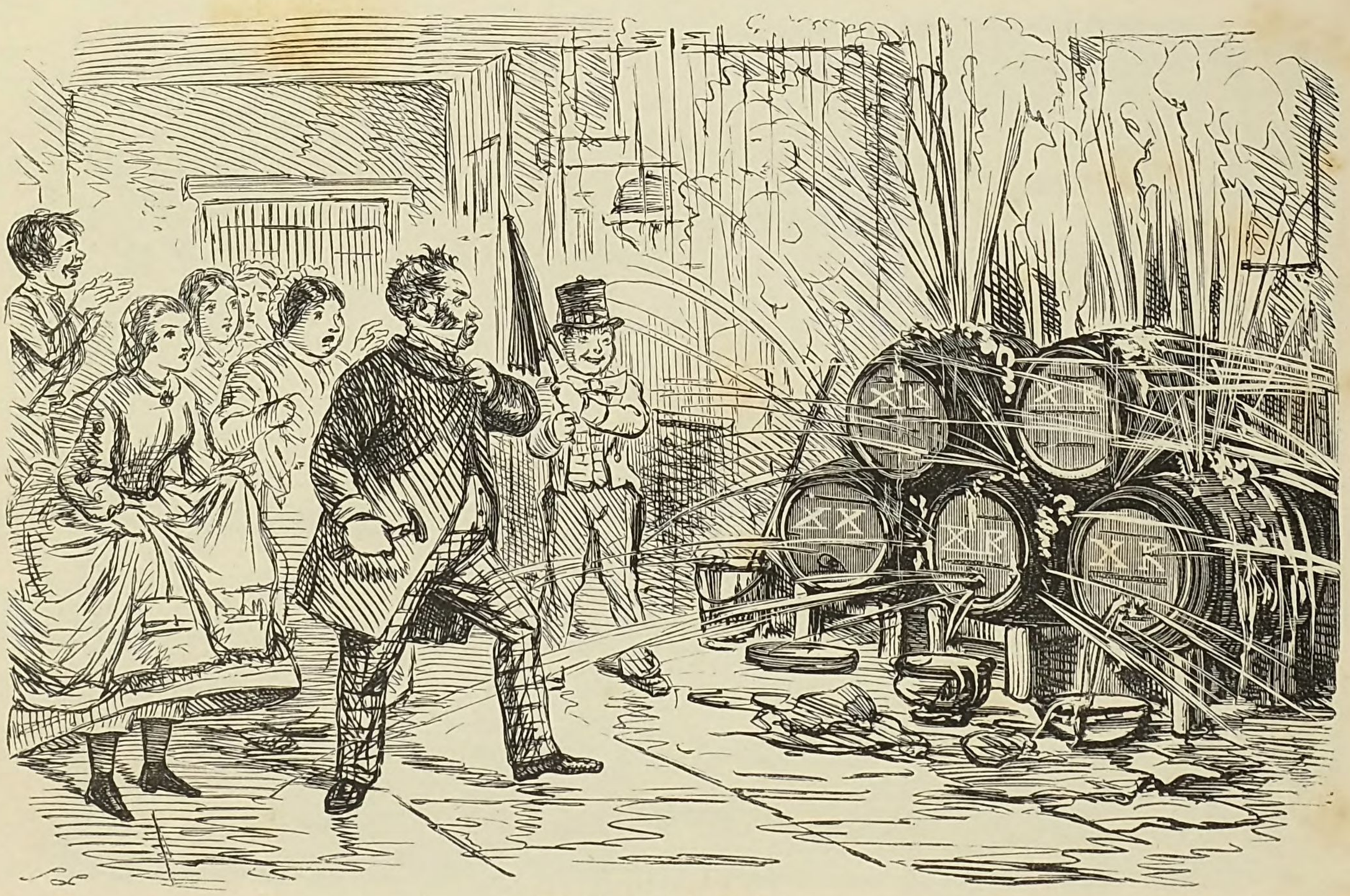
Jones (who is rather giddy and nervous). "EH!—AH!—RIGHT!—TO BE SURE!—YES!—I—I—I—I'M COMING—AS FAST—AS—OH DEAR!—AS POSSIBLE!"



A CONTENTED MIND.

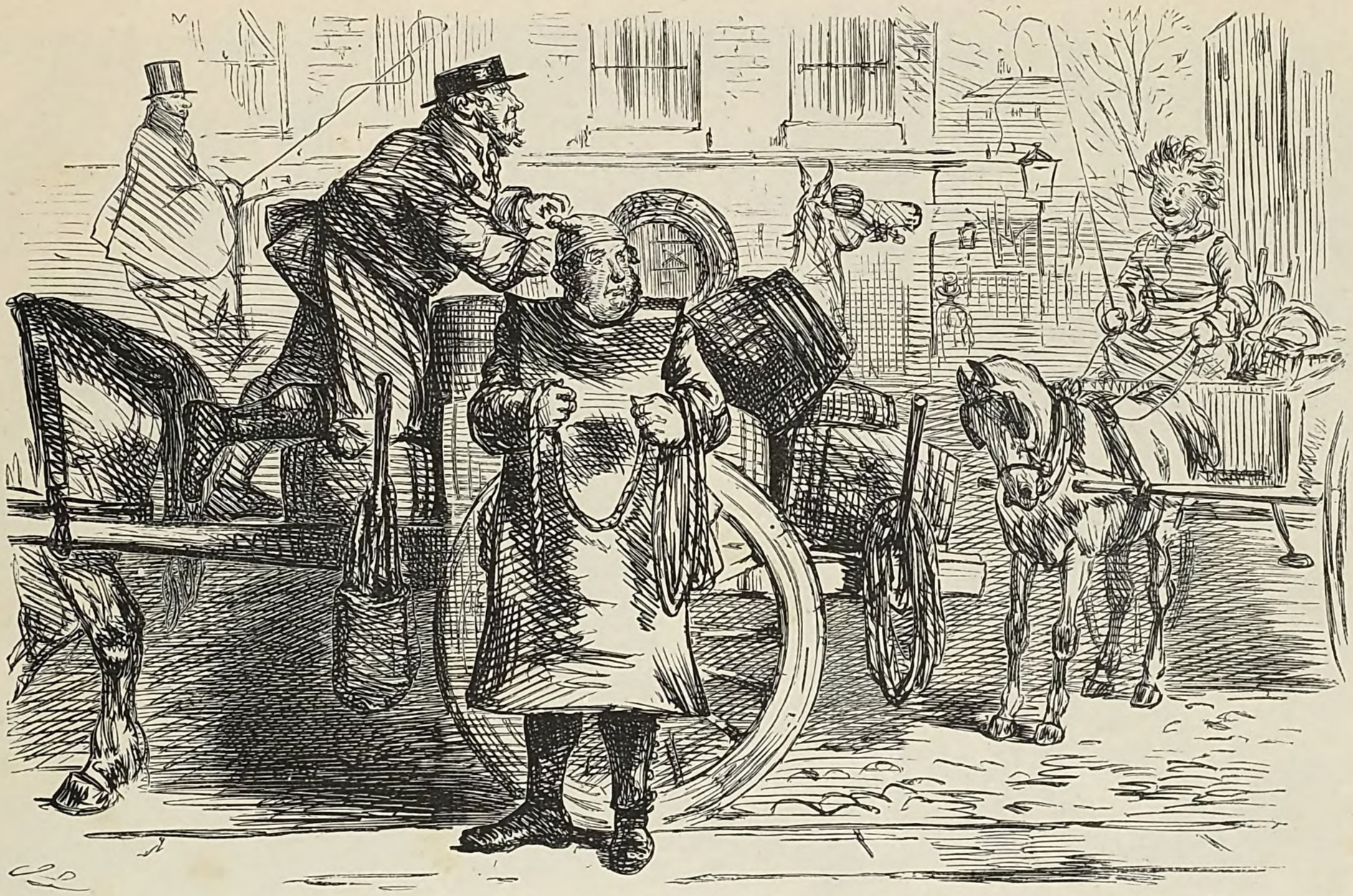
Old Wurzel. "WELL, MUSTER CHAWLES, SO YOU'VE BEEN A RIDING THE YOUNG UN.—HOW DOES HE GO?"

Muster Chawles. "OH, SPLENDID! NEVER CARRIED BETTER IN MY LIFE! IT WAS HIS FIRST RUN, AND WE ONLY CAME DOWN FIVE TIMES!"



HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

PATERFAMILIAS, WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT, ORDERS A QUANTITY OF BEER OF THE OCTOBER BREWING. HE HAS JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT ALL THE BARRELS ARE "A-WORKIN' AND A-BUSTIN'!"



THE HUMOUR OF THE STREETS.

Butcher Boy (and Butcher Boys are so impudent). "NOW THEN, SWIPEY! ARE YOU GOING TO STOP THERE TILL YOU GET *FINE*, AFORE YOU *DRAW YOURSELF OFF?*"

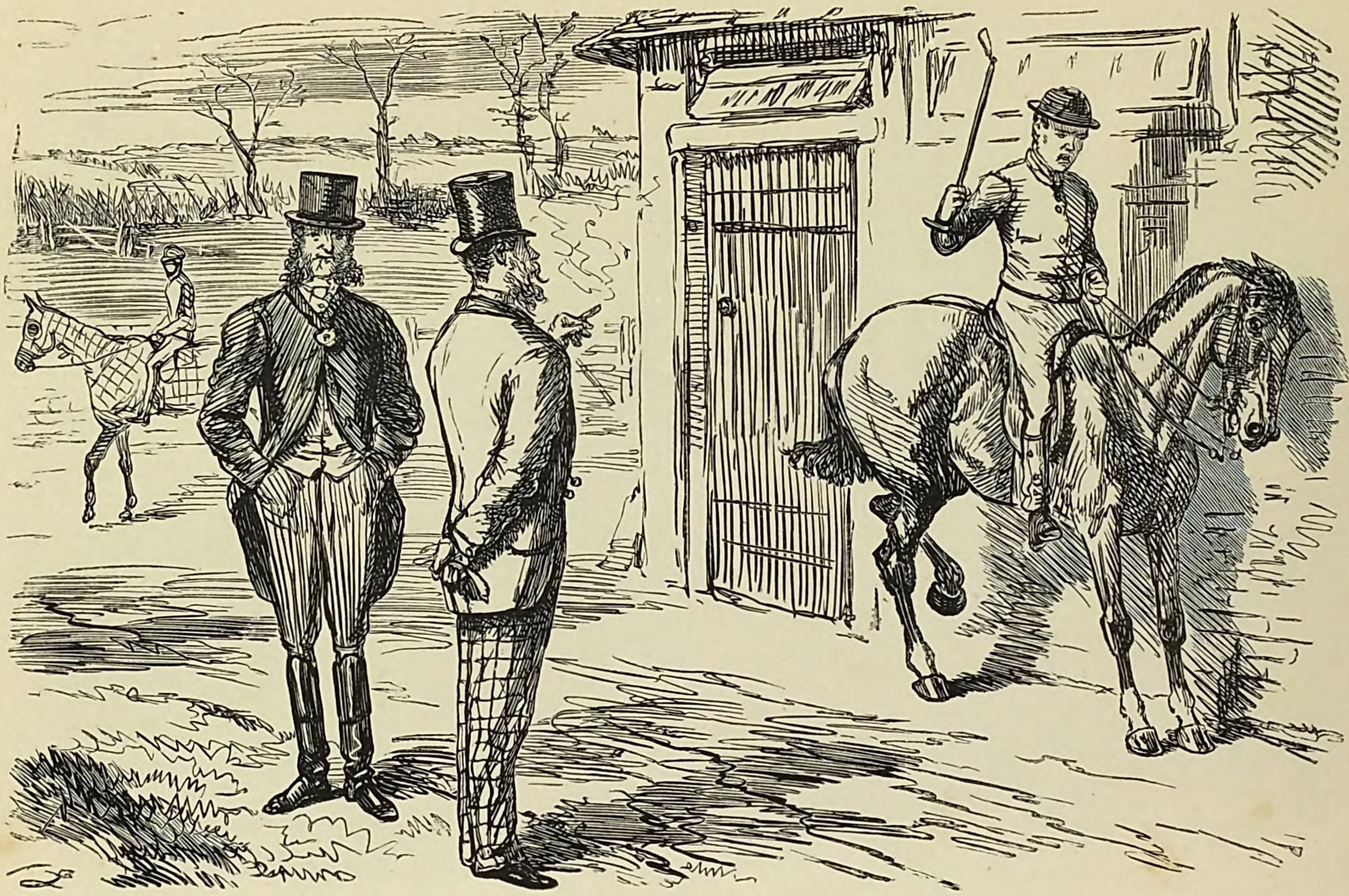
THE FASHION FOR NEXT SUMMER.

Flora. "THERE! I DON'T THINK THE STUPID MEN CAN LAUGH AT US NOW!"

INNOCENT DELUSIONS.

Georgina. "DO YOU KNOW, DEAR, I'M SO UNHAPPY NOW DEAR CHARLES HAS GONE!"

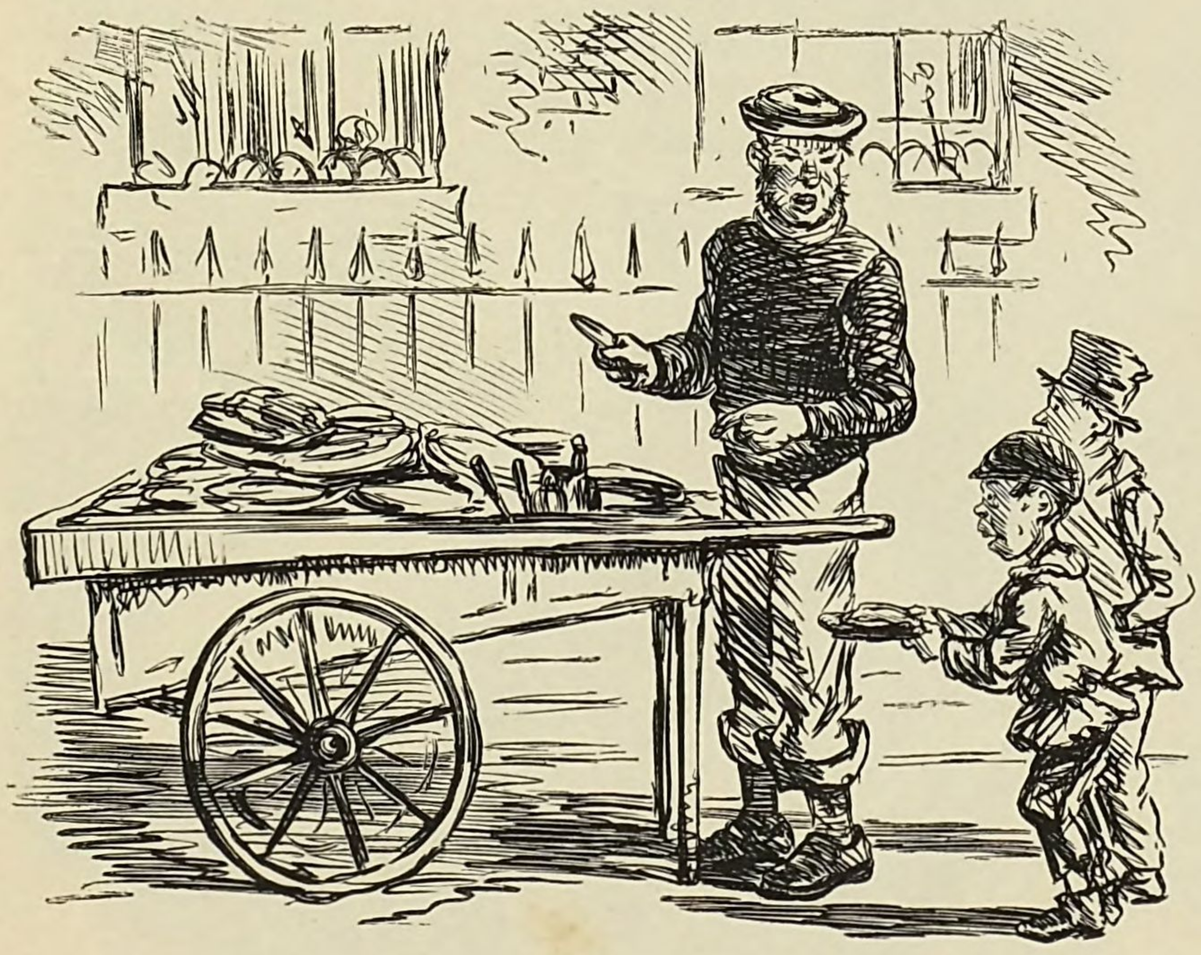
Gertrude. "AND I MISS DEAR PERCY DREADFULLY—I DO HOPE THEY'LL GET HOME SAFELY!"



A HORSEDEALER'S LOGIC.

Customer. "WHY, YOU DON'T CALL *THAT* A HUNTER, DO YOU?"

Dealer. "WELL, SIR, I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT THE 'ORSE. HAD HIM DOWN FROM 'ORNCASTLE FAIR LAST WEEK—PUT JIMMY ON HIM, WOULDN'T 'ACK A YARD—PUT HIM IN THE BREAK, WOULDN'T DRAW A HOUNCE. NOW, THE 'ORSE NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN CREATED FOR NOTHING; SO HE MUST BE A HUNTER!"



OYSTERS.

Itinerant Oyster Man. "NOW, THEN—HAVE ANOTHER DOZEN, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE MONEY!!"

QUITE EXHAUSTED.

A GRIEVANCE.

Testy Old Gent (to Butler). "CLARET! YES! PUT IT DOWN; AND PRAY, SIMPSON, DON'T BLOW UPON MY HEAD SO."

IMPROVING THE TIME.

AS SLEEP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION, OWING TO THOSE CONFOUNDED WAITS, MR. BANGS, LIKE A SENSIBLE PERSON, ACCOMMODATES HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND PRACTISES HIS DANCING!

RAILWAY MORALS.

Guard. "NOW, MISS! ARE YOU GOING BY THIS TRAIN?"

Miss Rebecca. "YES! BUT I MUST HAVE A CARRIAGE WHERE THERE ARE NO YOUNG MEN LIKELY TO BE RUDE TO ONE."

THE CHRISTENING OF JONES'S FIRST. (A FACT.)

First Street Boy (without veneration, or sense of propriety). "HOLLA! BILL! WHAT'S ALL THIS 'ERE?"

Second Street Boy (without ditto, ditto, ditto). "WHY—DON'T YER SEE?—IT'S ONLY A KITTEN GOING TO BE 'UNG!"

GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Darling (in straw hat). "WHAT ARE YOU BUYING, DEAR?"

Darling (in black hat). "WHY, I'M BUYING A *PUNCH*. THE IMPUDENT THING HAS PUT ME IN AS ONE OF HIS GIRLS!"

RATHER A KITCHENY WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Housemaid. "OH—BUT IT COULDN'T A BIN 'ER!"

Cook. "I TELL YER IT WERE—SHE CALLED UPON MISSUS THIS MORNING, AND SHE 'AD ON A PORK PIE 'AT, AND HALF A PHEASANT STUCK IN IT!"

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.

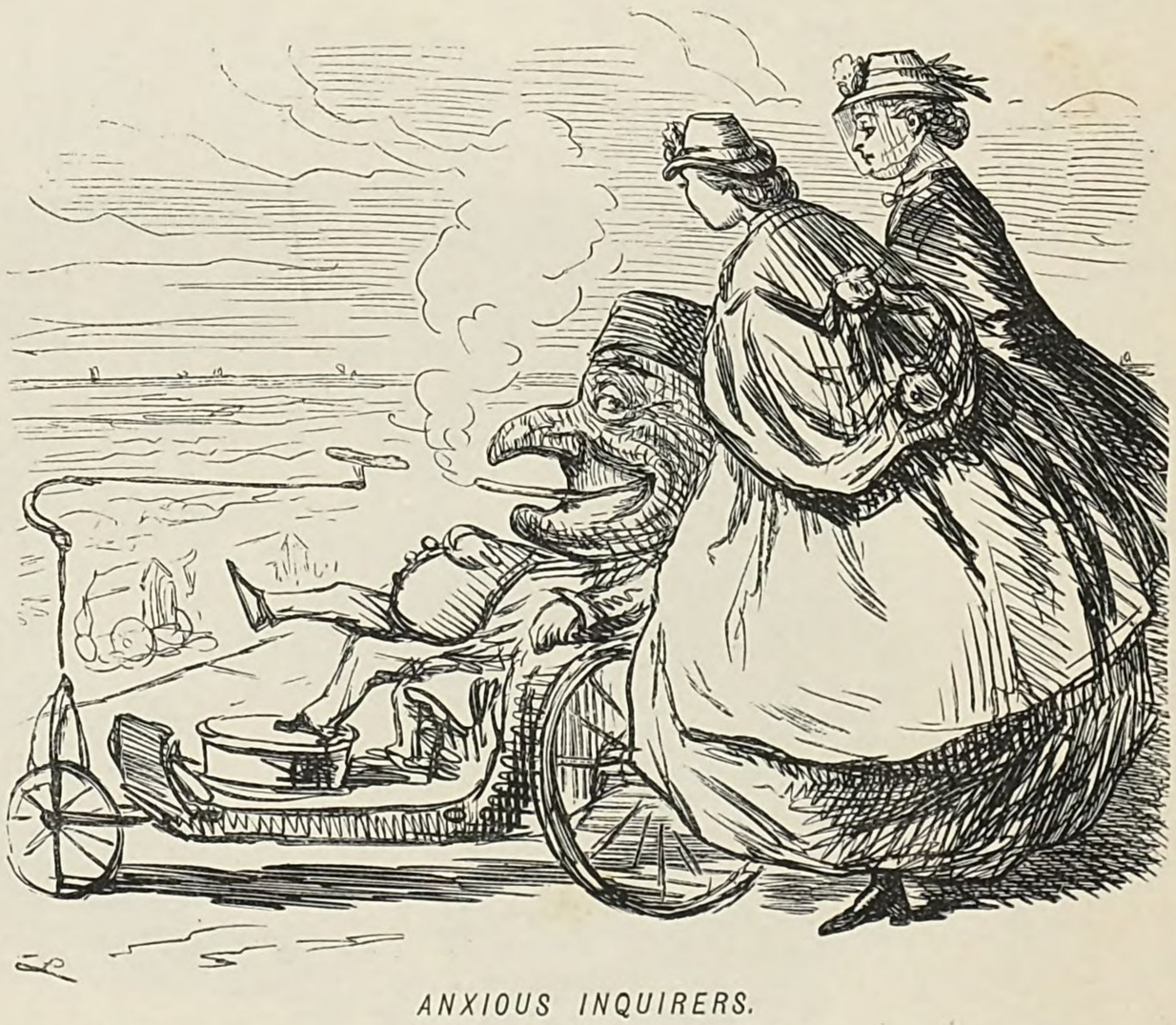
Impertinent Page (late from the dining-room). "I SAY, COOKEY AND SOOSAN, YOU MAKE A PRECIOUS FUSS ABOUT A FLEA,—HOW'D YER LIKE TO BE WHERE THE BLACK SEA SAILORS IS NOW?"

Susan. "WHERE'S THAT, IMPERANCE?"

Page. "WHY, MASTER SAYS IT'S WHERE THE BUG AND THE NIPPER (DNIEPER) MEET IN ONE BED!" *[Sensation and loud cries of "Oh!"*

A SPECIAL PLEADER.

Fair Equestrian. "NOW, DON'T BE A CROSS OLD PUNCH; WE REALLY WON'T SPOIL THE BEAUTY OF THE GARDENS."



ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.

ILL! OH, DEAR NO! ONLY INDISPOSED—TO WALK.

VERY SLANGY.

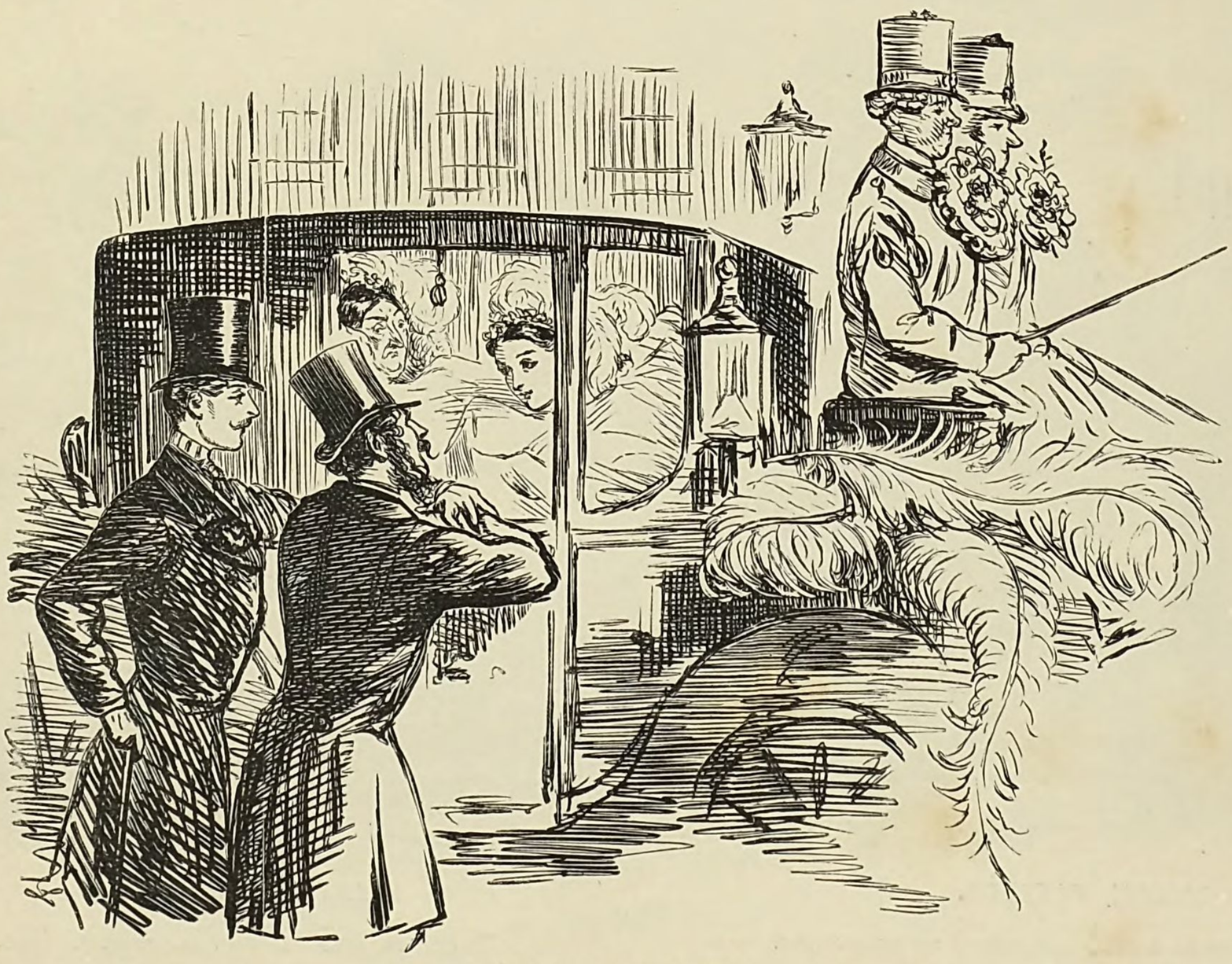
Clara. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW WAISTCOAT, DEAR?"

Harriette. "WELL, I DECLARE IT'S SWEETLY PRETTY!—THE MOST—A—A—THE MOST **SLAP UP** THING I'VE SEEN FOR A LONG TIME."

HORRID GIRL!

Mild Youth. "HAVE YOU SEEN 'THE COLLEEN BAWN'?"

Horrid Girl (with extreme velocity). "SEEN 'THE COLLEEN BAWN'! DEAR, DEAR! YES, OF COURSE. SAW IT LAST OCTOBER! AND I'VE BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AND I'VE READ THE GORILLA BOOK!" *[Mild Youth is shut up.*



GOING TO COURT.

HARRY TAKES HIS COUSINS TO SEE THE HOUNDS MEET.

Mamma and Aunt Ellen (to Old Woman). "PRAY, HAVE YOU MET TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN?"

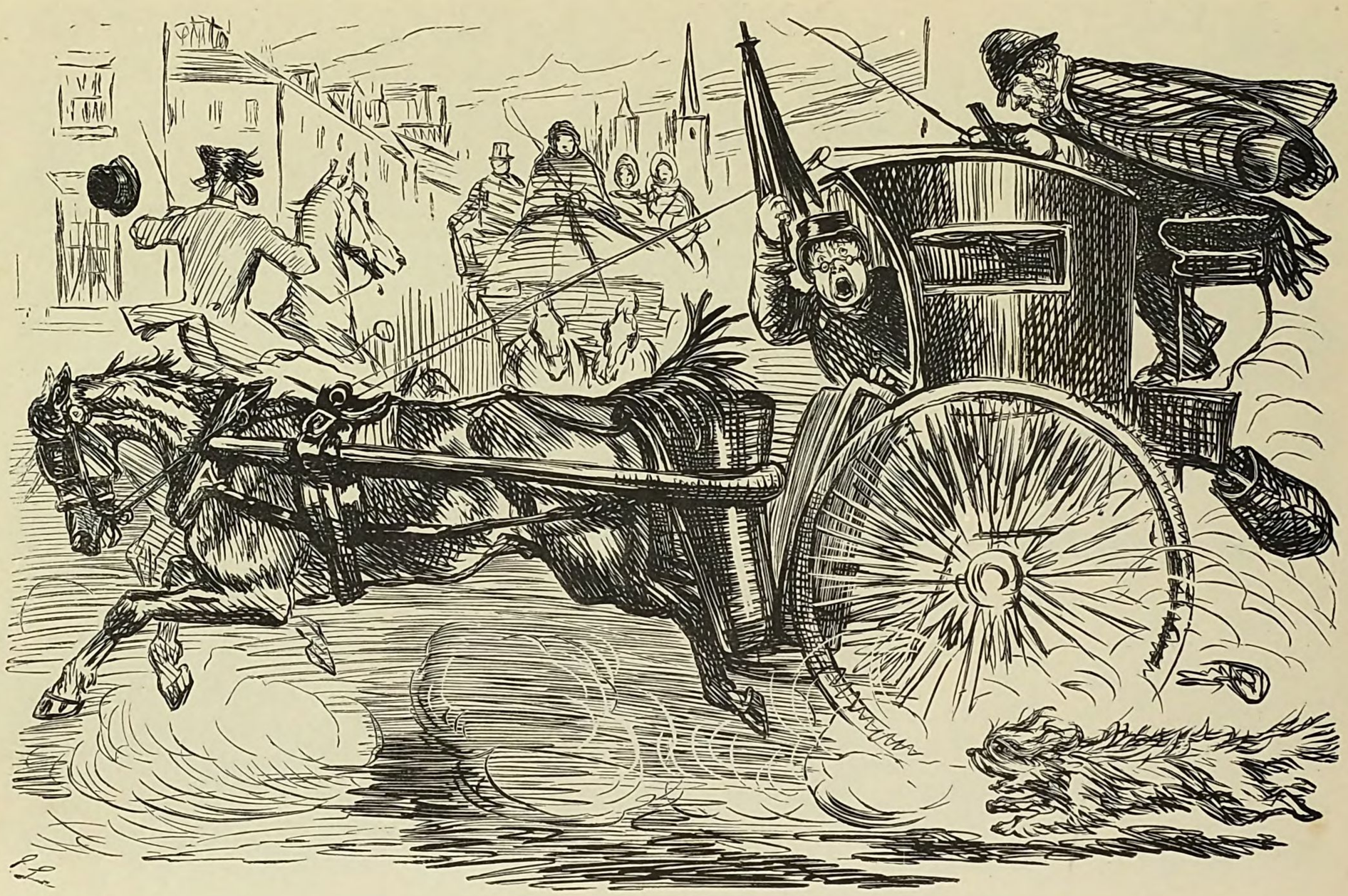
Old Woman. "WELL, I MET THREE PEOPLE—BUT, LA! THERE, I CAN'T TELL LADIES FROM GENTLEMEN NOW-A-DAYS—WHEN I WAS A GAL," &c. &c.

A SKETCH AT A STEEPLE-CHACE.—THE BROOK JUMP.

Bumpkin, No. 1. "WA-AT—ARE THEY A-GWOANG TO JOOMP THIS?"

Bumpkin, No. 2. "YA-AS!"

Bumpkin, No. 1. "THEN, I'D RAYTHER WALK THREW!"



FORCE OF HABIT.

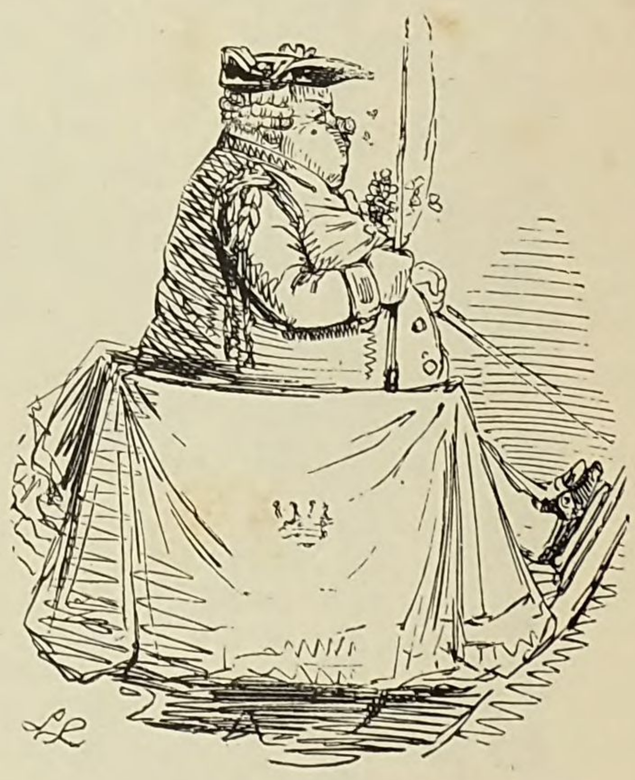
Old Party (in Hansom). "HERE! HOLLO! HI! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE THAT, FOR? STOP! LET ME OUT!"

Cabby. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! I'LL STOP 'IM DIRECTLY, SIR—I *DRUV* A FIRE-ENGINE FOR TWO YEAR!!"

LONDON CREAM.

Cook. "DO YOU CALL THIS CREAM? WHY IT'S THINNER THAN MILK!"

Milkman. OH, ALL IT WANTS IS WELL STIRRING UP—THE CREAM'S AT THE BOTTOM!!"



IN STATE.

HUNTING FROM TOWN.—IT IS SAFER TO GO WITH YOUR ANIMAL.

Railway Porter (reflectively). "EARLY TRAIN! LET'S SEE! LITTLE BAY 'OSS, AND A BROWN 'OSS WITH A BIG KNEE? HAH! THEN YOU MAY DEPEND THEY'RE THE 'OSSES AS WENT ON TO YORK!"

SPORT(?) FOWL SHOOTING.

THE FEROCIOUS PHEASANTS THINK THEY ARE GOING TO BE FED, AND SURROUND THE HONOURABLE MR. BATTUE ACCORDINGLY.

AN ESCORT.

Boy. "NOW, MISSUS, THERE'S NO BUSSES, KITCH 'OLD OF MY HARM, AND I'LL TAKE YER OVER!"

PLEASANT!

Friend (to Novice at Salmon Fishing) "I SAY, OLD BOY, MIND HOW YOU WADE; THERE ARE SOME TREMENDOUS HOLES, FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN FEET DEEP."

PET-LOVE.

Old—what shall we call her?—"RUN, ROBERT! RUN! THERE'S THAT DARLING PLAYING WITH A STRANGE CHILD!"

IMPORTANT MATTER.

Augustus. "I SAY, LAURA, JUST TELL US BEFORE ANY ONE COMES, WHETHER MY BACK HAIR'S PARTED STRAIGHT!"

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

Clara (reads). "EXCUSE, DEAREST, THE PAPER ON WHICH I WRITE—I HAVE NOT MY DESK WITH ME, SO I SEND YOU THESE FEW HURRIED LINES ON ONE OF MY COLLARS."

AN IMPOSTOR.

Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR. THERE'S A PERSON AT THE DOOR WANTS TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WANT ANY ORNAMENT FOR YOUR FIREPLACE."

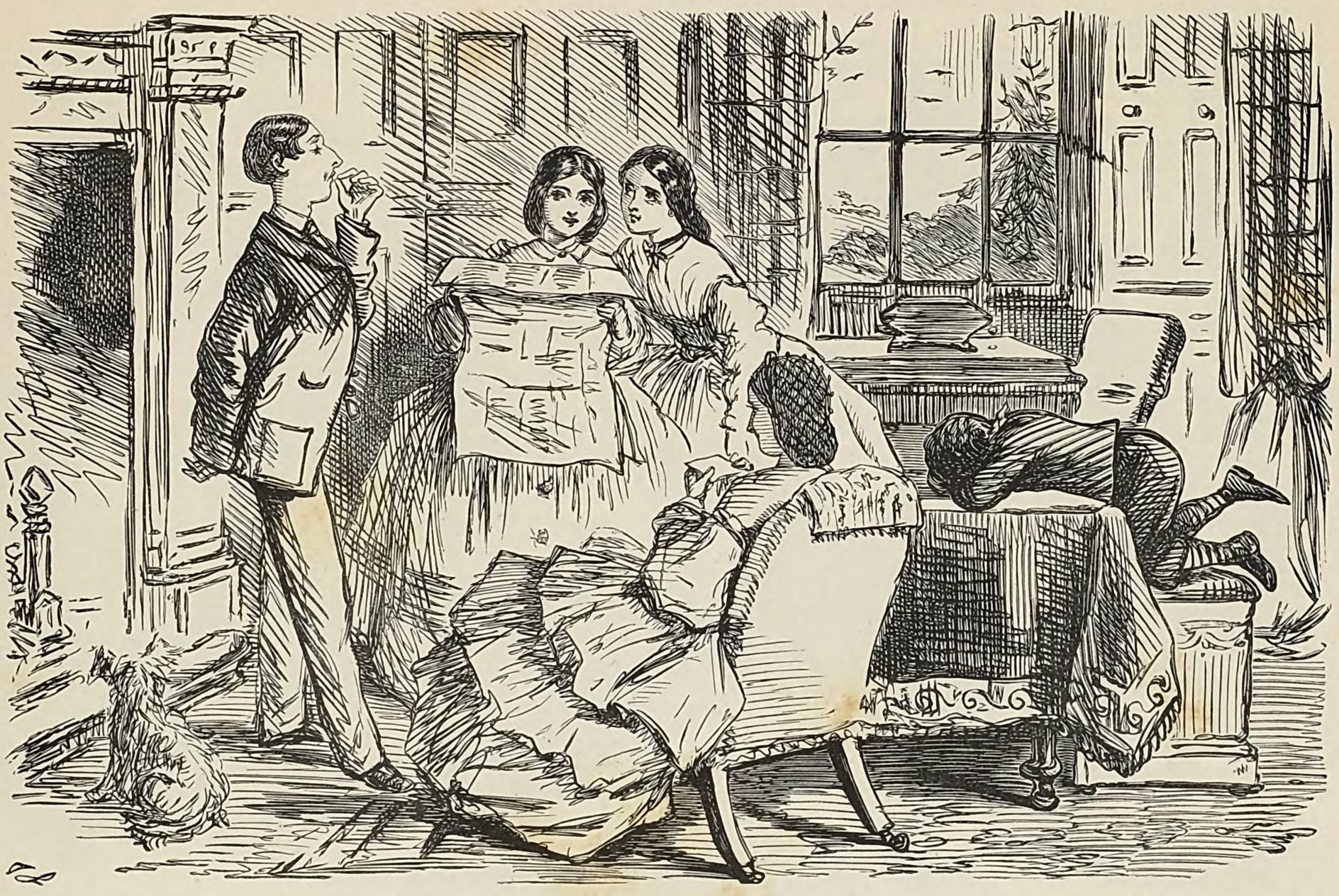
Charles. "MY DARLING! WHAT BETTER ORNAMENT CAN I HAVE THAN YOUR OWN SWEET SELF?"

[*The wretch is going to dine at Greenwich with some bachelor friends, for all that.*

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

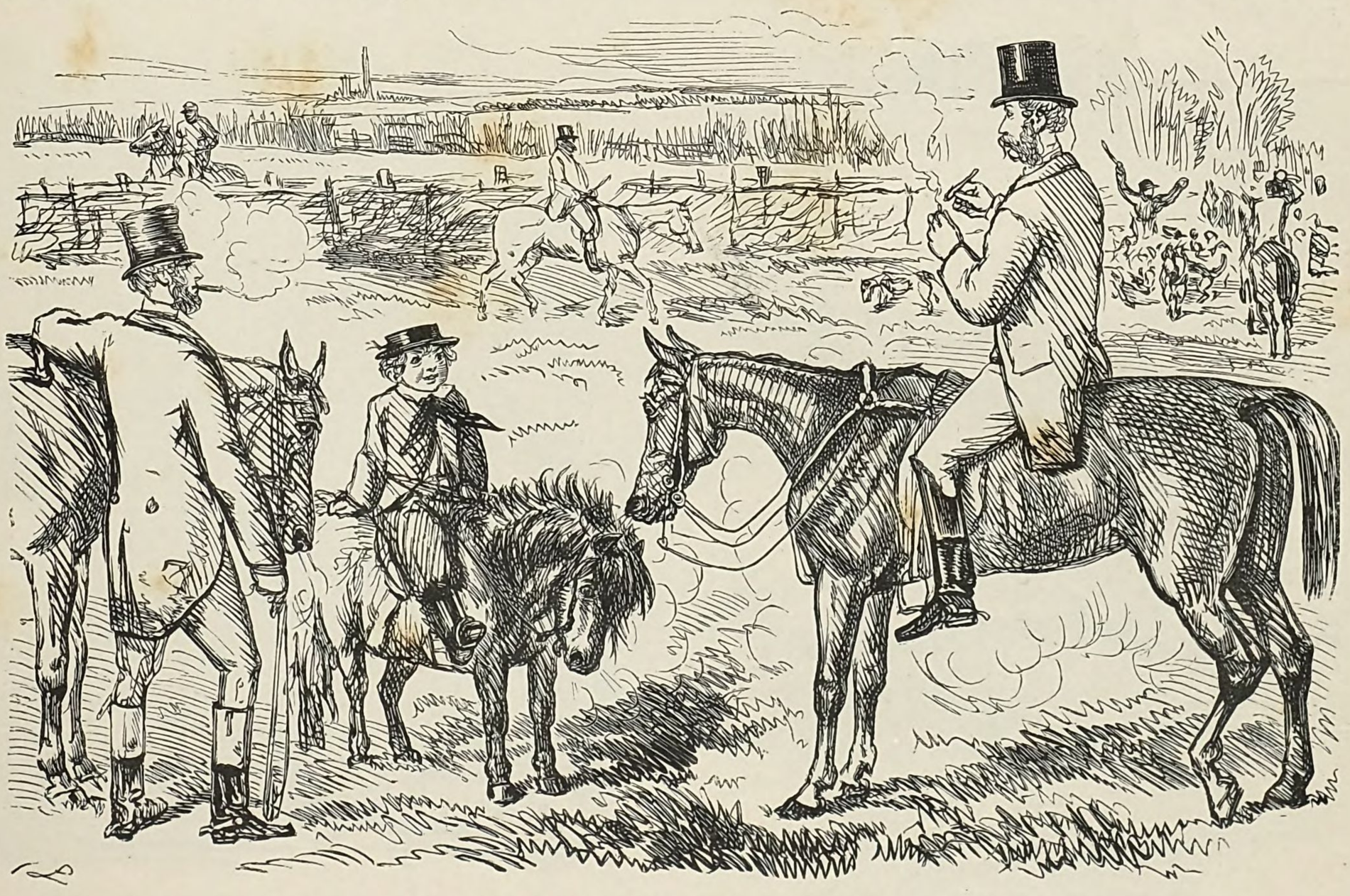
A NIGHTMARE.

Vision of the Night. "ANY FRESH PRAWNS THIS MARNIN?"



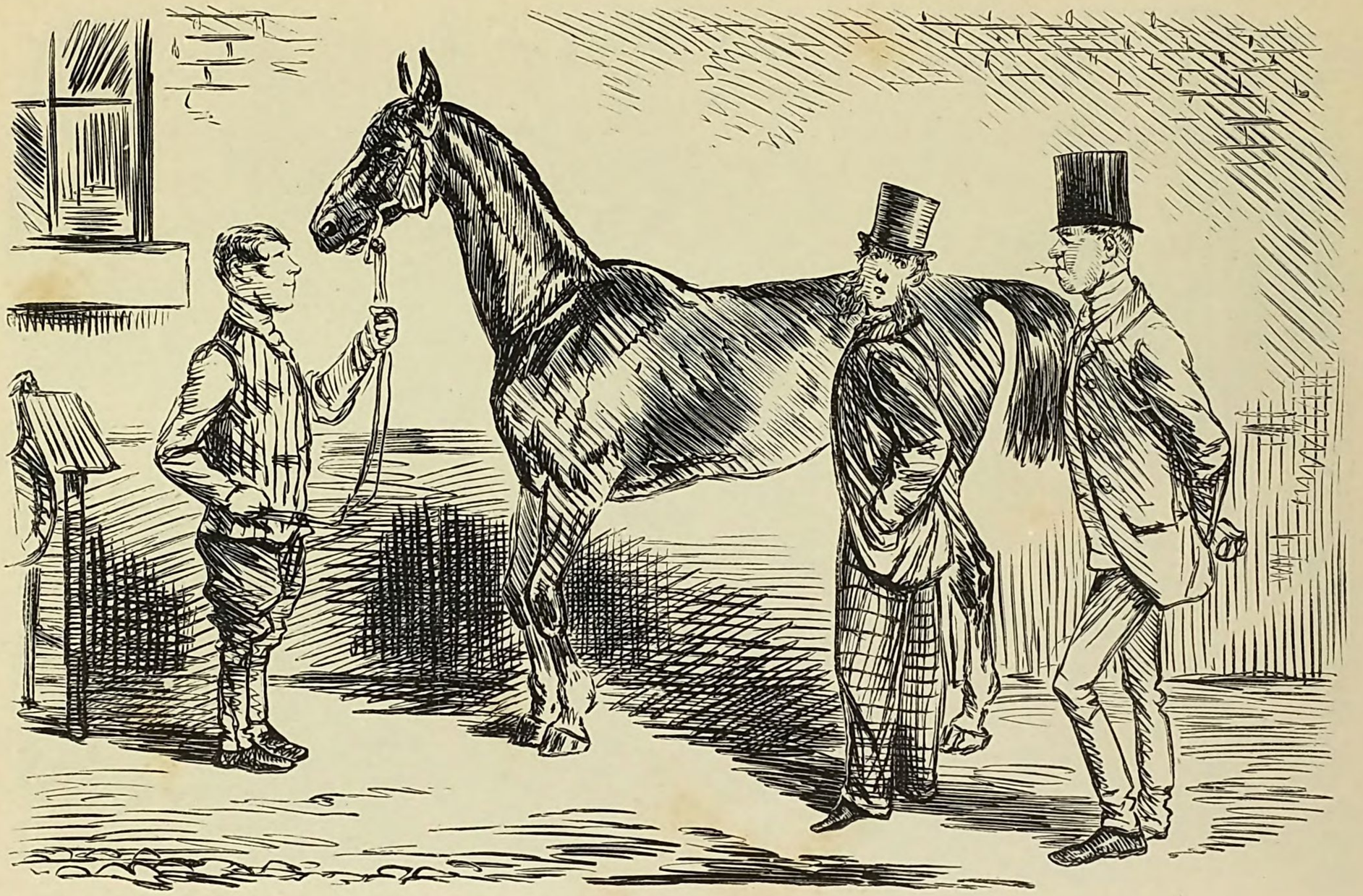
VERY CRUEL SATIRE.

Mary (maliciously, to her Cousin on leave). "HENRY, DEAR! HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ORDER ABOUT REDUCING THE OFFICERS' WHISKERS AT ALDERSHOT? WHAT A SHAME! I'M SURE IF I WERE YOU I SHOULD RESIST IT!" [*Haw*—HENRY *doesn't see the point.*



YOUNG NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

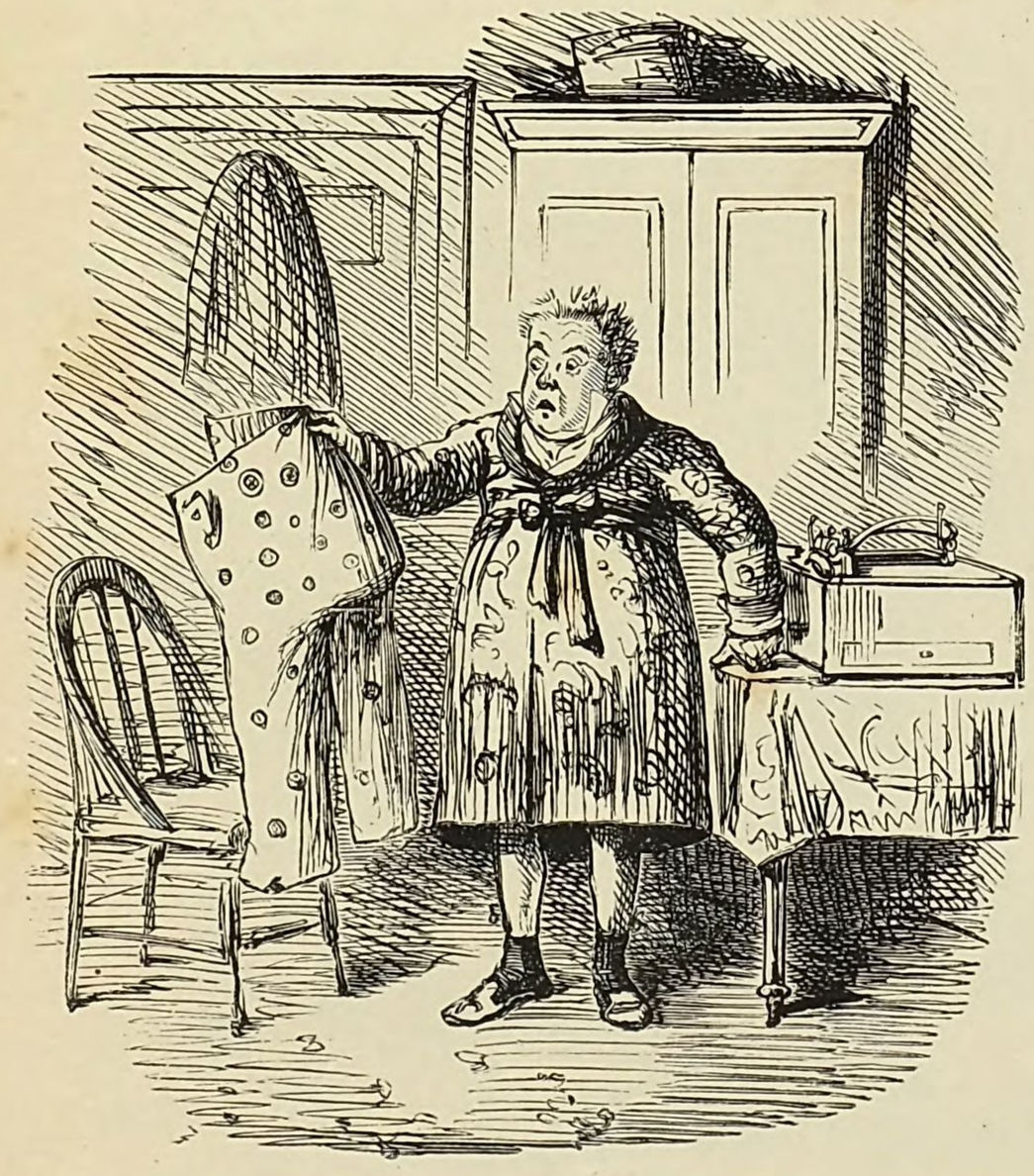
Master Harry (loq.). "QUICK THING, THAT! DID YOU FELLOWS SEE IT? I GOT POUNDED!"



A DEAL.

Novice. "OH, YES—HE'S A FINE HORSE; BUT ISN'T HE RATHER BENT ABOUT THE LEGS?"

Dealer. "BENT ABOUT THE LEGS? STANDS A LITTLE OVER, P'RAPS—BUT THAT AIN'T NO DETTERMENT TO HIM. THE BEST OF OSSES IS SOMETIMES FOALED SO!"



STARTLING RESULT.

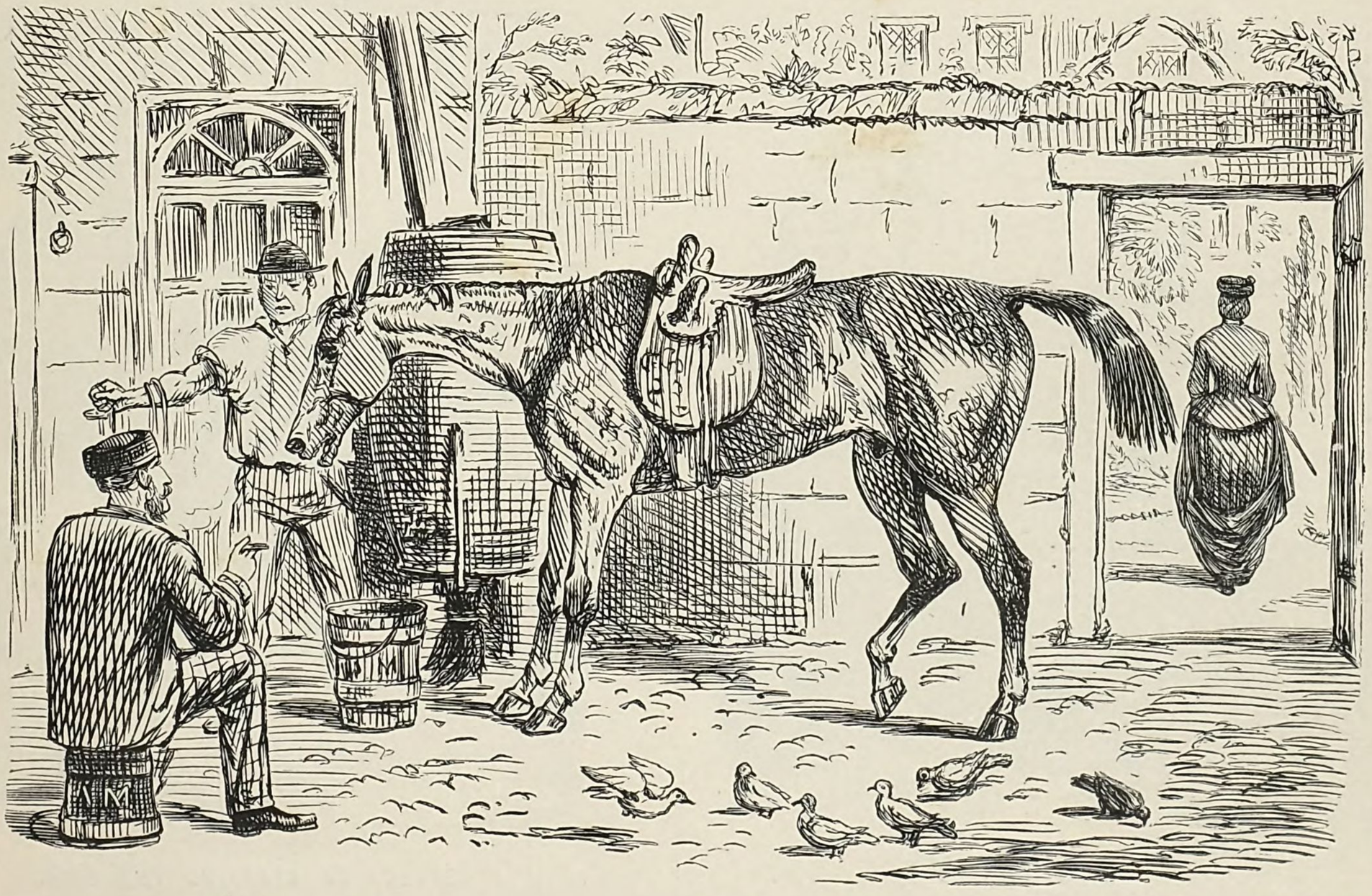
OLD MR. WIGGLES TRIES HIS NEW SEWING-MACHINE, AND FINDS HIS GARMENTS THROW OUT BUTTONS IN A VERY INDISCRIMINATE MANNER.

COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER—NOT THE WORST PART OF A DAY'S HUNTING.

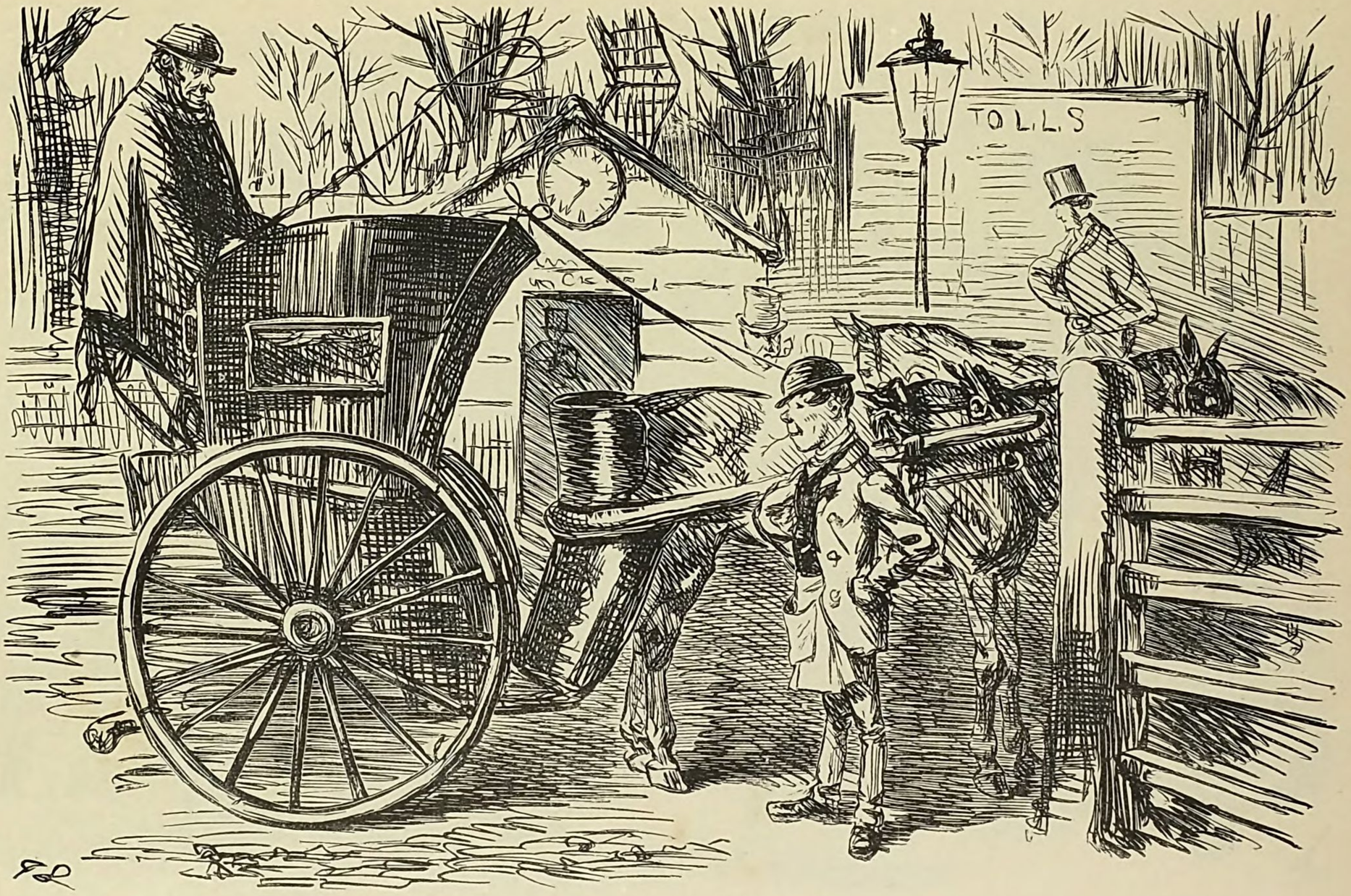
AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

DELIGHT OF THE HON. TOM RASPER (WHO HAS PROMISED HIMSELF A DAY WITH THE PYTCHLEY), ON FINDING THAT THE BOX WITH HIS HUNTER HAS BEEN LEFT AT GOWLEIGH STATION, WHILE A FINE YOUNG BULL, INTENDED FOR THAT PLACE, HAS BEEN BROUGHT ON TO—HARBOROUGH, SHALL WE SAY?



A FACT.

Groom. "YE SEE, SIR! THE LADIES KNOCKS 'OSSES ABOUT SO! THEY GETS UPON A 'OSS, SIR, AND THEY SAYS, 'MY EYES! HE'S A 'OSS, AND HE MUST GO!'"

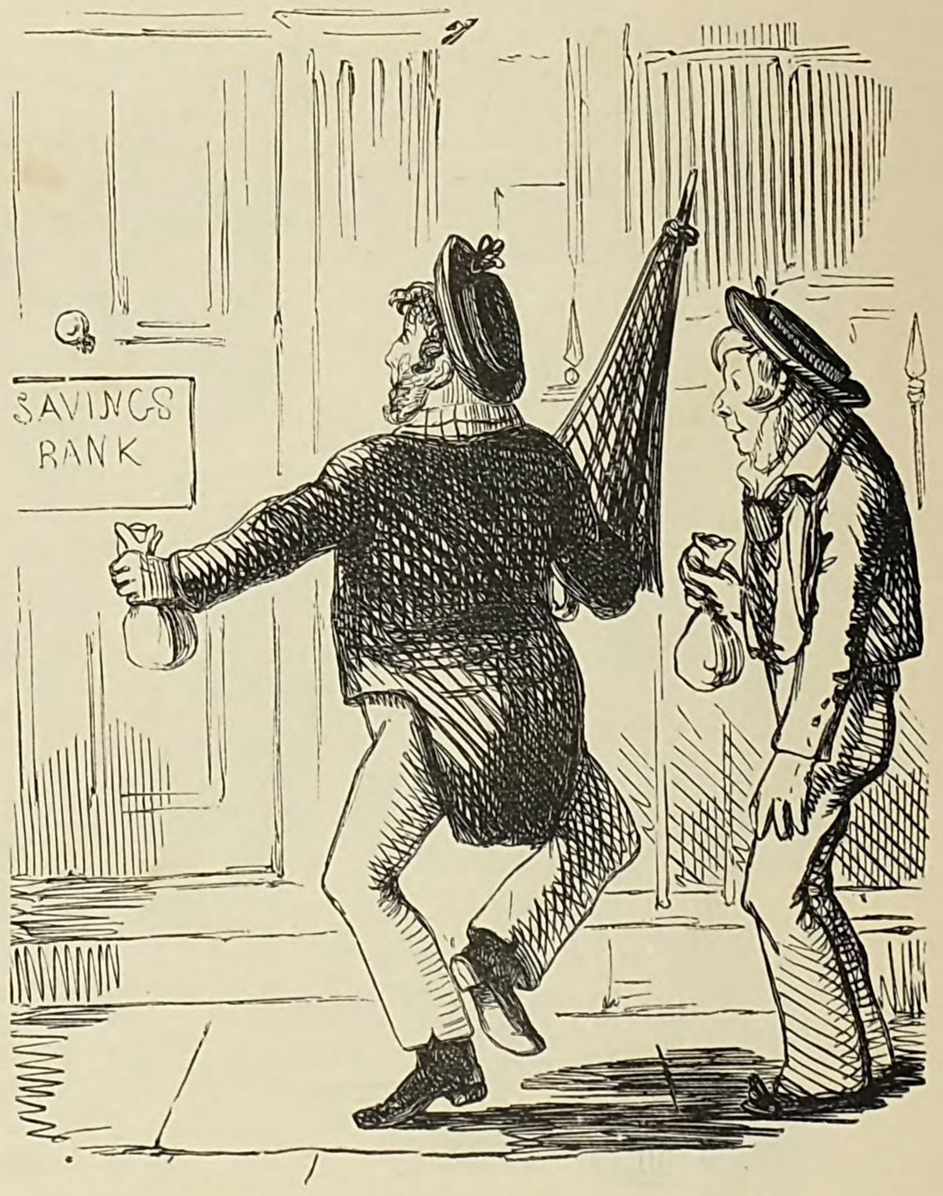


THE TOLL-BAR NUISANCE.

Cabby (to impudent Boy at Gate). "AH! YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN A SAUCY YOUNG DOG; BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE DONE AWAY WITH, THAT'S ONE COMFORT—AND YOU CAN'T GROW INTO A TURNPIKE *MAN!*"

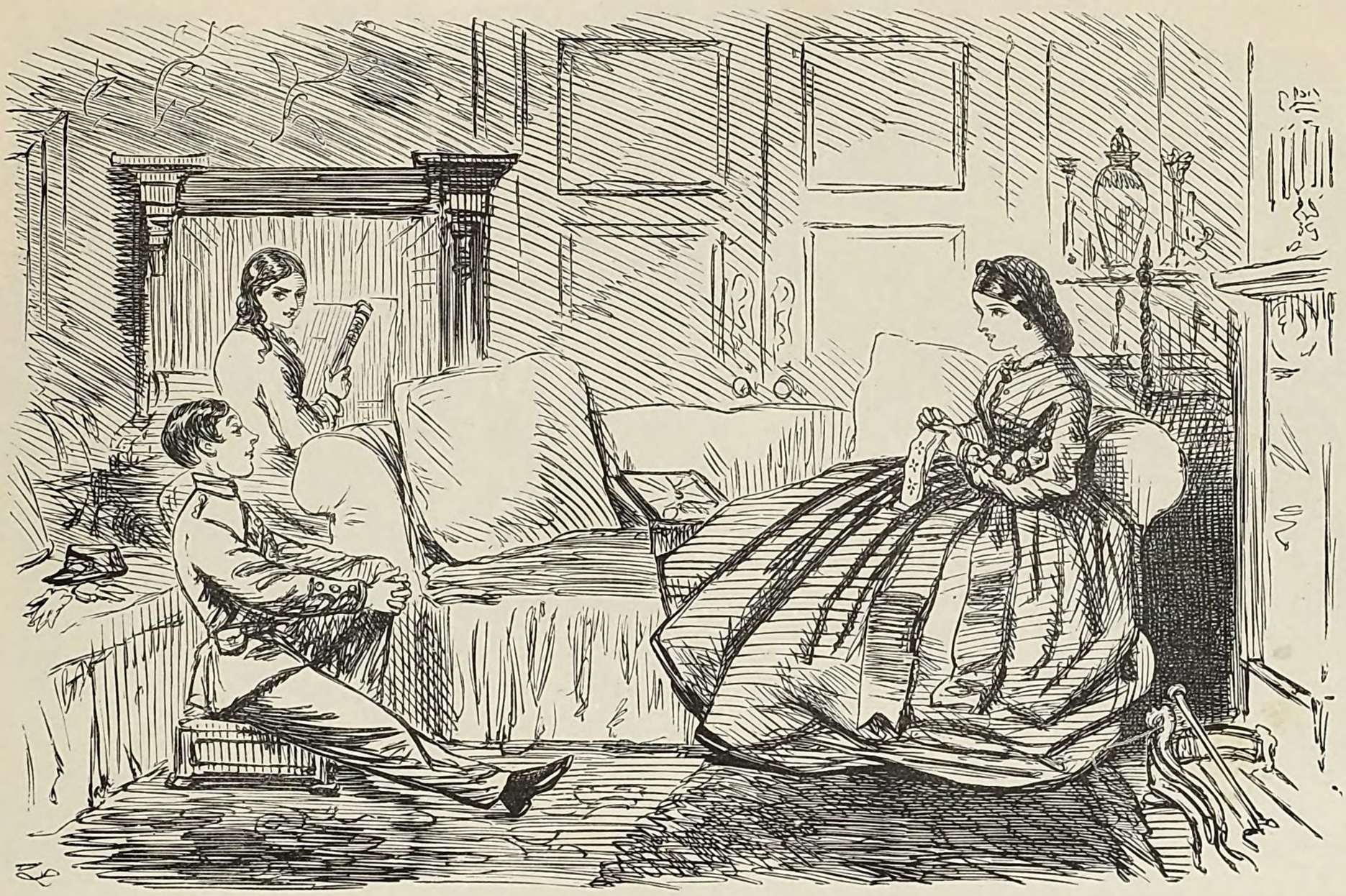
LA MODE.

Rude Boy. "OH, IF 'ERE AIN'T A GAL BEEN AND PUT ON A DUSTMAN'S 'AT!"



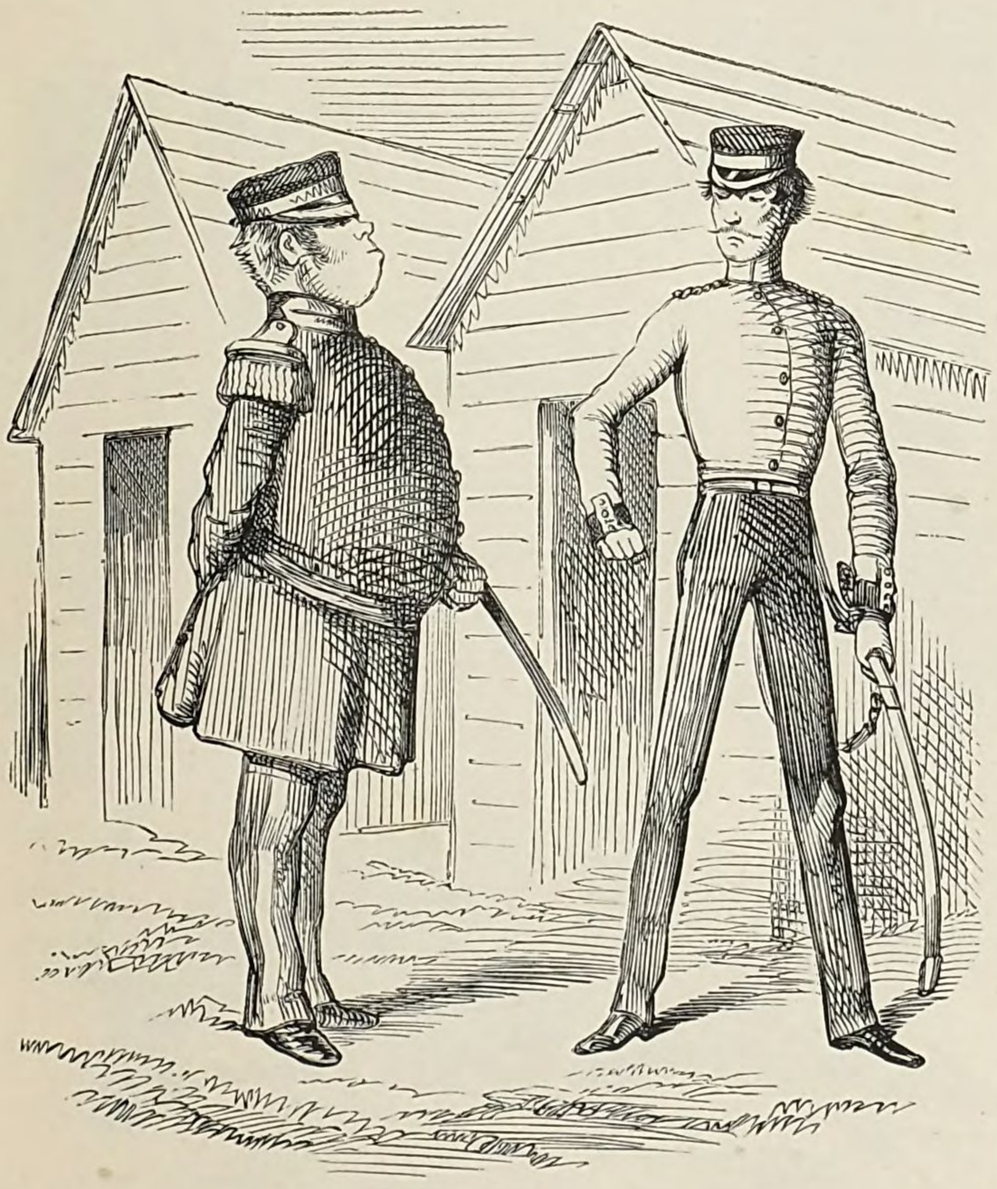
EFFECT OF STOPPING THE GROG.

"COME ALONG, JACK, MY HEARTY; NOTHING LIKE LAYING UP FOR A RAINY DAY."



FLATTERING PROPOSAL.

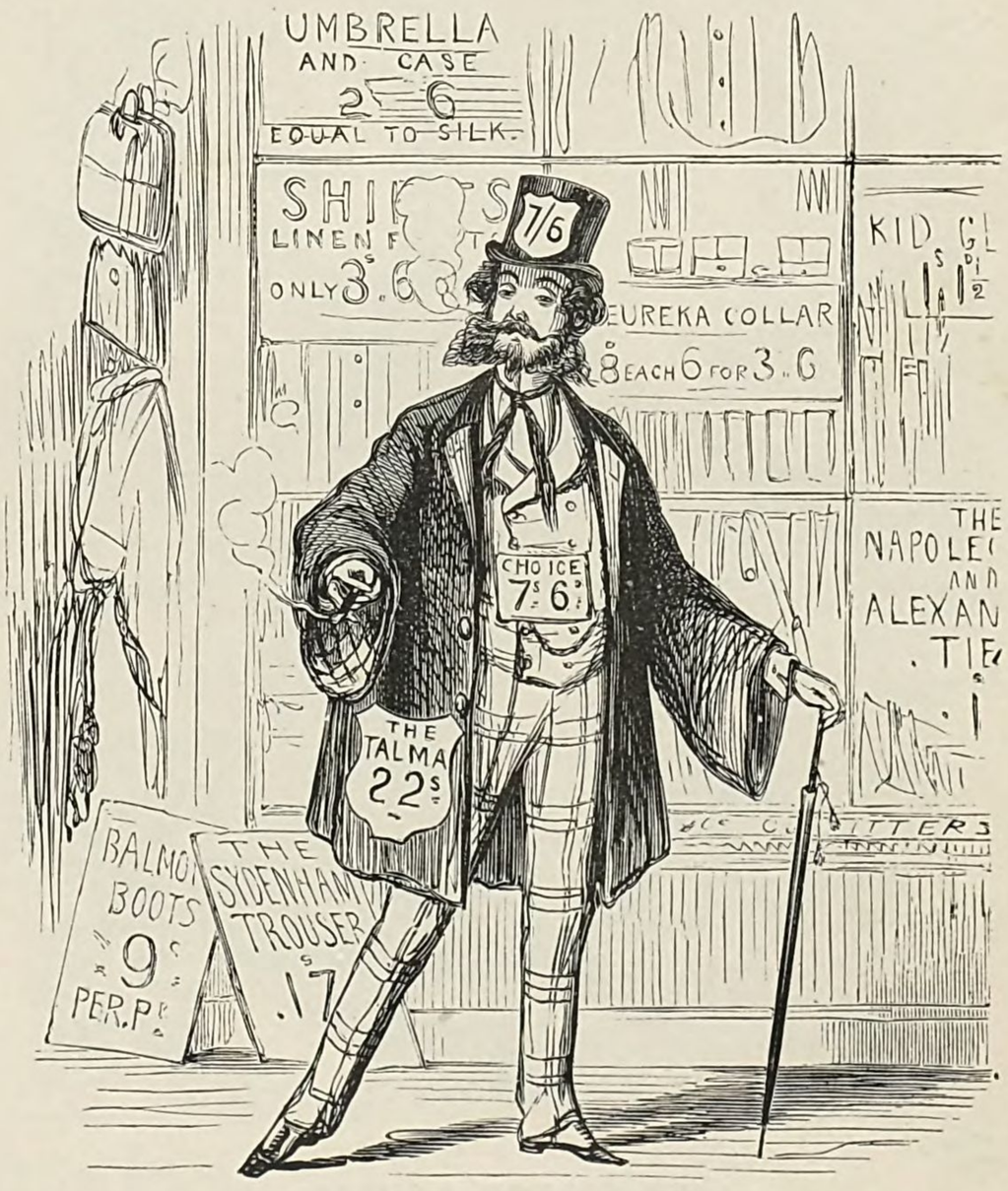
Volunteer. "I SAY, LUCY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE VIV*AN*DIERES IN OUR CORPS. NOW, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL APPOINT YOU TO ATTEND UPON ME!"



A SERIOUS COMPLAINT.

Col. "NO, SIR! YOU CAN'T HAVE FOUR IN YOUR HUT!—WHIST, INDEED!"

Lieut. "VERY HARD! THEN, WE MUST PLAY DUMMY!"

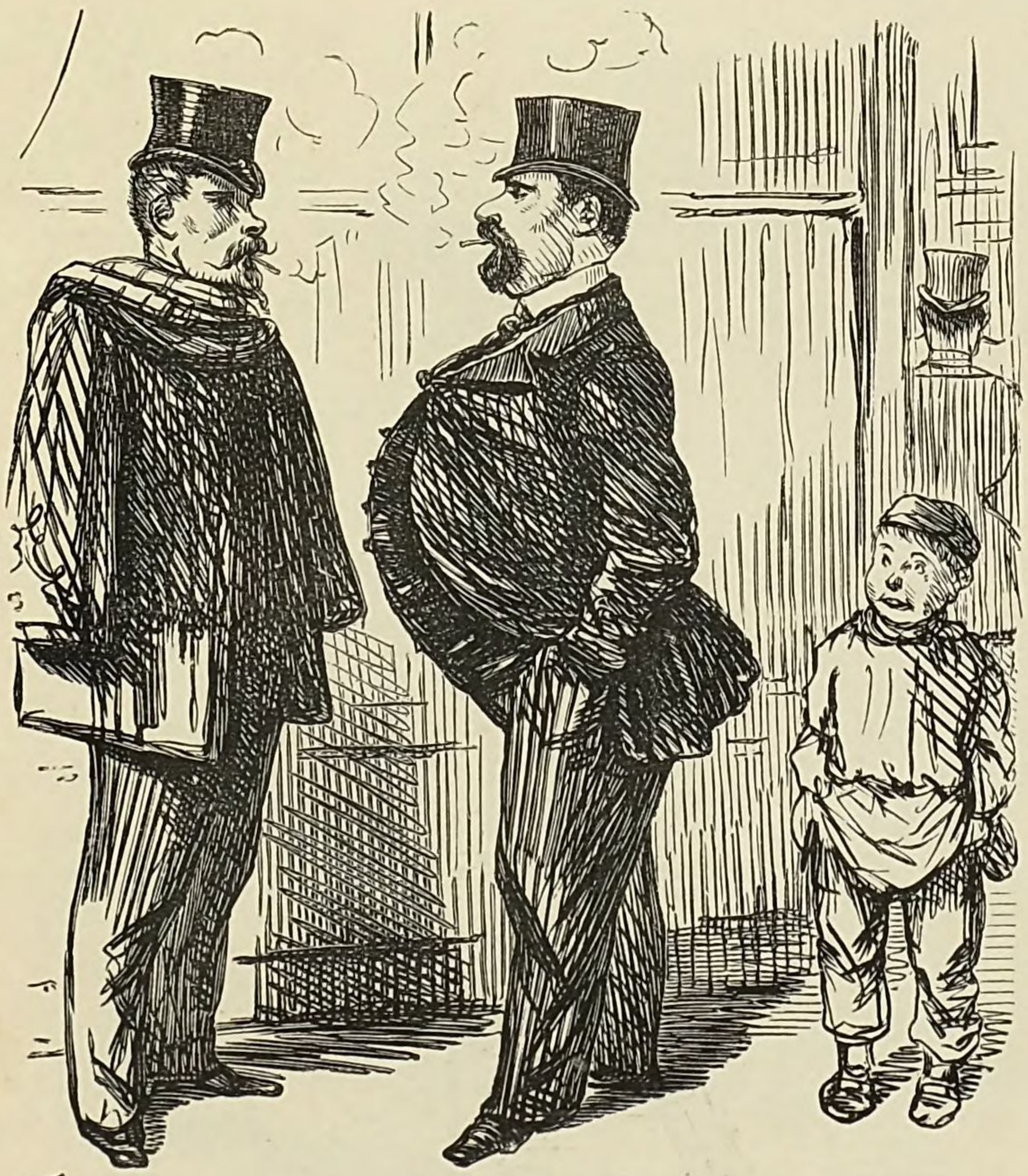


A GENT AT COST PRICE.

A CAPITAL FINISH.

Excited but rather behind-hand Party. "NOW, THEN, MY MAN, HAVE YOU SEEN 'EM? WHICH WAY HAVE THEY GONE?"

Man. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. THEY'RE DOWN 'ERE; FOX AN' 'OUNDS IS JUST RUN INTO *TH'INFANT SCHOOL!*"



OUR FOREIGN VISITORS.

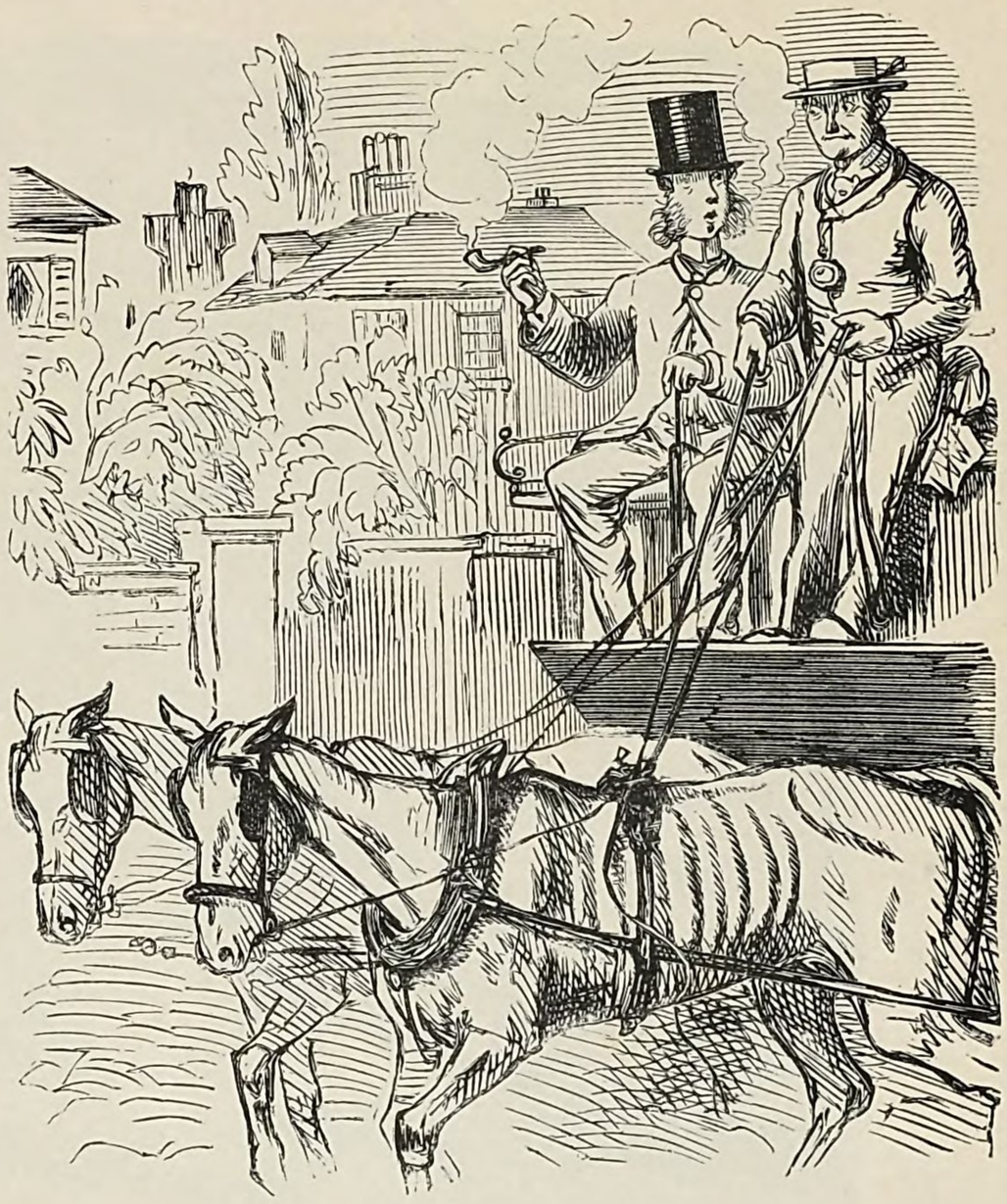
WHATEVER MAY BE A FRENCHMAN'S DEFECTS, HE AT LEAST KNOWS HOW TO DRESS—AND ISN'T THE HAT HE WEARS A SWEET THING?

AN ORDER WE HOPE TO SEE ISSUED.

"THE POLICE HAVE STRICT ORDERS TO BONNET, PUT IN A SACK, AND LOCK UP ALL URCHINS WHO DISTURB THE PEACE OF THE METROPOLIS BY SCREAMING OUT 'DIXIES' LAND.'"

EFFECT OF SIXPENCE A MILE.

Cabby. "WELL! WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO *SAY* MUCH, BUT I'M *THINKING* A DOOSE OF A LOT!"



OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

Gent. "OH, AH! AND WHAT DO YOU FEED THE HORSES ON?"

Driver. "BUTTER-TUBS—DON'T YER SEE THE HOOPS?"

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

Gent (in Photographic Studio). "A—LOOK 'ERE, YOU KNOW, MISTER, I DON'T WANT MY CART PUBLISHED, YOU KNOW, BUT IF ANY NICE GAL OR LADY OF RANK SHOULD WANT A COPY, WHY, YOU CAN SELL IT HER, YOU KNOW!"

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Monthly Nurse. "BUT I CAN'T FIND MY BOX, SIR!"

Paterfamilias (furious). "CONFOUND YOUR BOX! YOU MUST GET IN AND LEAVE IT, AND WE'LL TELEGRAPH FOR IT.—COME! THE TRAIN'S STARTING!"

Monthly Nurse. "OH YES, SIR, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. ONLY I THOUGHT AS MY BOX HAS GOT ALL YOUR PLATE AND LINEN IN IT," &c., &c., &c.

VERY CAREFUL.

Economical Peer (with feeling). "GOOD GRACIOUS, THOMPSON! HAVEN'T YOU MEN GOT AN UMBRELLA OUTSIDE?"

Thompson. "NO, MY LORD!"

Peer. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—THEN GIVE ME THOSE NEW HATS INSIDE!"

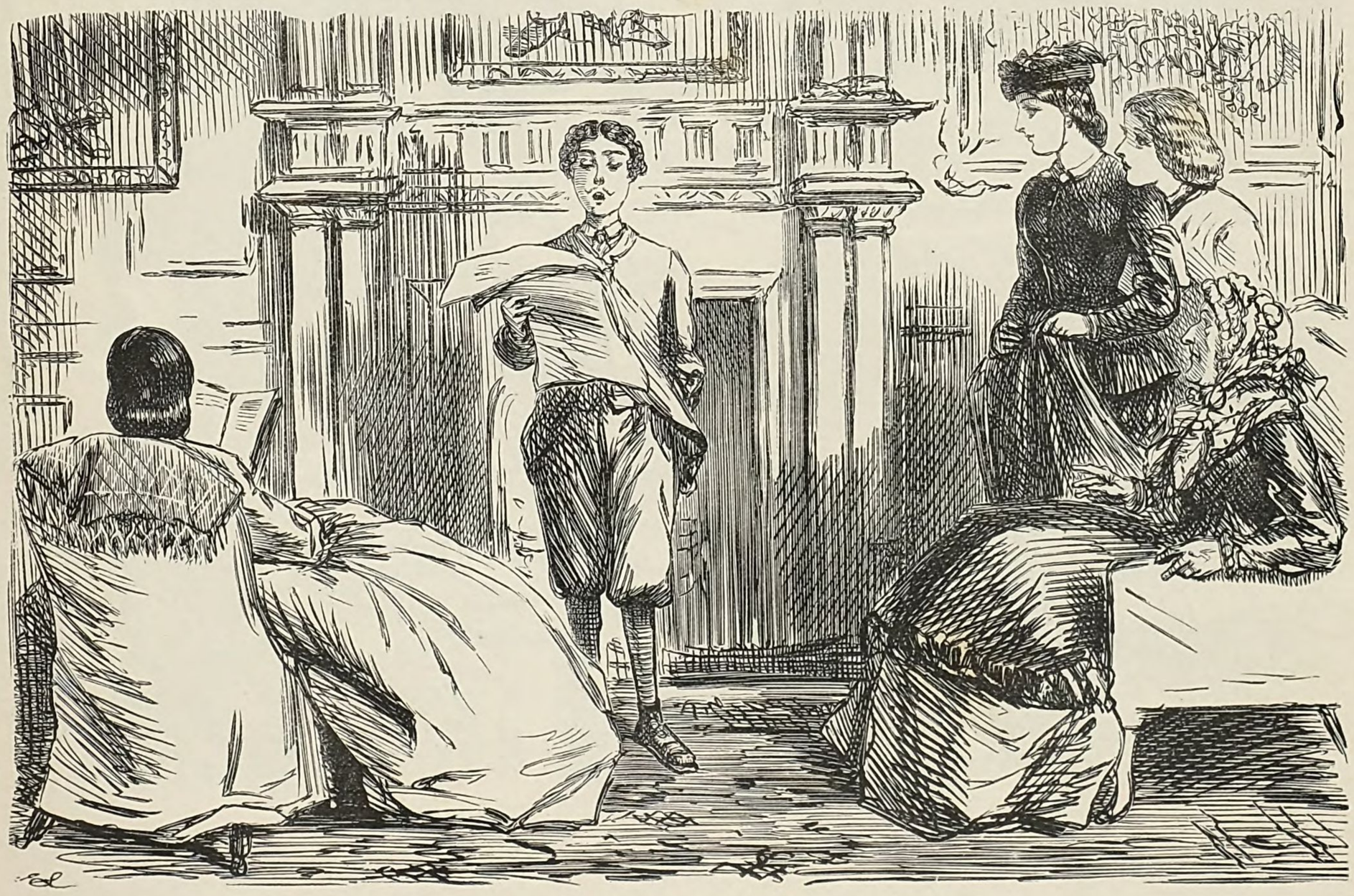
AN X-CELLENT NOTION.

PROPOSED NEW UNIFORM FOR THE POLICE.

NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

Country Friend (apropos of Cockney Ditto). "UPON MY WORD, THOMAS, IF I THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN SO DANGEROUS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HIM OUT."

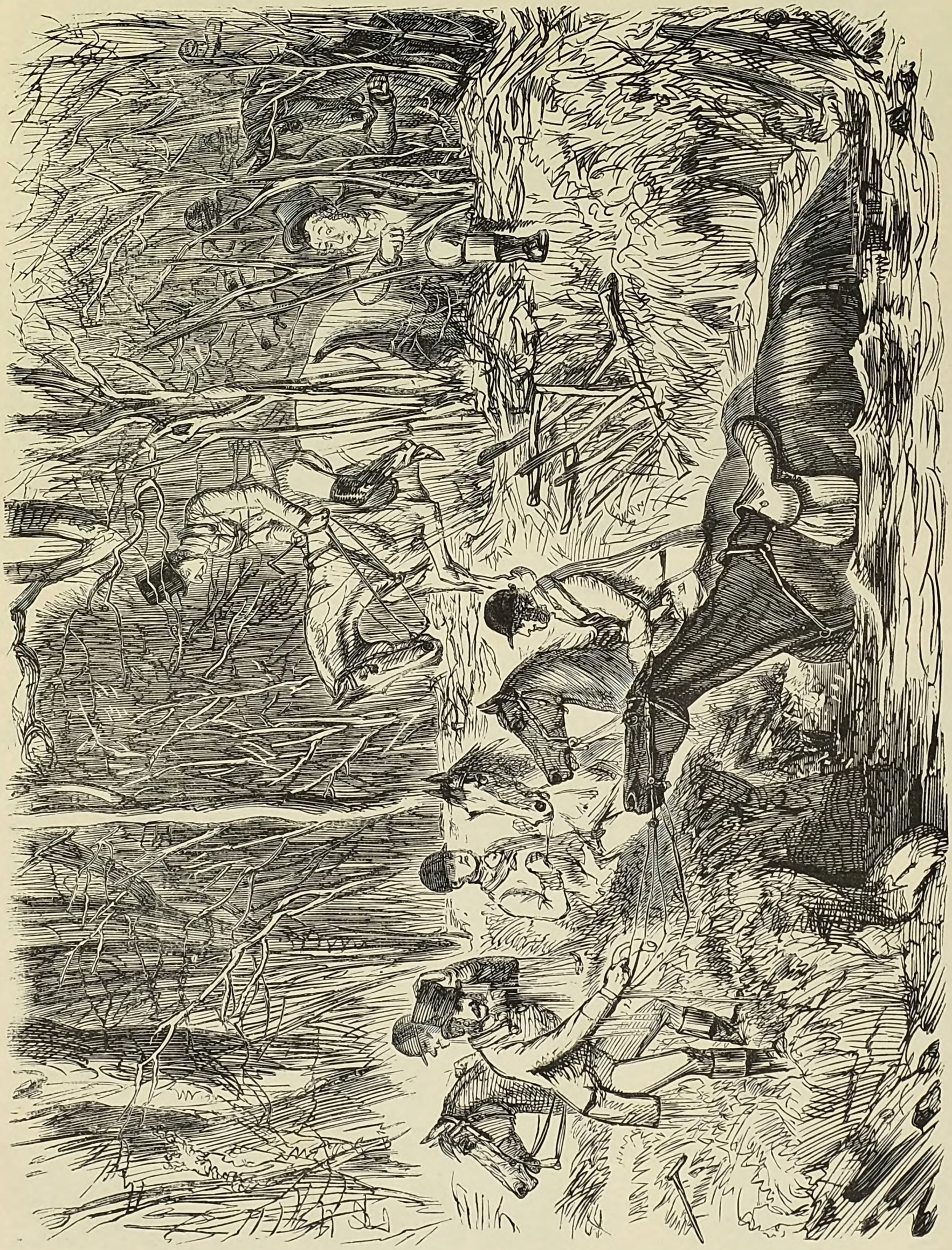
Keeper. "WELL, HE DU SHOOT A LEETLE WILD, SIR—BUT IT AIN'T O' MUCH CONSEQUENCE—I LOAD FOR UN—AND I DON'T PUT NO SHOT IN!"



CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

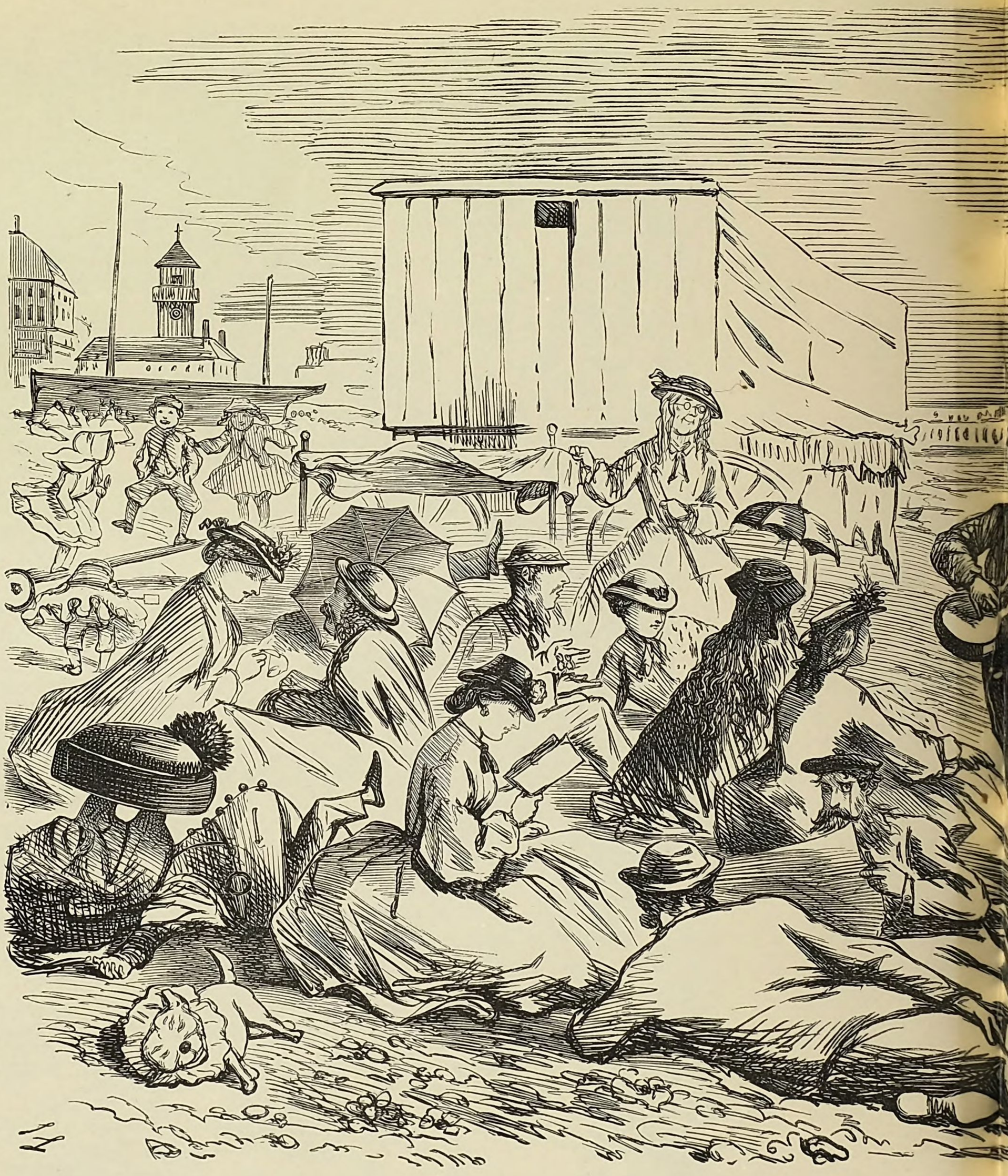
Master G. O'Rilla. "DEAW! HOW SHOCK'NG! THERE'S ANOTHER GOOD FELLAH DONE FOR!"

Cousins. "WHY, WHAT HAS HAPPENED, GUS?" *Gus.* "HAPPENED! WHY, CHARLEY BAGSHOT *GONE MARRIED!*"



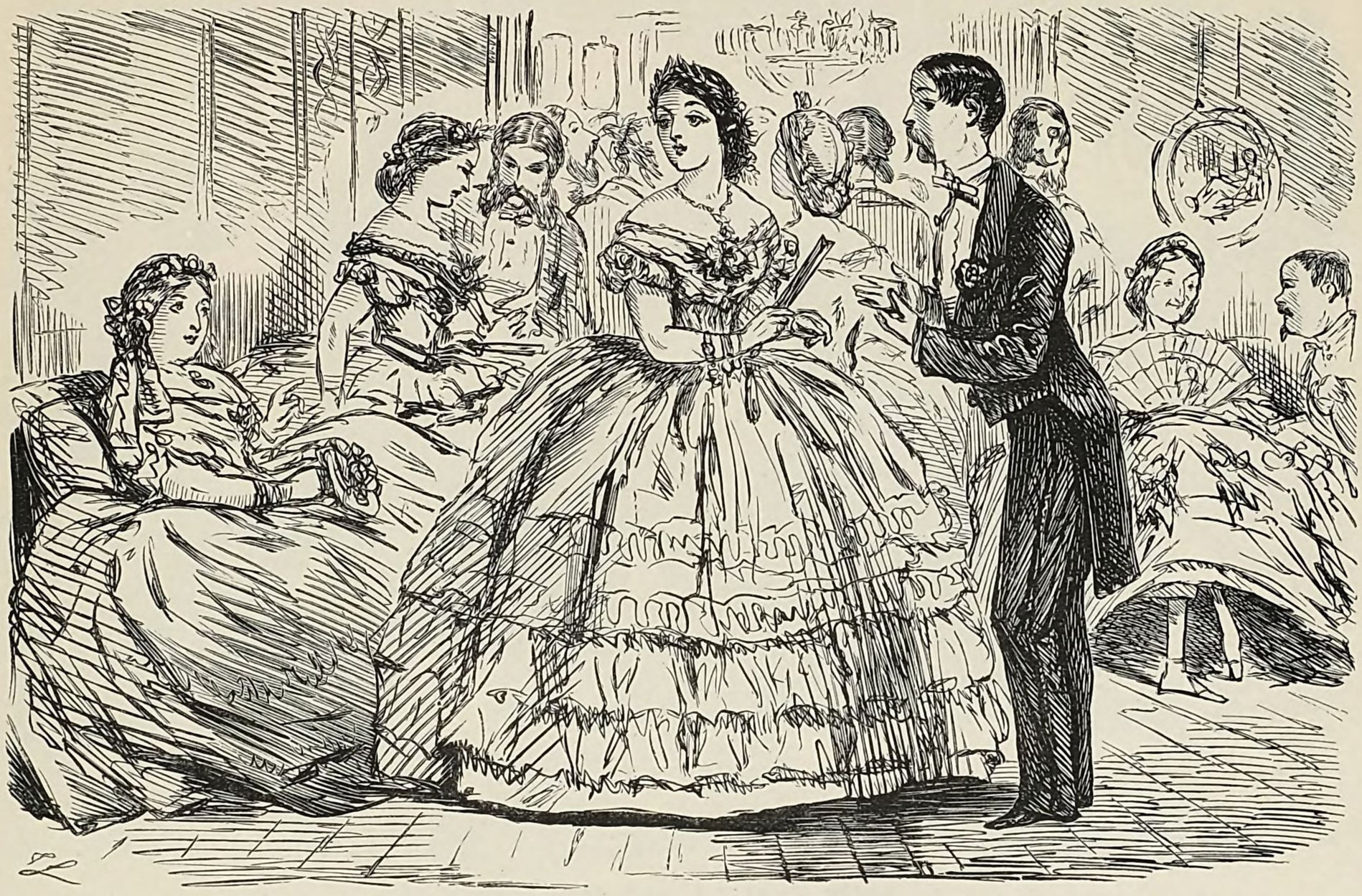
NOT SO EASY.

Voices in the Wood. "NOW THEN, GET ON IN FRONT!"



THE BEACH.—A SKETCH

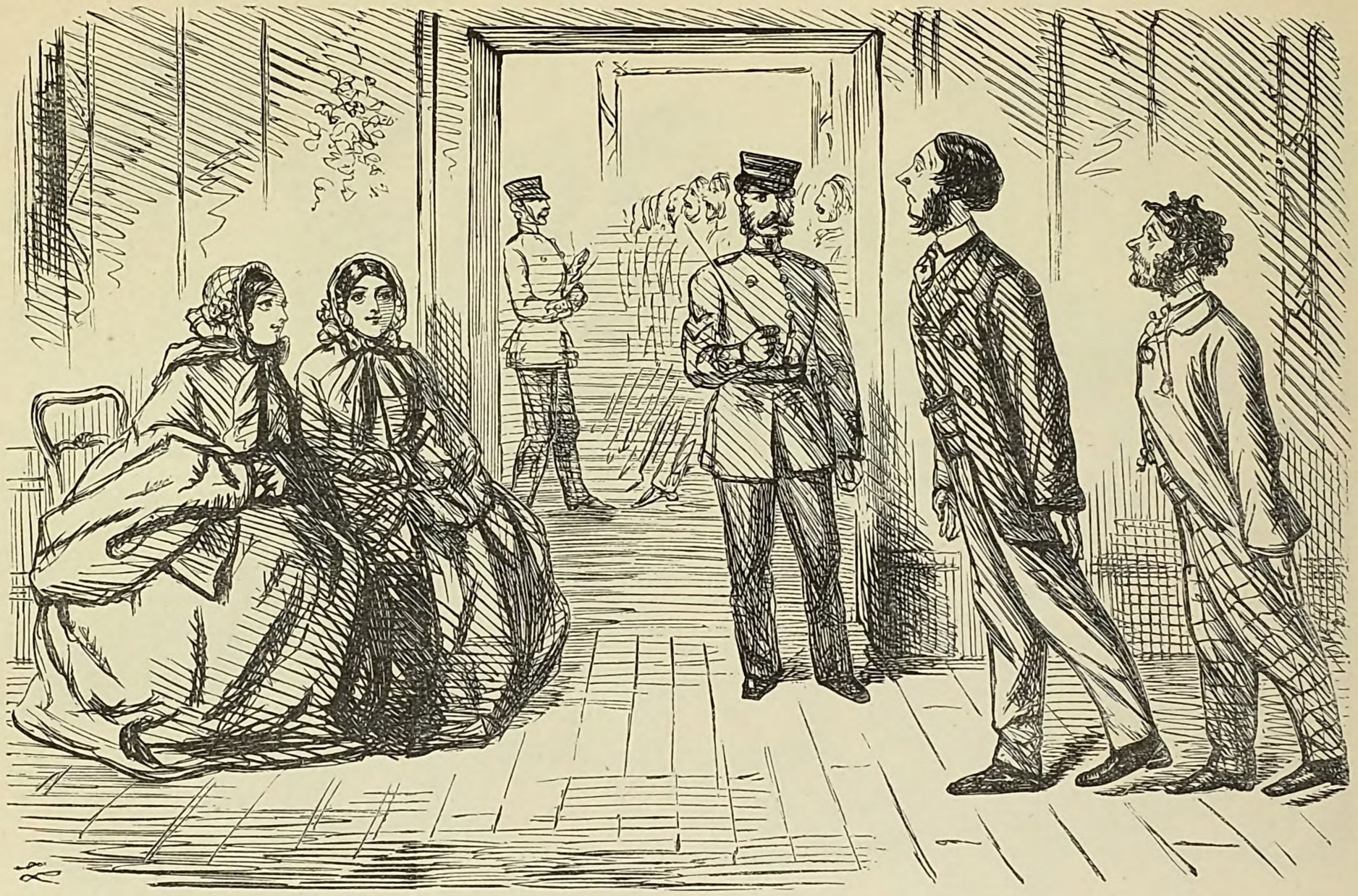
FOR WARM WEATHER.



WALTZING OF THE PERIOD.

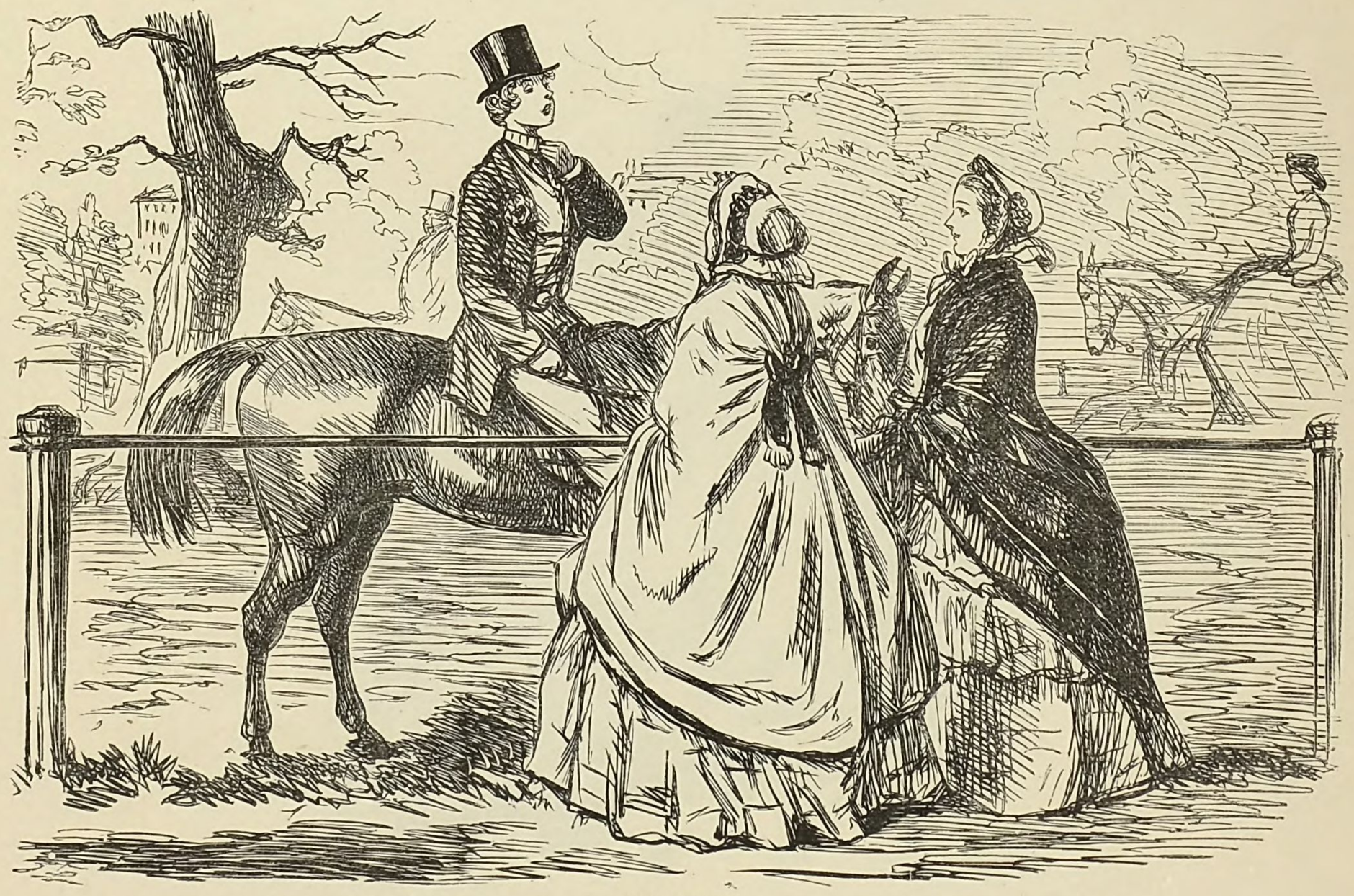
THE LADY HONORIA D——, AS SHE APPEARED TAKING LEAVE OF HER MAMMA, PREVIOUS TO GOING INTO ACTION!

THE LADY HONORIA AS SHE APPEARED WHEN THE ENGAGEMENT WAS OVER!



GOING THROUGH THE ALPHABET.

WITH A PARDONABLE VANITY, TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST JOINED HIS RIFLE CORPS, INVITES ARABELLA (TO WHOM HE IS ENGAGED) AND HER SISTER TO SEE HIM DRILLED. EVERYTHING MUST HAVE A BEGINNING, AND HE IS PUT THROUGH THE "GOOSE STEP" BEFORE THE NOT-ADMIRING EYES OF HIS DARLING!



DECIDEDLY.

Small Swell. "MOST 'BSURD ROW THEY'RE KICKING UP ABOUT EQUESTRIANS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS! WHY THEY OUGHT TO BE DEUCED GLAD OF ANYTHING THAT ADDS TO THE BEAUTY OF THE PLACE—MY 'PINION."

ANOTHER PRETTY LITTLE AMERICANISM.

Englishman (to Fair New-Yorker). "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU!"

Darling. "I GUESS YOU MAY—FOR I CALC'LATE THAT IF I SIT MUCH LONGER HERE, *I SHALL BE TAKING ROOT!*"

THE COSTERMONGER AS HE IS. AND AS HE MIGHT BE.

Coster (with hideous yell). "YA! HO!—CAULIFLOWERS—HO!"

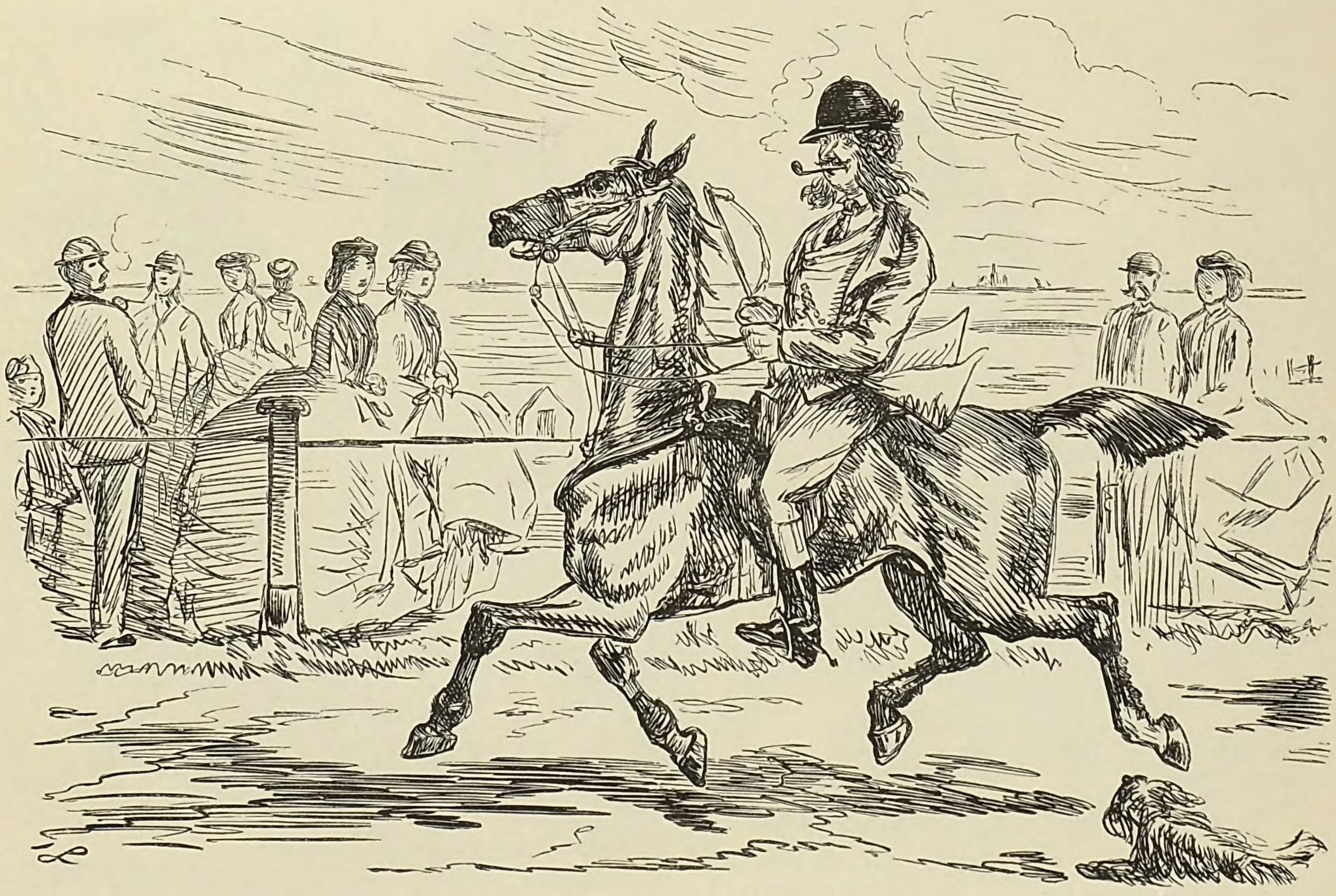
Coster (blandly and politely). "CAULIFLOWER, MA'AM. YES, MA'AM! IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE?"

THE ENGAGED ONES.

"LAW! CHARLES! ISN'T THERE A GREAT BLACK ON MY NOSE?"

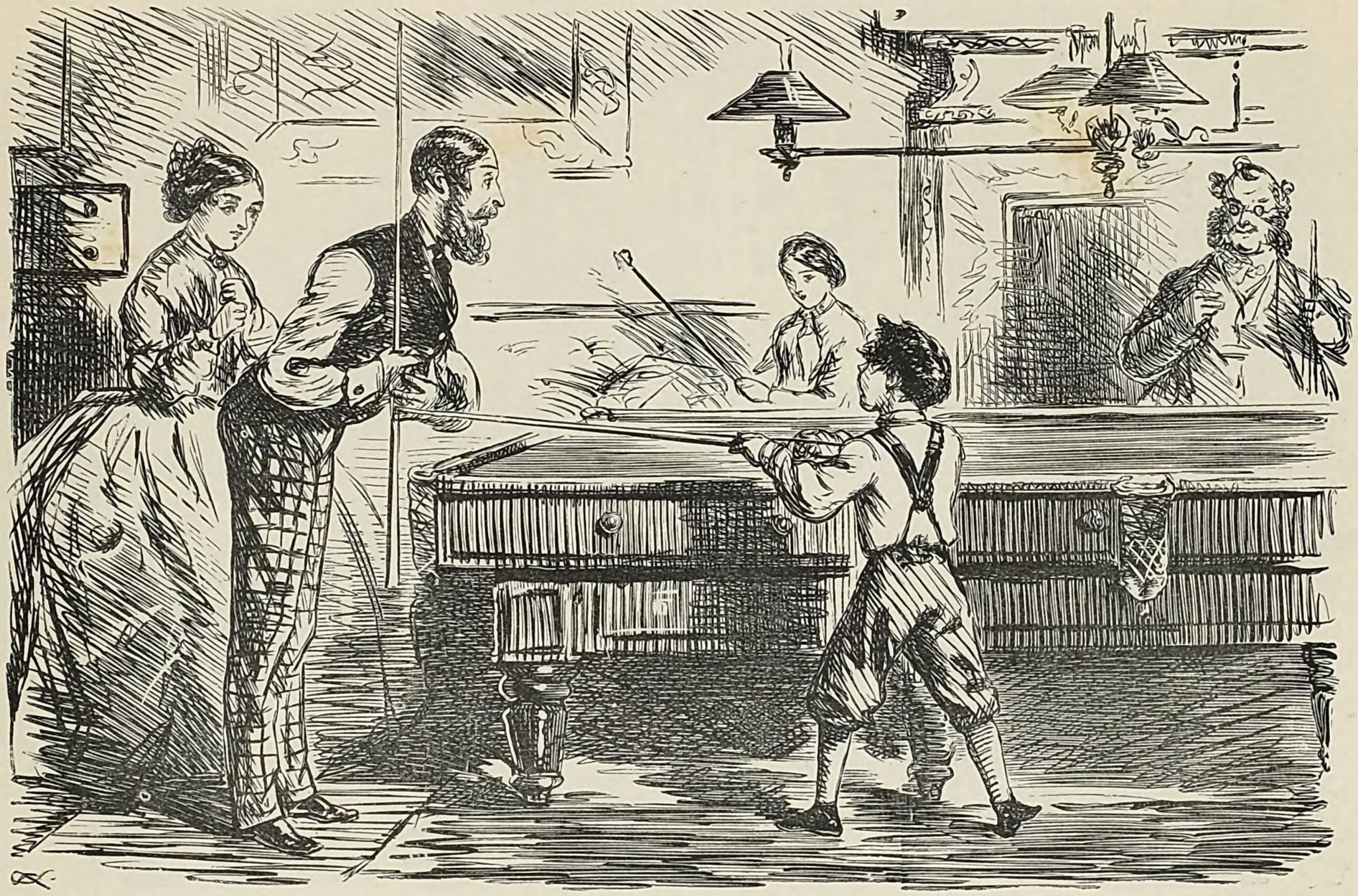
A SUBJECT FOR CHARITY.

FEARFUL POSITION OF AN OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY, WHOM LOW IMPUDENT LITTLE BOYS WILL TUMBLE BEFORE ALL THE WAY FROM THE STRAND TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



A PRELIMINARY CANTER.

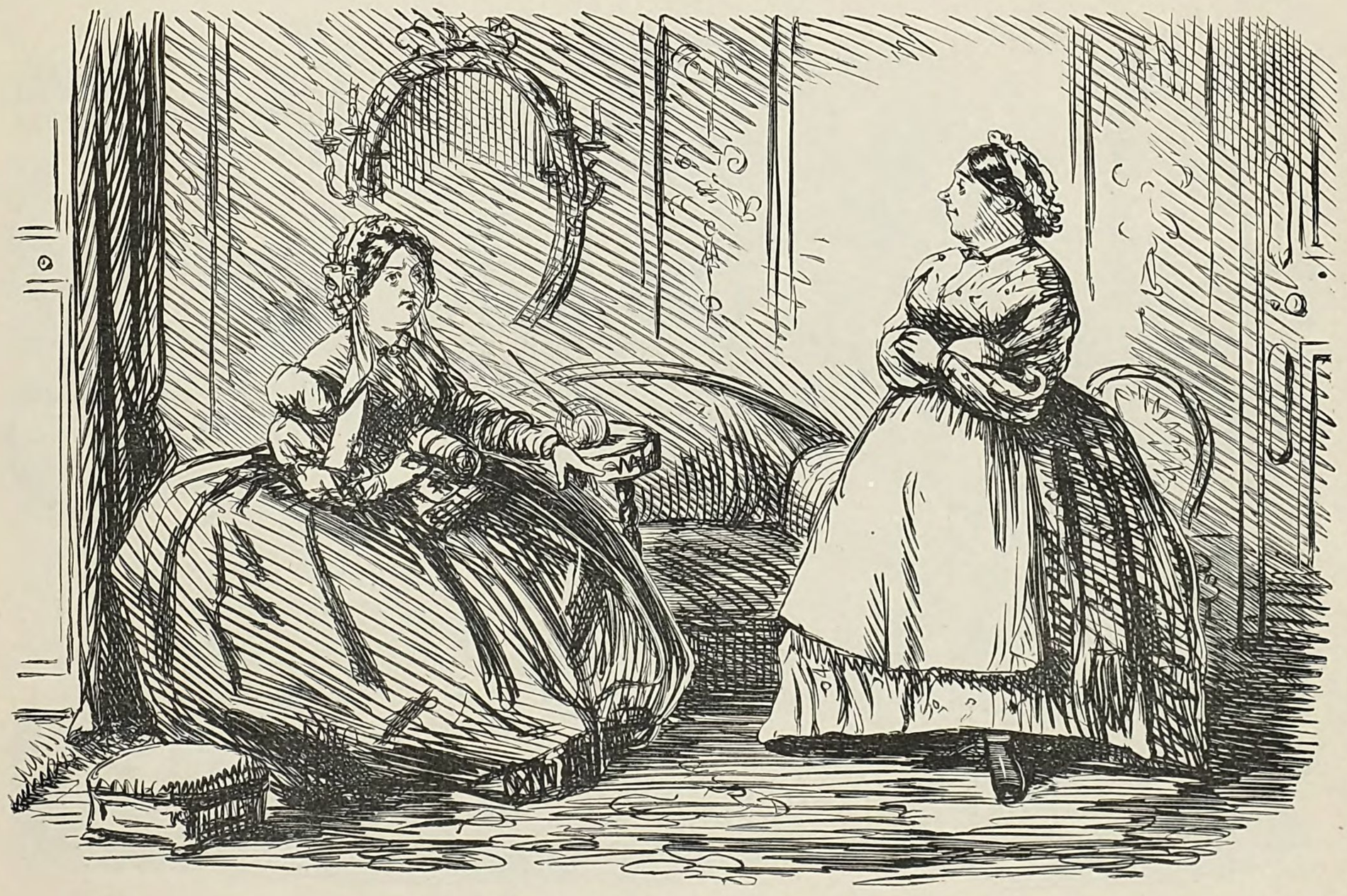
"COME, TOMPKINS, YOU'VE BEEN TITTUPPING UP AND DOWN THE PARADE FOR THE LAST HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES. IF YOU'RE GOING OUT HUNTING, YOU HAD BETTER GO."



BILLIARDS.

Frank (to Captain Brother, poking him in the ribs with a cue). "OH, COME, TOM, THAT WAS A FLUKE—A BEASTLY FLUKE!"

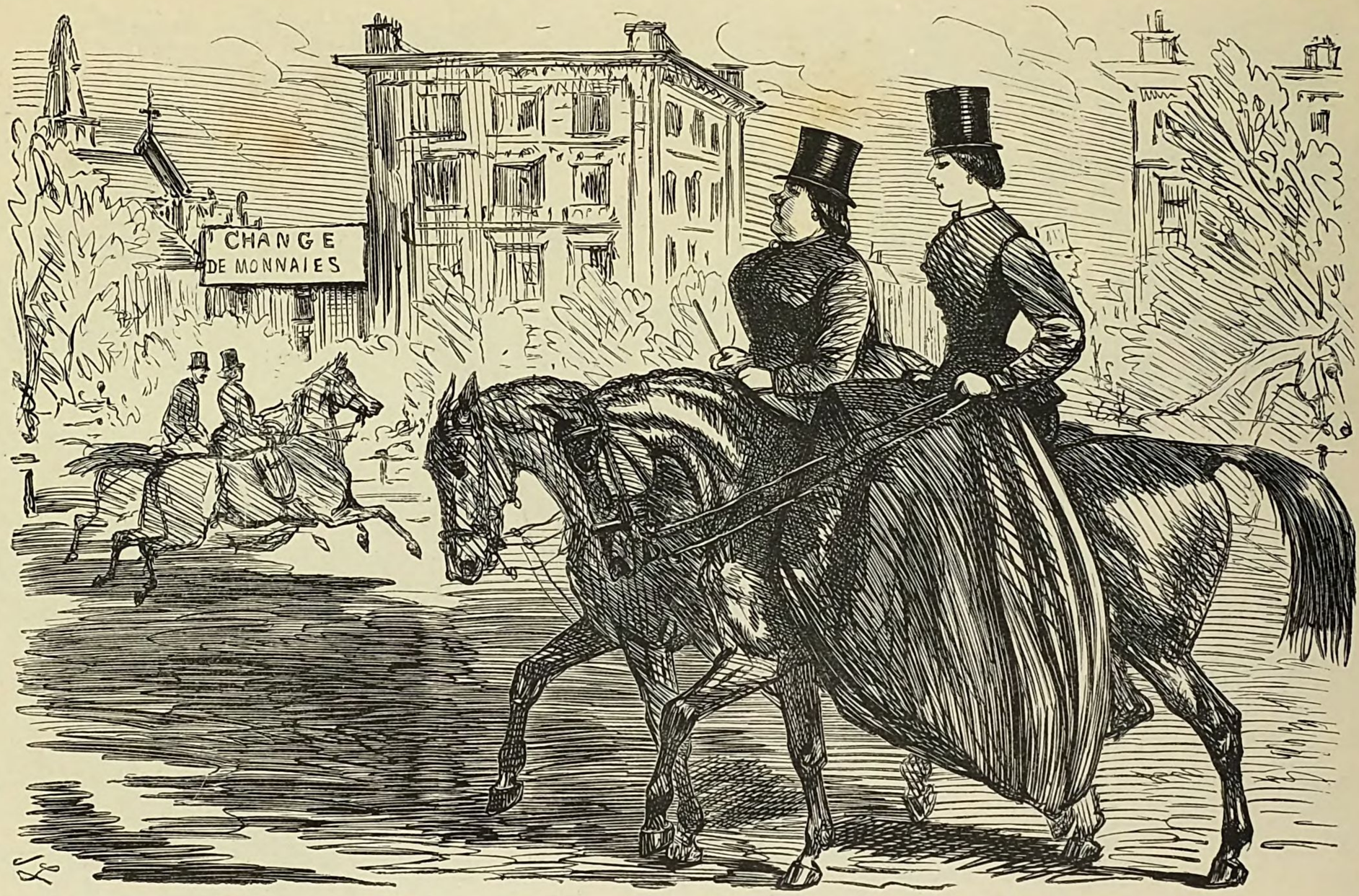
[*N.B. The Captain having scored very neatly.*



SERVANTGALISM, &c.—No. XV.

Lady. "INDEED, SMITH, I CANNOT BEAR THE LAUGHING AND NOISE DOWNSTAIRS—IT IS QUITE INTOLERABLE!"

Cook. "WELL, MAM! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO DEADEN THE SOUND; FOR THE NOISE UPSTAIRS IS EQUALLY ANNOYING TO HUS!"



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Stout Equestrian. "DO YOU KNOW, LOVE, I'M RATHER SORRY I GOT THIS HAT; FOR SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE TAKEN FOR A PRETTY HORSEBREAKER!"

FLY-FISHING.

Piscator. "NOW THEN! I THINK I SHALL GET A *RISE* HERE!"

AWFUL APPARITION!

Mrs. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel). "PRAY, MR. TOMKINS, ARE YOU NEVER COMING UP-STAIRS? HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO SIT UP WITH THAT 'WOMAN IN WHITE'?"

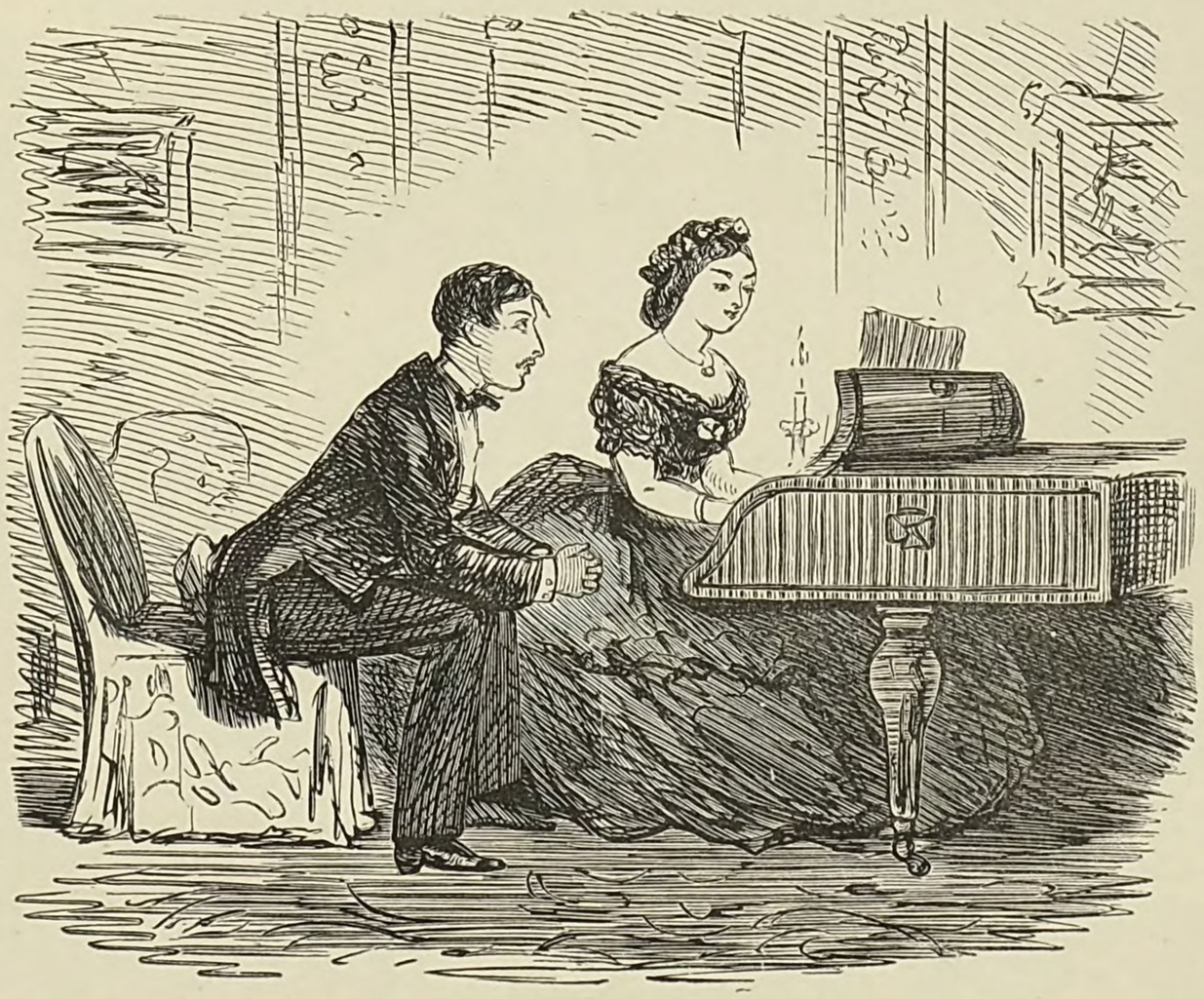
PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT.

Noble Swell (in scarlet). "HARK! BY JOVE, THAT'S A FIND!"

Party (in black). "'COURSE IT IS, MY LORD! JUST THE WAY WITH THEM 'OUNDS. DRAW—DRAW—DRAW—ALL THE MORNING, AND THEN DROP ON A FOX JUST AS VUN'S 'AVIN' VUN'S LUNCH!"

EFFECTS OF THE WEATHER ON A SENSITIVE PLANT.—No. I.

YOUNG NIMROD AS HE APPEARED BEFORE THE FROST—PERFECTLY DISENGAGED!



No. II.

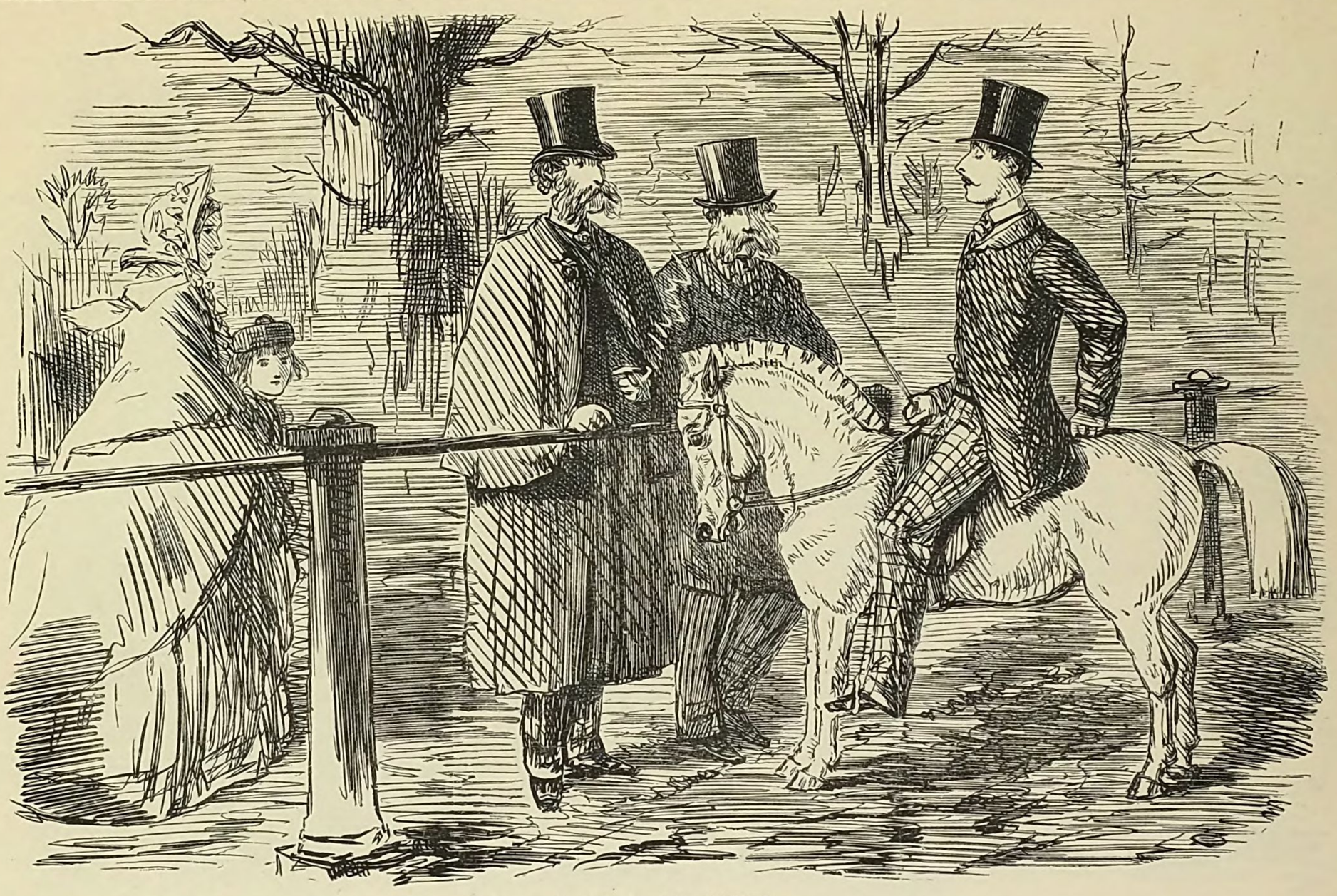
YOUNG DITTO, AFTER FOUR WEEKS' FROST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—MOST PARTICULARLY ENGAGED!

A LITTLE FAMILY BREEZE.

Mrs. T. "WHAT A WRETCH YOU MUST BE, T.! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OFF? DON'T YOU SEE I'M OVERTOOK WITH THE TIDE, AND I SHALL BE DROWNDED!"
T. "WELL, THEN—WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO KICK UP SUCH A ROW WHEN I STOP OUT LATE OF A SATURDAY?"

INFLUENCE OF THE RAILWAY ON THE RHINE.

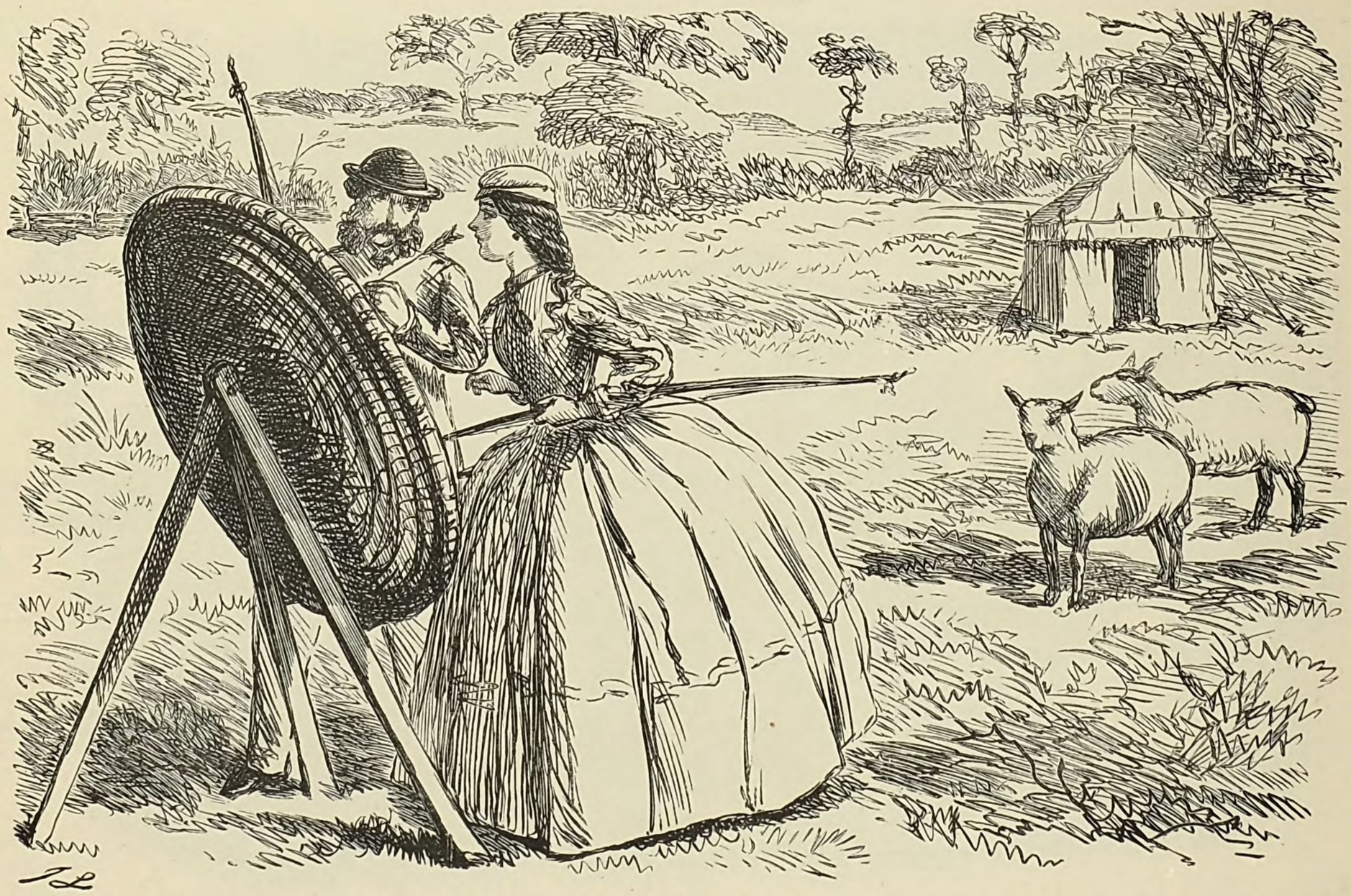
Emily. "DO LOOK HERE, ARTHUR DEAR—SUCH A LOVELY VIEW, AND SOME MORE SUCH BEAUTIFUL CASTLES!" [*Arthur gives a prolonged grunt and snore.*



A MAN OF IDEAS.

Augustus. "HAW! NEAT STYLE OF COB THAT, CHARLES!"

Charles. "YAAS! SEVERE AIN'T IT? YOU SEE I'M WEADING FOR EXAMINATION. A'VE GOT A DOOCED GOOD COACH, AND WITH CLASSICAL PONY THINK A SHALL PULL THROUGH!"



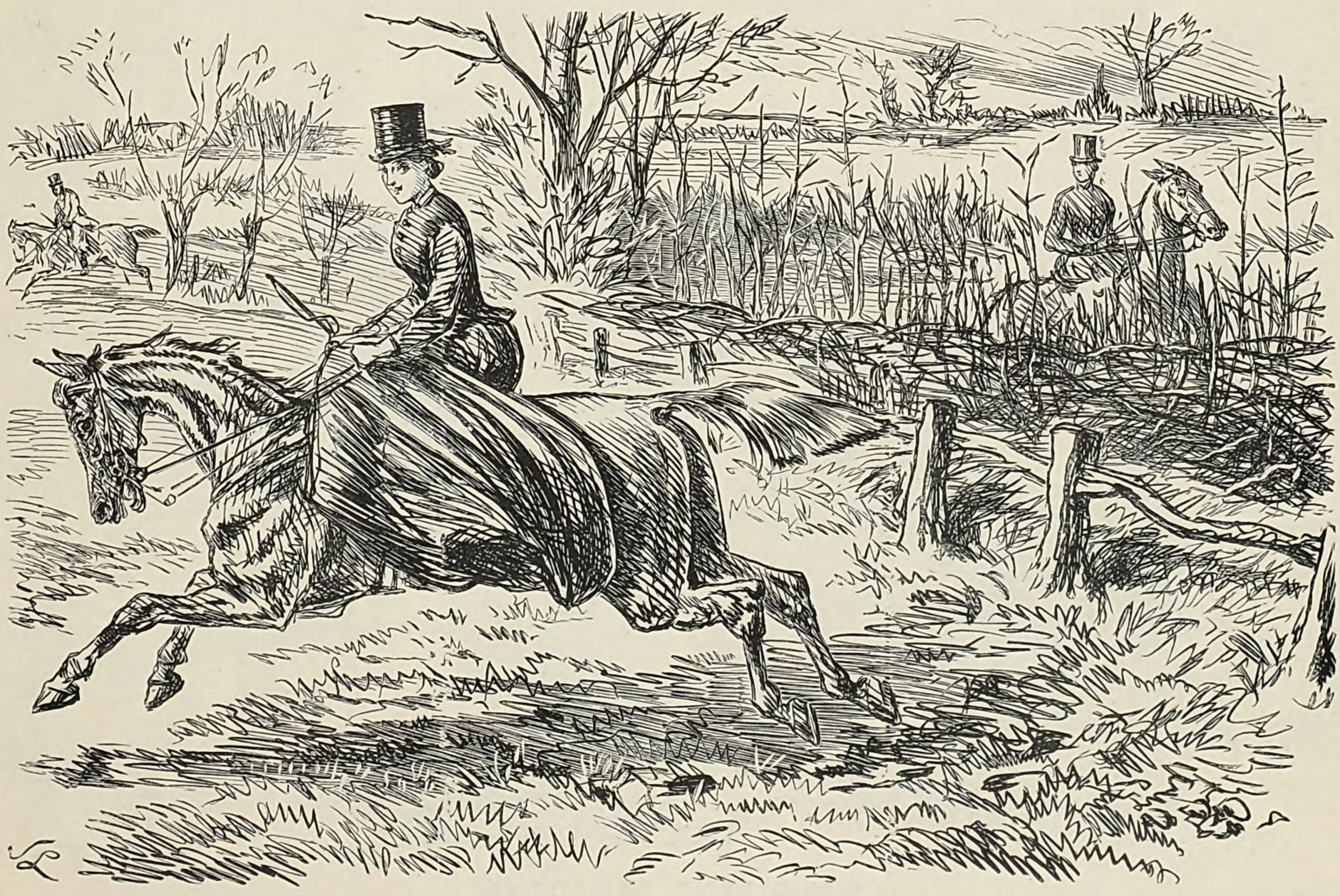
PRACTISING FOR A MATCH.

Leonora. "DEAR, DEAR! HOW THE ARROW STICKS!"

Captain Blank (with a sigh of the deepest). "IT DOES, INDEED!"

HAIR-DRESSING NOWADAYS.

Lady (looking at her watch). "DEAR ME, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO LATE. I THINK, PERHAPS, PARKER, YOU HAD BETTER GO AND DRESS THE YOUNG LADIES' HAIR." *Parker.* "OH, MAM, I DID THAT THIS MORNING, AND IT'S ON THE DRESSING-TABLE READY TO BE PINNED ON!"

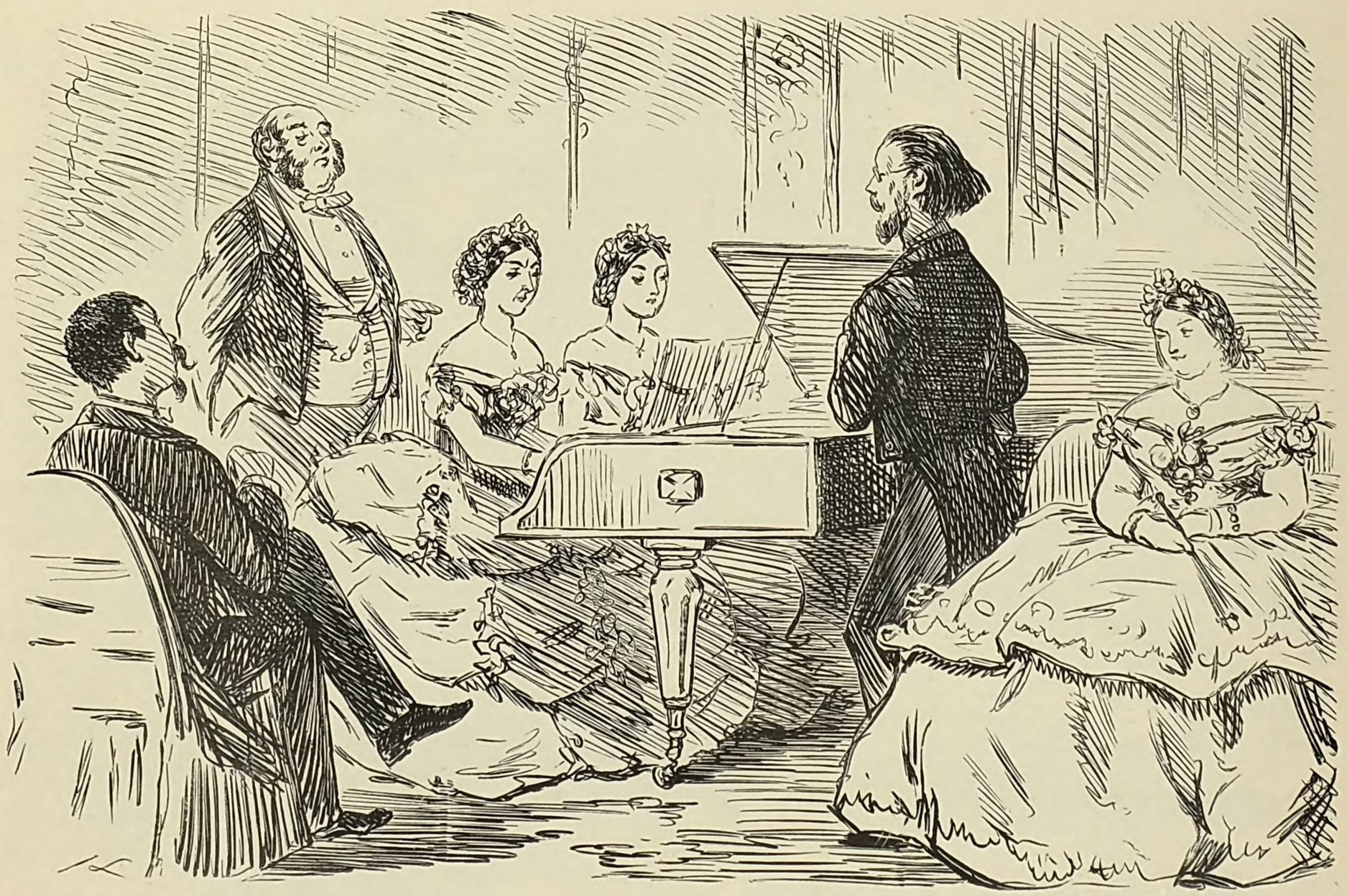


FEMININE RIVALRY.

Hard-riding Young Lady. "CUT MISS GEORGINA DOWN THAT TIME, I FANCY, AND HAVE GOT INTO THE SAME FIELD WITH GUS!"

FITTING HOSPITALITY.

LITTLE TOM NODDY, WHO IS STILL FOND OF HUNTING, HAS A DAY WITH HIS FRIEND HOLLYOAK, WHO NOT ONLY MOUNTS HIM, BUT RIGS HIM UP IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR HIM.



A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Emily (sotto voce). "MY GOODNESS, EDITH, WHAT SHALL I DO?—MY NOSE ITCHES SO DREADFULLY, AND WE ARE COMING TO THE MOST DIFFICULT PART."

A FLAGRANT ATTEMPT.

JONES PREPARES A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIS MARY ANN, AND HAS HIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT TAKEN. HE REMARKS, "'ANG IT, YOU KNOW, IF I DO HAVE MY CARTE DONE, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T 'AVE MY 'ORSE!"

USEFUL AT LAST.

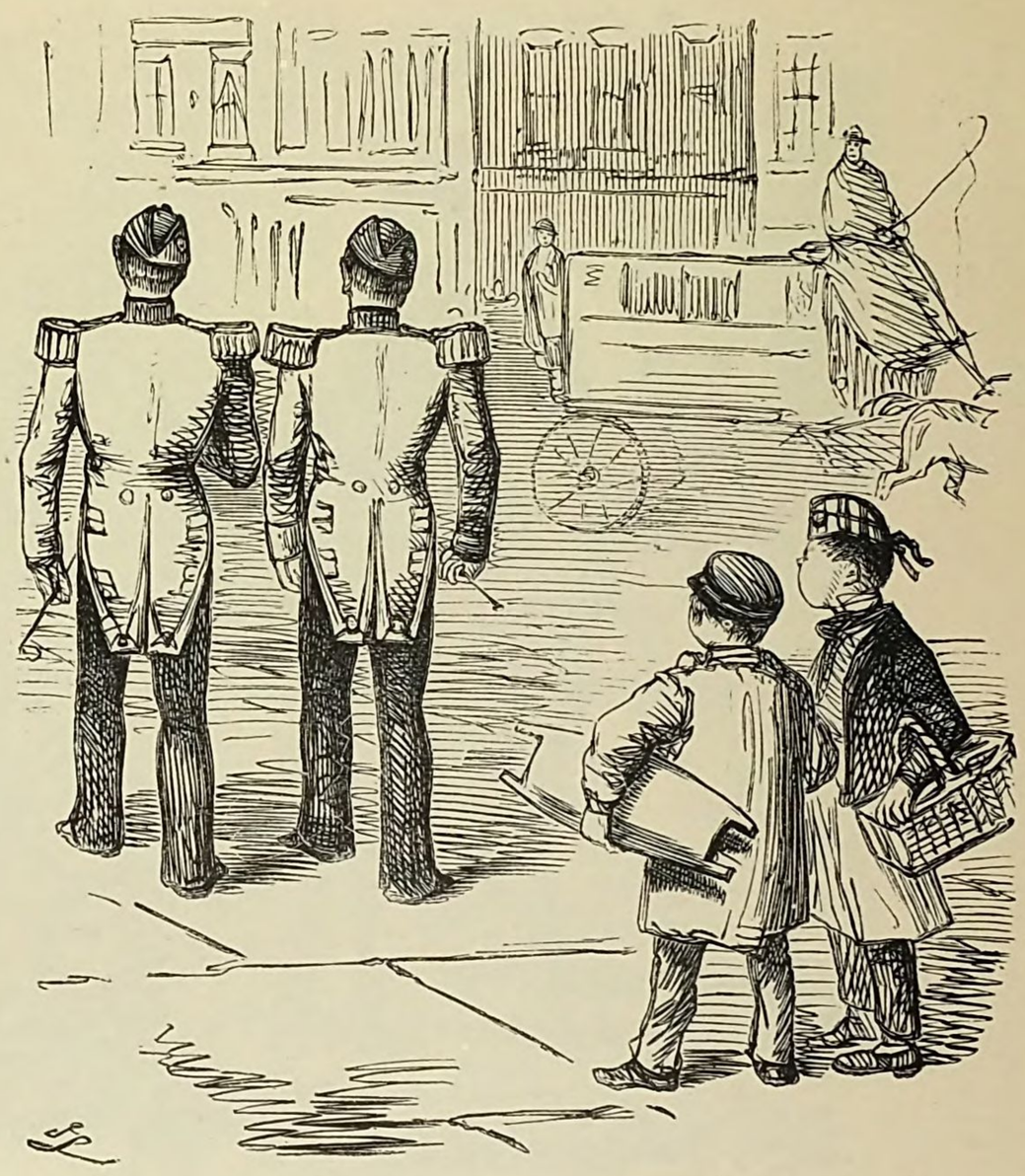
THE MODERN GOVERNESS.—A YOUNG LADY'S IDEA OF THE USE OF CRINOLINE.

VERY MUCH ALIVE.

DISCOMFITURE OF OLD MR. J—N—S, WHO, ON VISITING A PRIVATE COLLECTION, MISTAKES "PETER," THE GREAT HORNED OWL, FOR A STUFFED CAT.

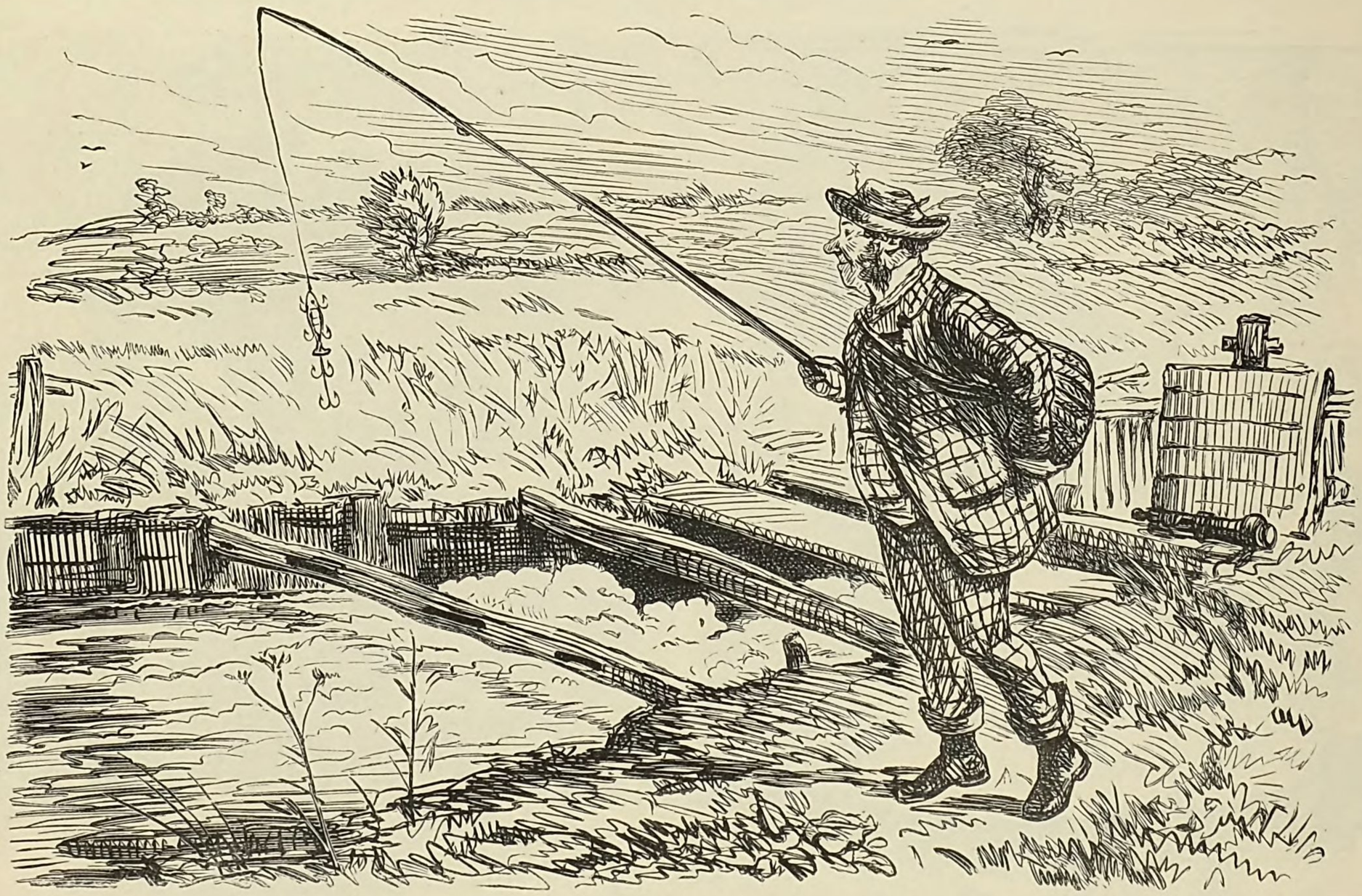
PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

Ramoneur on Donkey. "FITCH US OUT ANOTHER PEN'NORTH O' STRAWBERRY ICE, WITH A DOLLOP OF LEMON WATER IN IT."



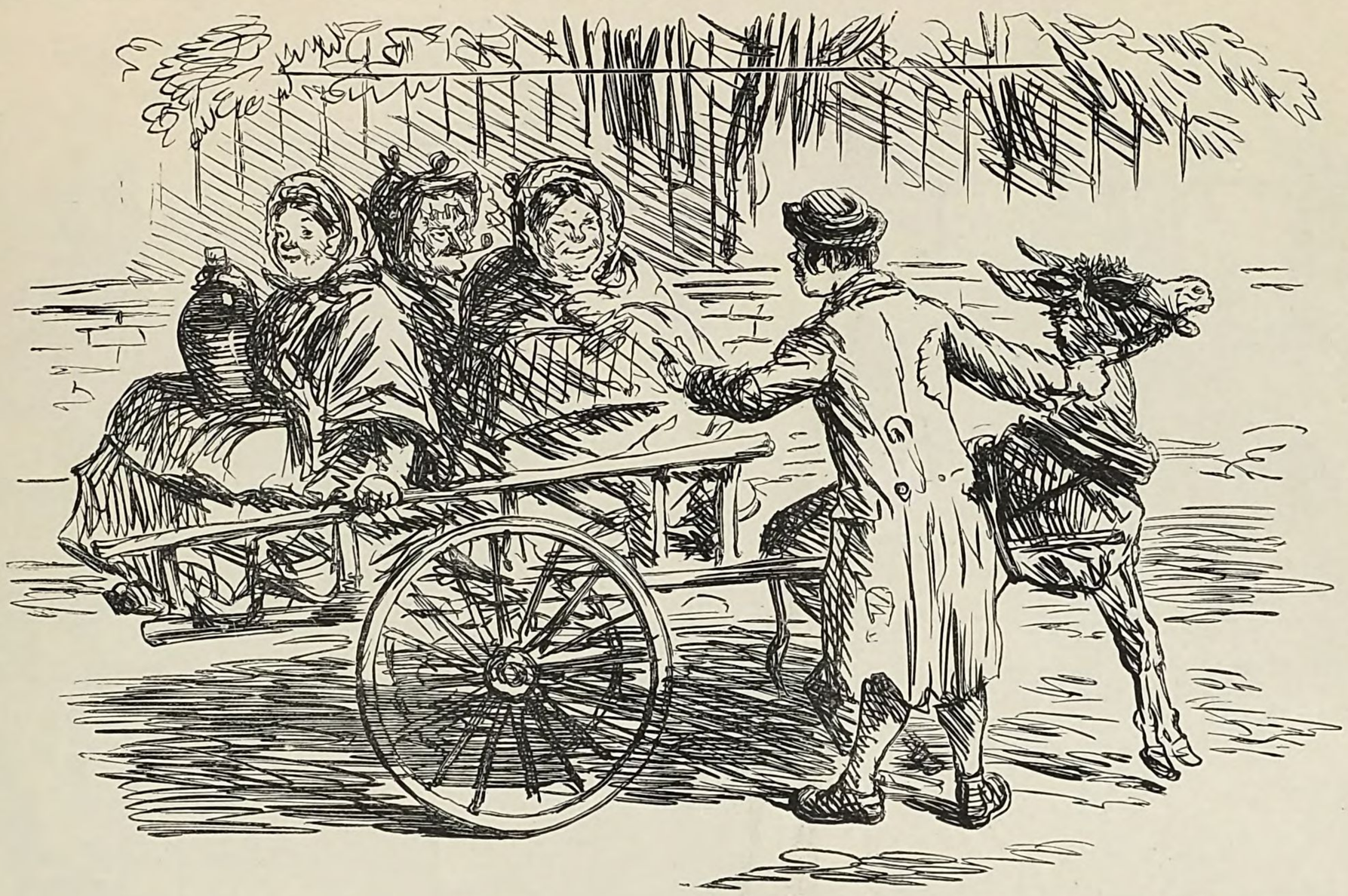
WHAT NEXT?

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT (?) IN GUARDS' OAPS.



A LIKELY BAIT.

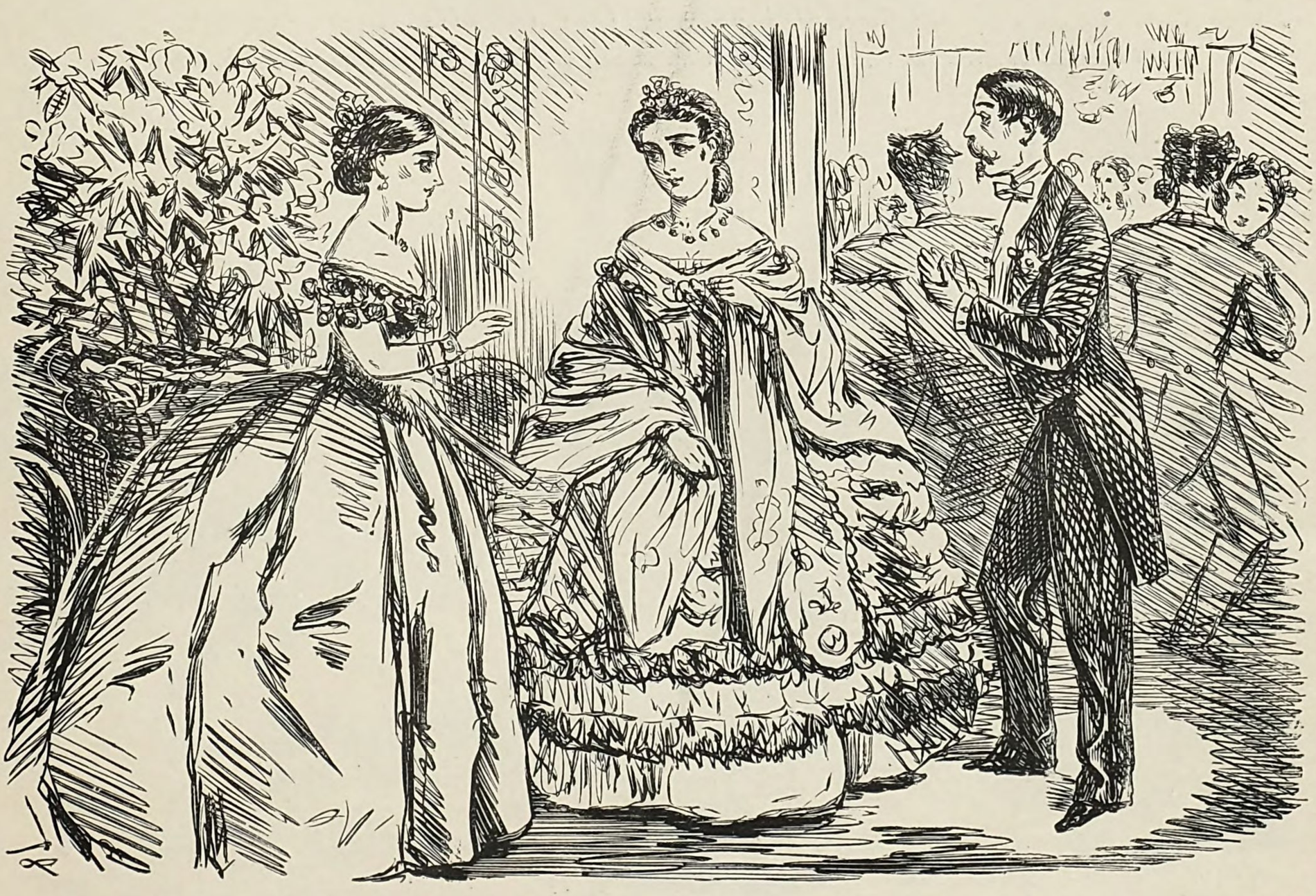
Piscator. "OHO! THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE BIG TROUT ARE, IS IT? THEN THIS IS THE SORT OF *FLY*, I THINK!"



NOTHING LIKE DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

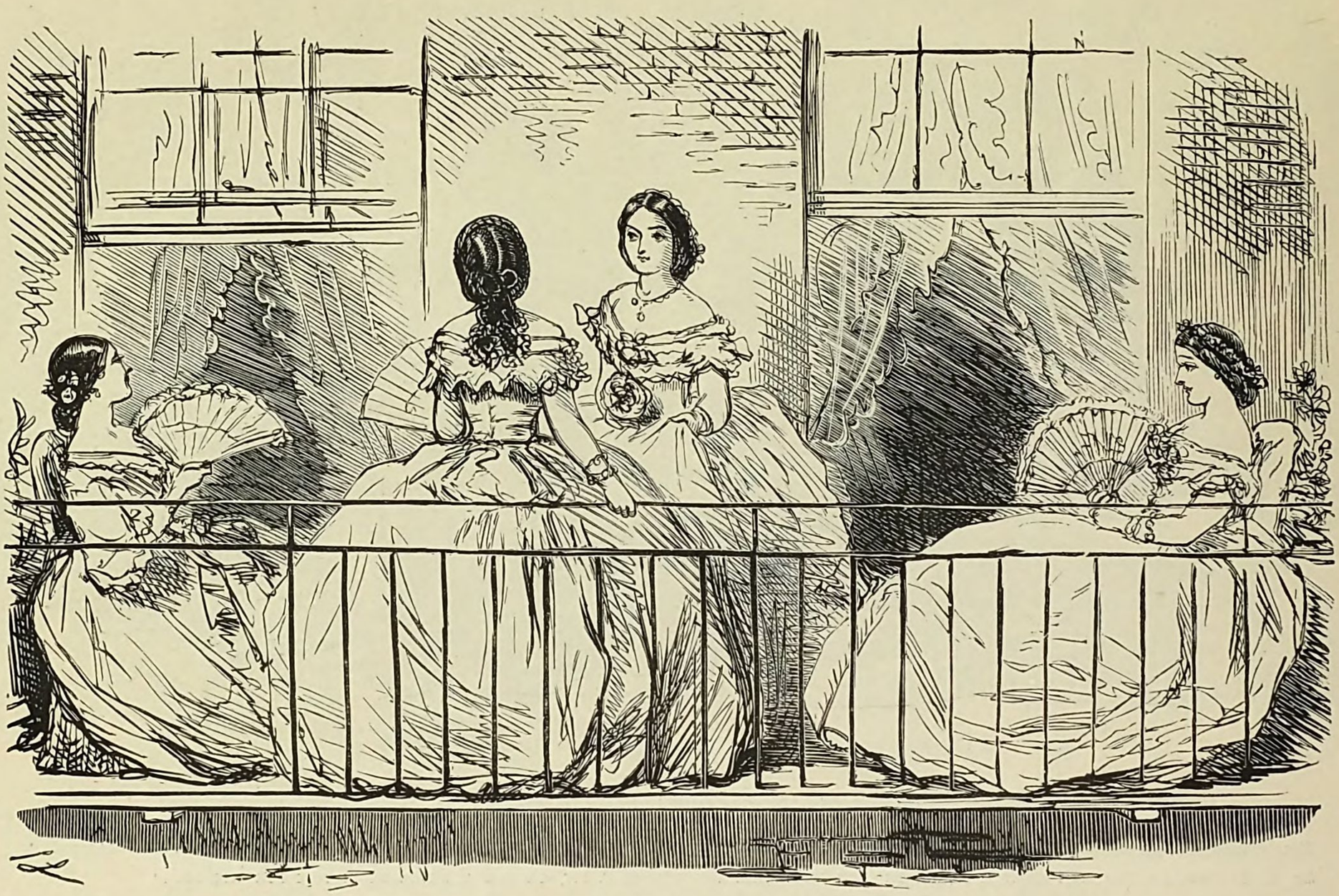
Mrs. Buncher Greens. "DONT TALK TO ME ABOUT GOING TO HEPSOM; IT AIN'T A FIT PLACE FOR FEMALES. GIVE ME HASCOT, IN YER OWN CARRIDGE."

Mr. B. G. "WELL, I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SARER—YOU MUST TRIM THE BARRER A BIT, OR YOU'LL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THE CUP!"



YET ANOTHER AMERICANISM.

"HERE, MARIA, HOLD MY CLOAK WHILE I HAVE A FLING WITH STRANGER!"



"OH, THAT I WERE IN THAT BALCONY!"

WISH EXPRESSED BY LITTLE TOM TIT, AS HE WALKED IN THE TIGHTEST OF BOOTS, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.

TO BE PITIED.

Youth. "WHAT! NO SMOKING CARRIAGE! WHY, WHAT'S A FELLAH TO DO FOR THREE HOURS?"

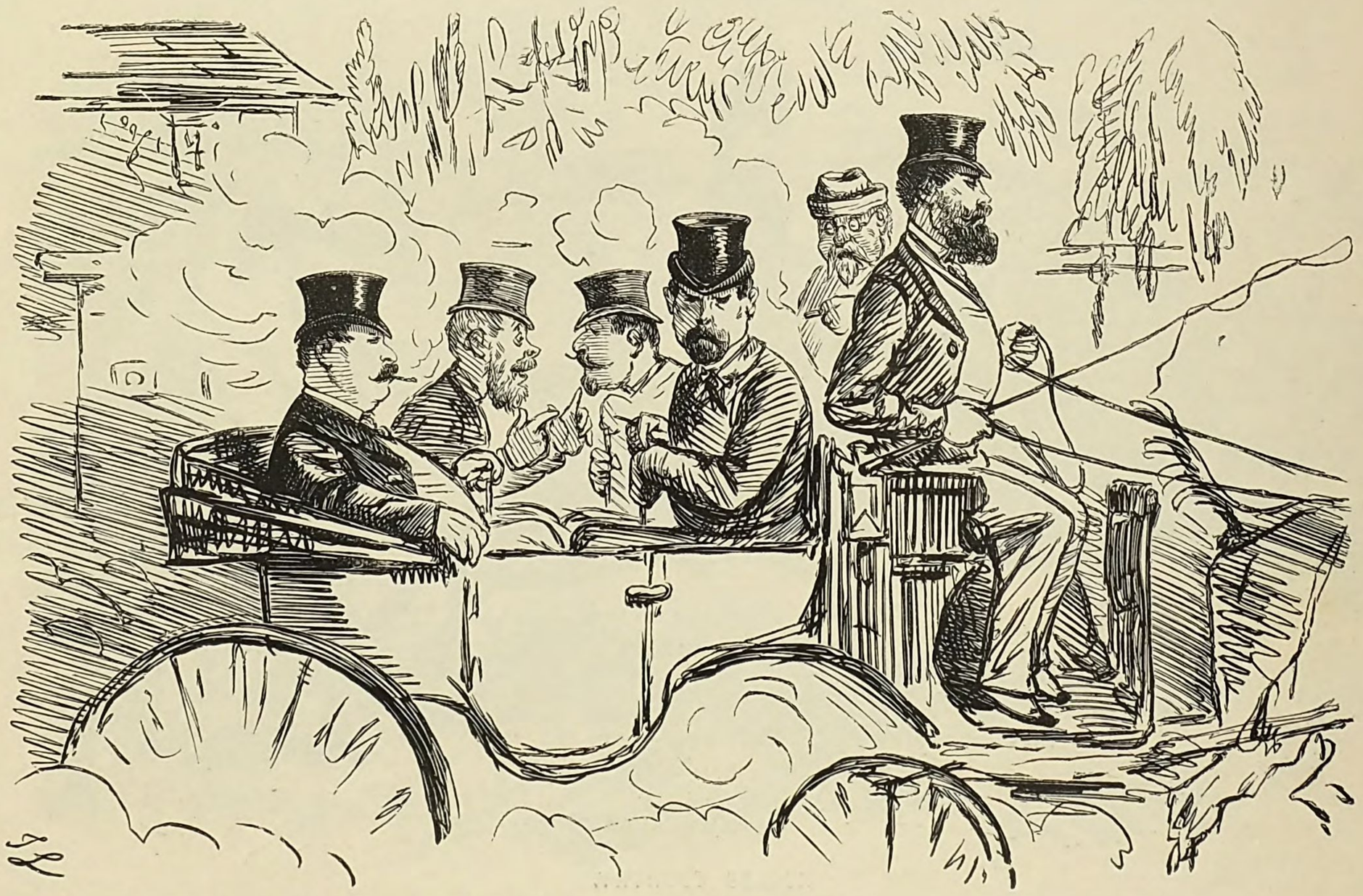
ACROSS COUNTRY.

Papa. "LUCY! HERE! HERE'S A GATE!"

Lucy. "ALL RIGHT, PAPA, DEAR. YOU GO THROUGH THE GATE. I THINK 'CRUSADER' PREFERS THE FENCE."

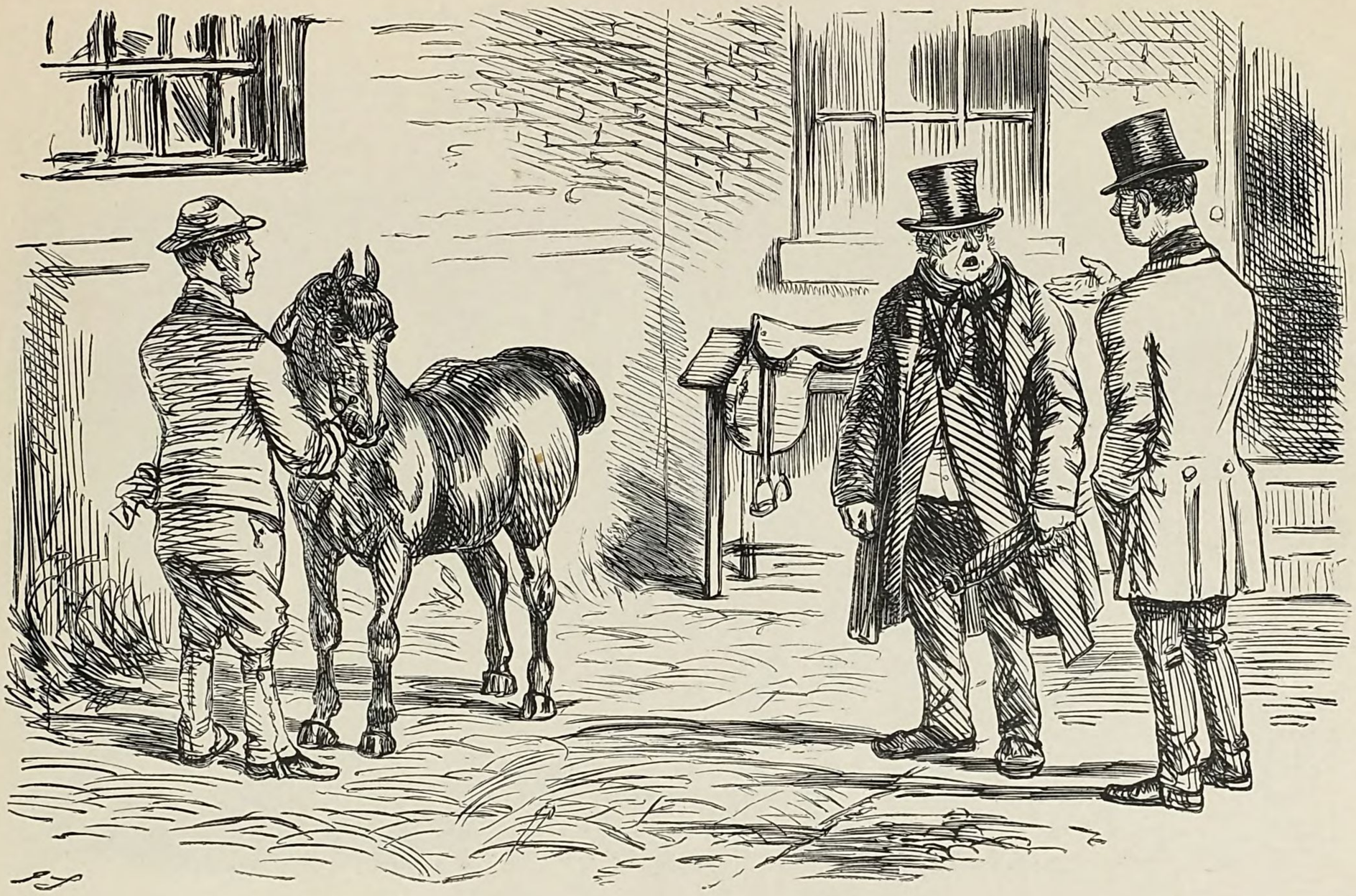
HOW TO CLEAR A CARRIAGE FOR A CIGAR.

Ferocious Looking Passenger (to Old Gent, who objects to Smoking). "THAT'S A PRETTY KNIFE; AIN'T IT? THAT'S THE SORT O' THING WE USE IN CALIFORNIA! JOLLY THING TO STICK INTO A FELLOW, EH?" [OLD GENT *fears his Companion is not "quite right," and changes his Carriage at the next Station.*



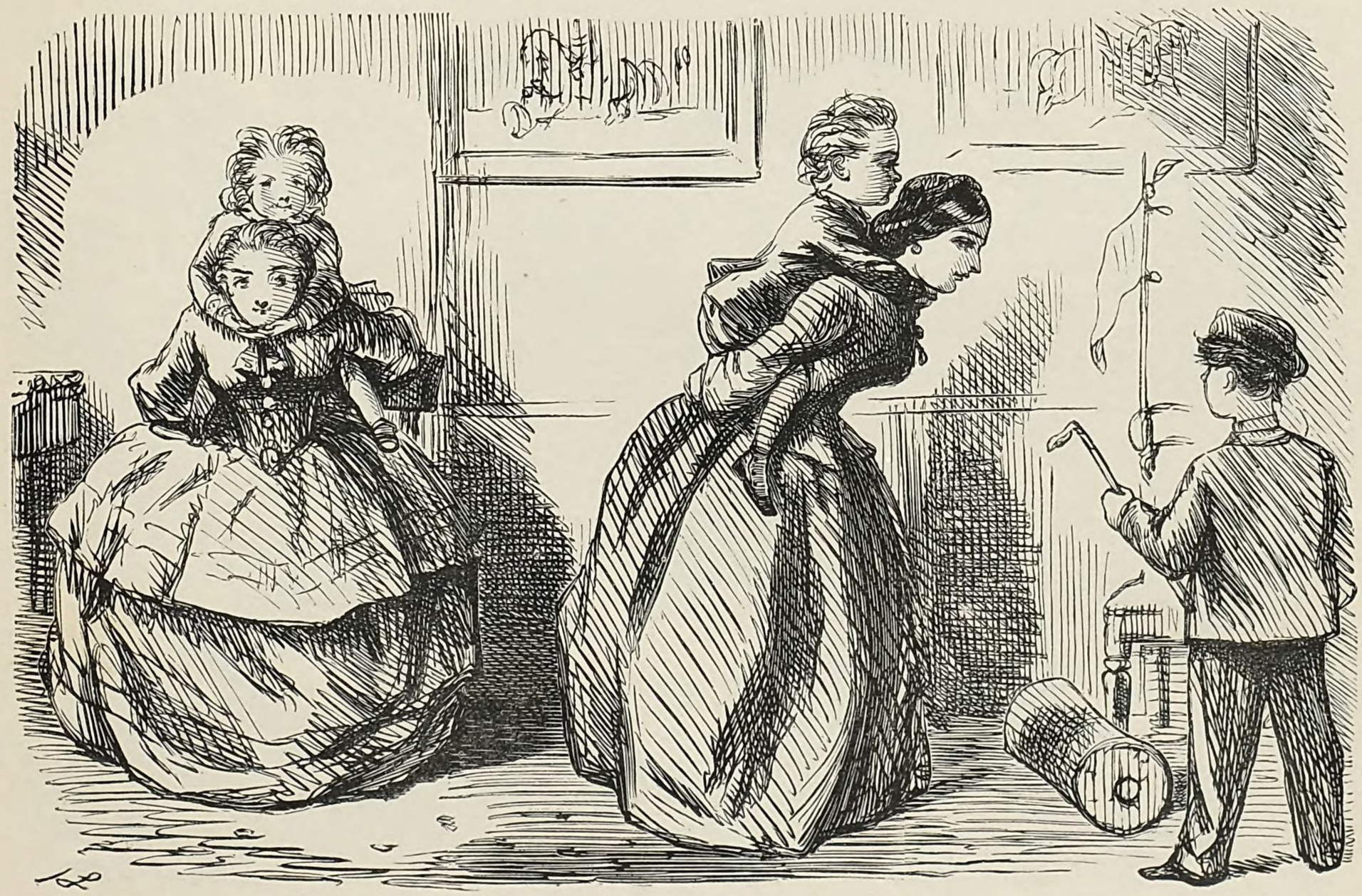
SOME MORE FOREIGN VISITORS.

WHO CAN THEY BE? CAN THEY BE "MOSSOOS" GOING TO MAKE A PROMENADE TO RICHMOND!



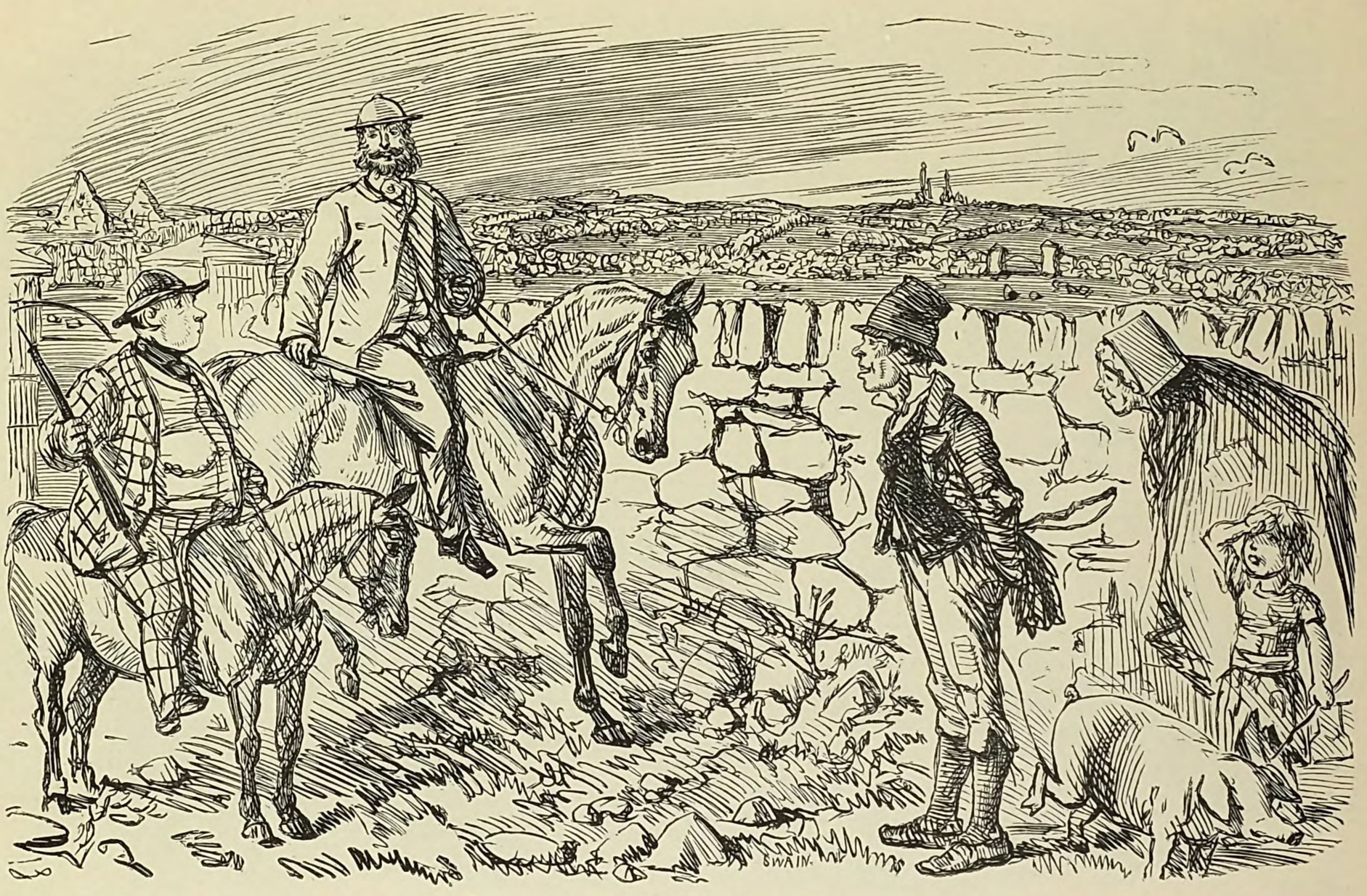
THE VERY THING.

Dealer (to Nervous Rider). "QUIET! THERE NOW! HE'S A COB AS YOU MAY JUST CHUCK YER LEG OVER, AND SPRING A RATTLE, OR FIRE OFF PISTOLS BY THE HOUR TOGETHER, AND HE WON'T TAKE NO NOTICE!"



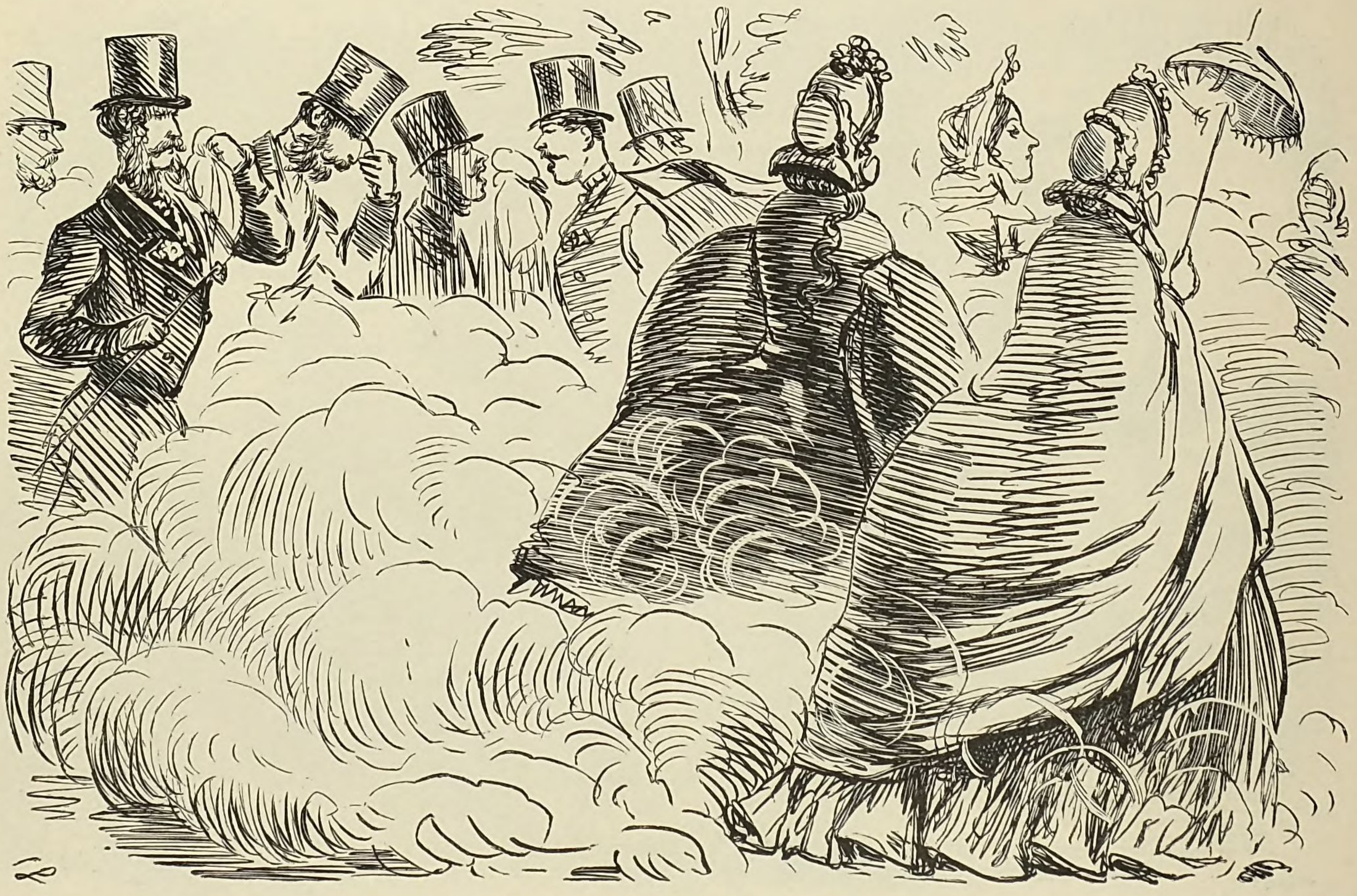
HOLIDAYS AT HOME.

GRAND NURSERY STEEPLE-CHACE.—*Steward, Clerk of the Course, &c., &c.,* MASTER TOM.



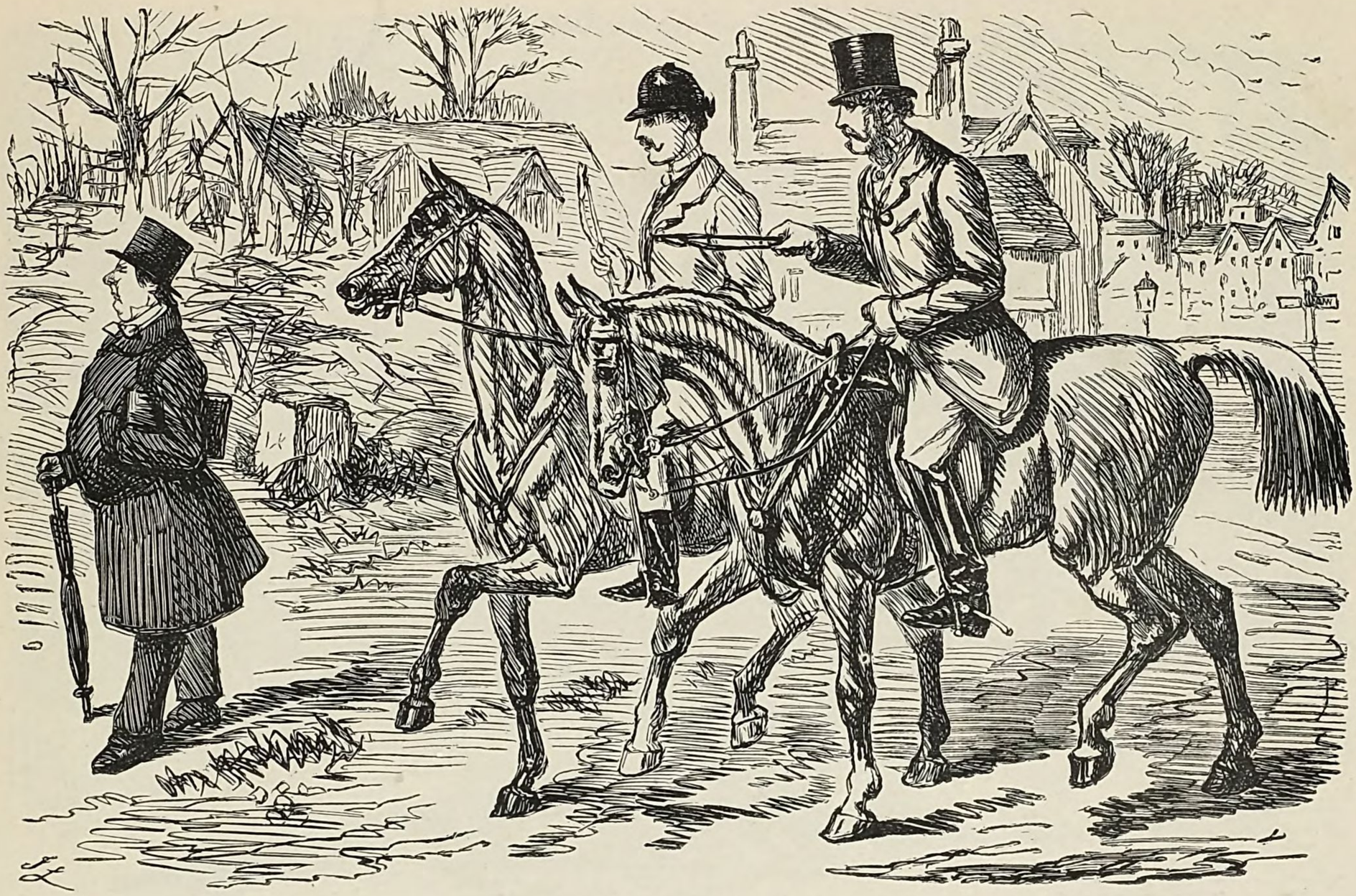
SOMETHING LIKE AN INDUCEMENT.

OUR FRIEND, BRIGGS, RECEIVES A PRESSING INVITATION TO COME OVER AGAIN TO IRELAND DURING THE HUNTING SEASON, AND HAVE A WEEK WITH THE GALWAY BLAZERS! [MR. B. *says he should like it extremely, as he has never ridden in a stone-wall country.*



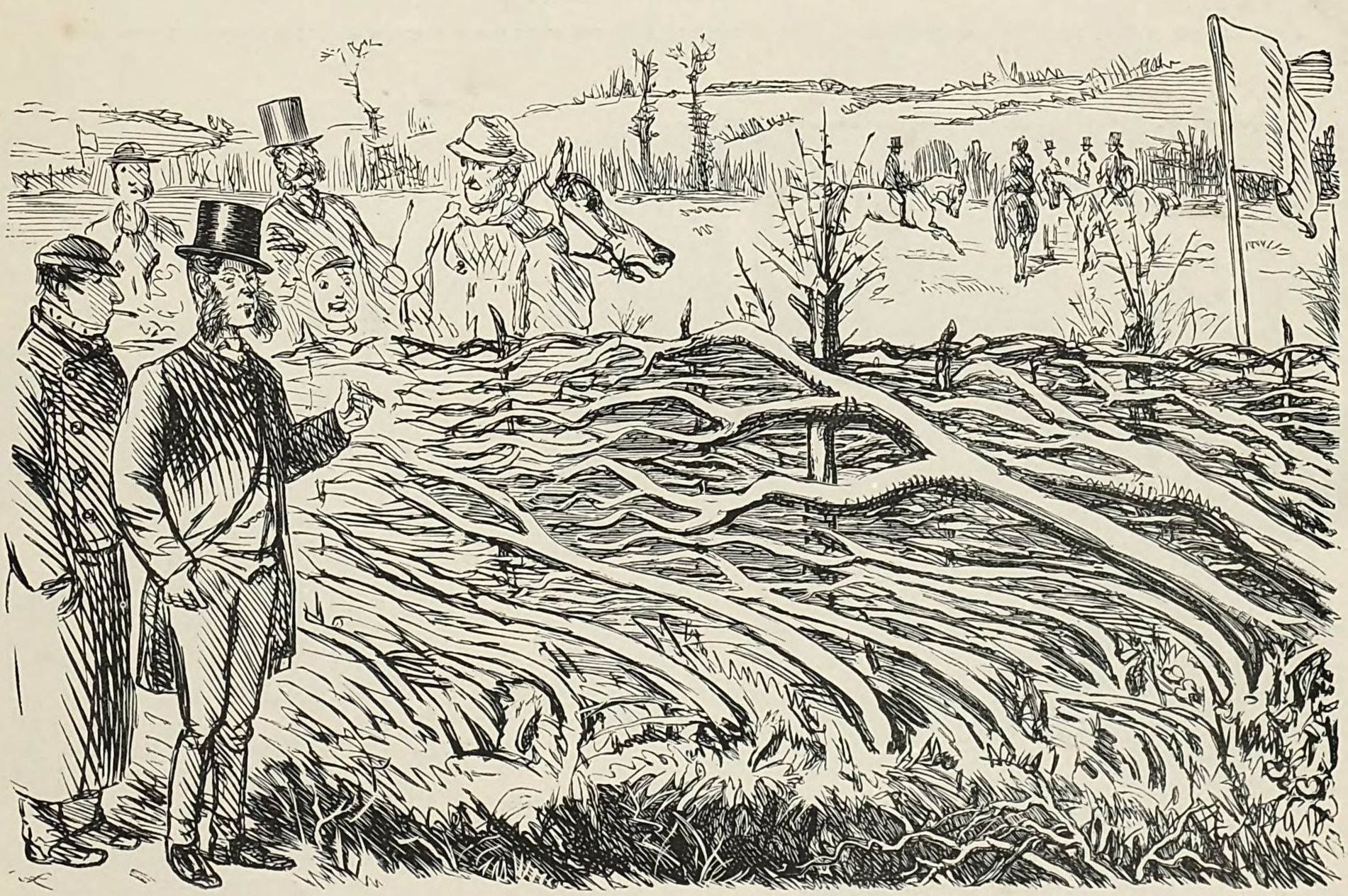
DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

(WE CAN ASSURE THE DARLINGS IT BY NO MEANS IMPROVES THEIR DEAR LITTLE ANKLES.)



THE VULPECIDE.—BASE INDEED!

Fox-Hunter. "THERE, DO YOU SEE THAT FELLOW?—WELL! TO MY CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE, HE HAS DESTROYED TWO FOXES—AND YET HE WALKS ABOUT WITH A HYMN-BOOK UNDER HIS ARM!"



A STEEPLE-CHACE STUDY.

Ossy and very talkative Party (who is not going to ride, however). "CALL THAT A FENCE! WHY, ME AND MY LITTLE PONY WOULD 'OP OVER IT LIKE A BIRD!"

A LITTLE RAILWAY DRAMA.

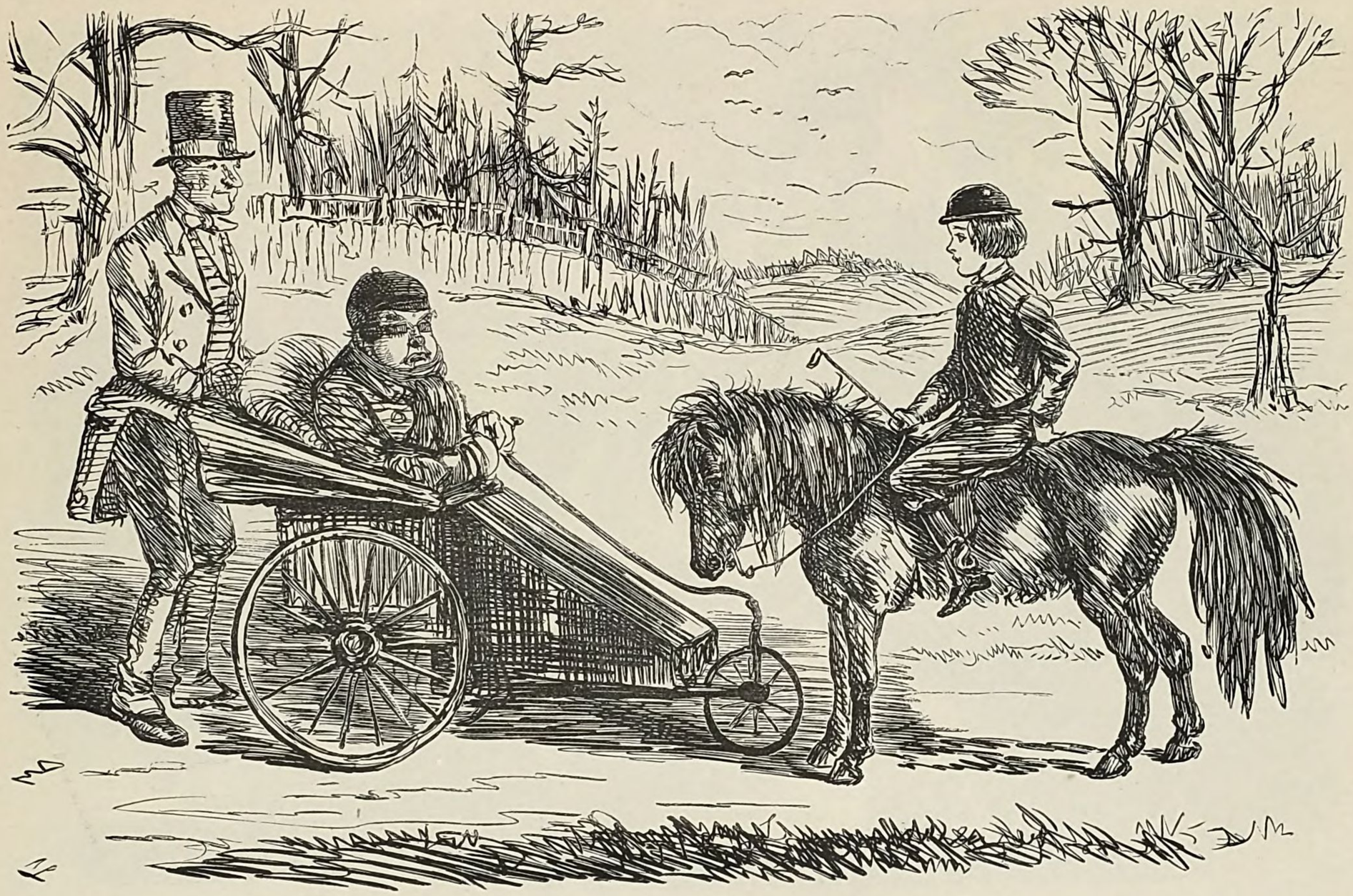
(Passenger in Train, who naturally objects to having a nasty, odoriferous, useless pet dog in the carriage, suggests to the Guard that the animal should be put in the Van.)

Stupid Old Lady (dashing out of the carriage). "DID IT, THEN, A DARLING! A PRETTY SWEET!—DID IT GET INTO A CARRIAGE WITH A BREE-UTE?

A WATERING-PLACE PLEASURE.

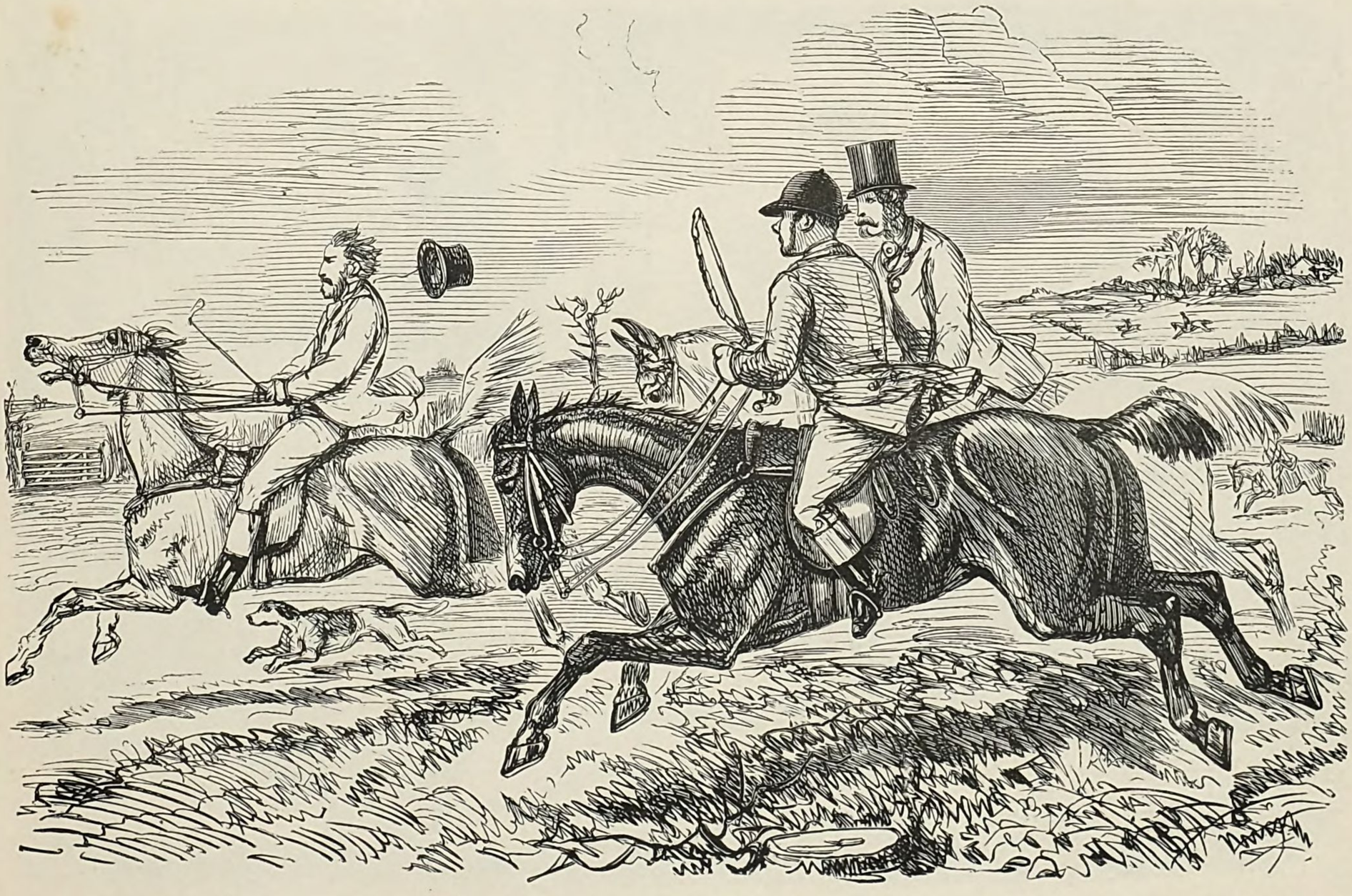
THIS IS THE EIGHTEENTH OLD FISH-FAG WHO HAS SCREAMED AND SHRIEKED, BUT BY NO MEANS THE LAST WHO WILL SHRIEK AND SCREAM, UNDER POOR OLD MR. TOMKINS'S WINDOW.

SOAP-BUBBLES!



ADVICE GRATIS.

Young Hopeful (to Old Indian, whose digestion isn't first-rate). "I TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE, I'D RECOMMEND YOU TO GO WITH ME ACROSS COUNTRY THREE TIMES A WEEK. IT WOULD SOON PUT YOU TO-RIGHTS!"



A KNOWING ANIMAL.

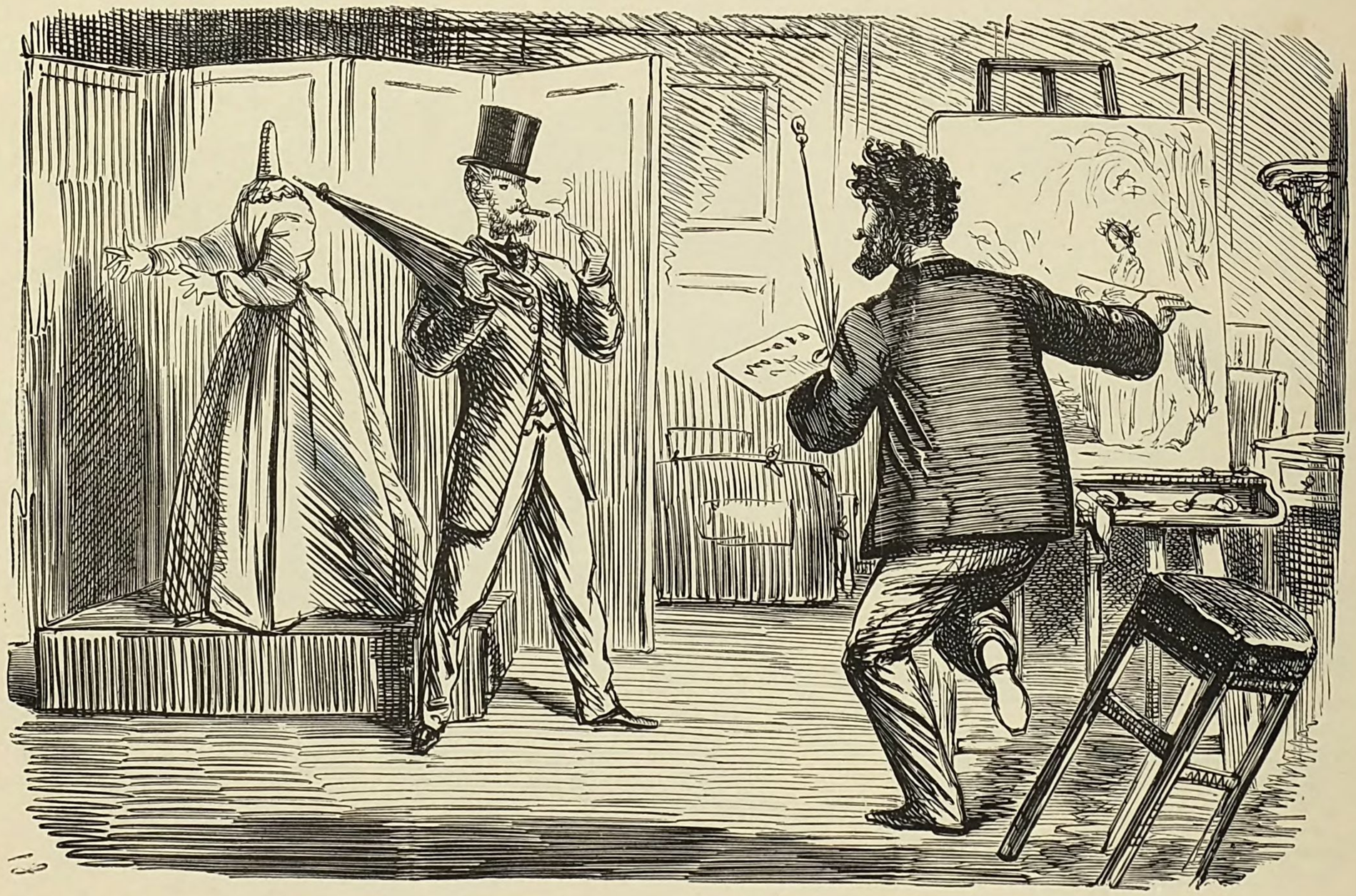
"THE CHESTNUT HAS SURELY BOLTED, JOE?"

"AY! AY! SIR, HE B'LONGED TO A COSSACK IN THE CRIMEA, AND THERE AIN'T NO HOLDING OF HIM WITH BRITISH CAVALRY IN HIS REAR."

A MAN OF DISCRIMINATION.

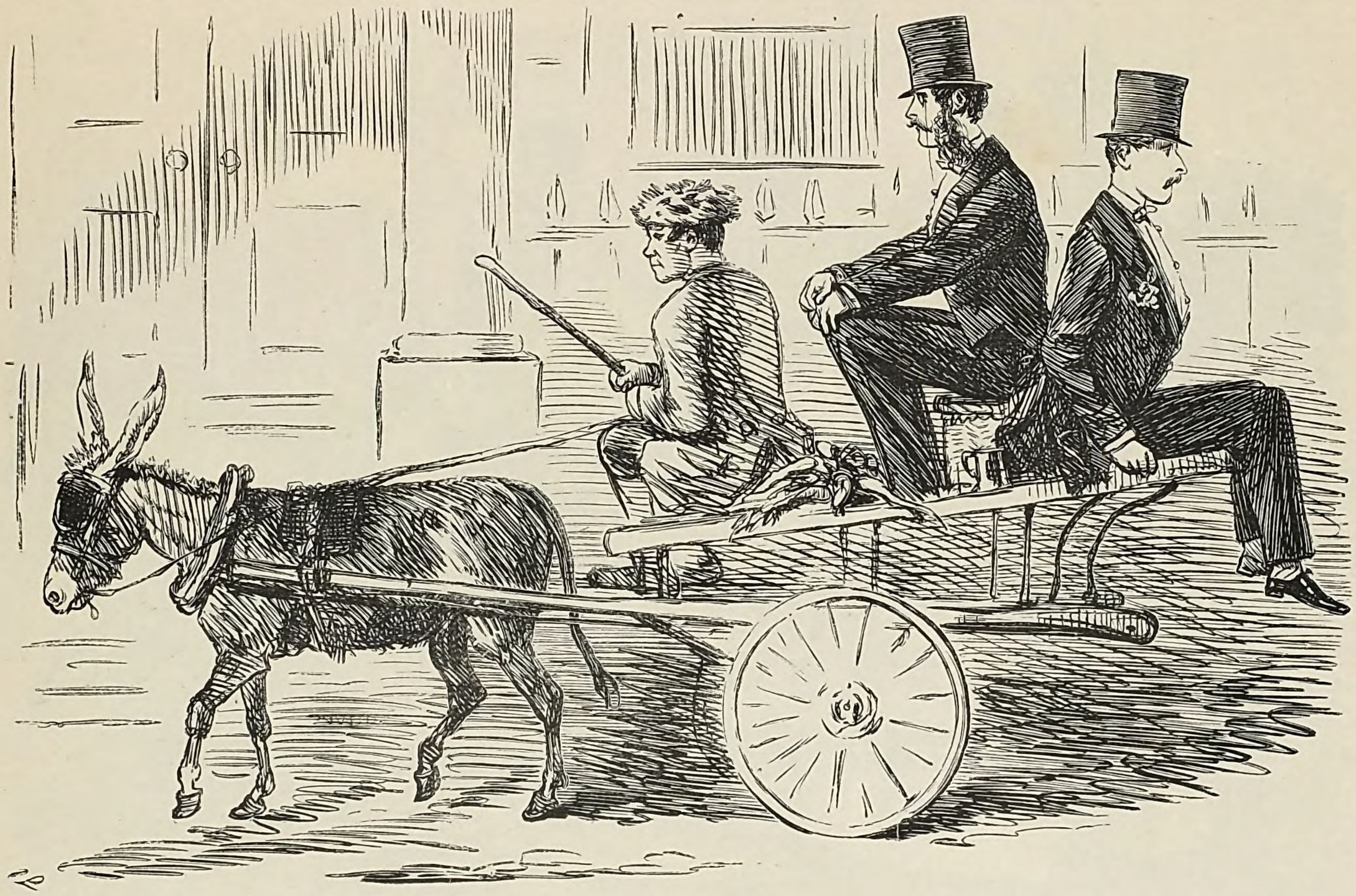
First Juvenile. "MY WORD, FRED! ISN'T BESSIE TRAVERS A STUNNING GIRL?"

Second Ditto. "WELL, FOR MY PART, I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT CHITS. NOW THE MOTHER'S A FINE WOMAN, IF YOU LIKE. SHE'S MORE IN MY WAY!"



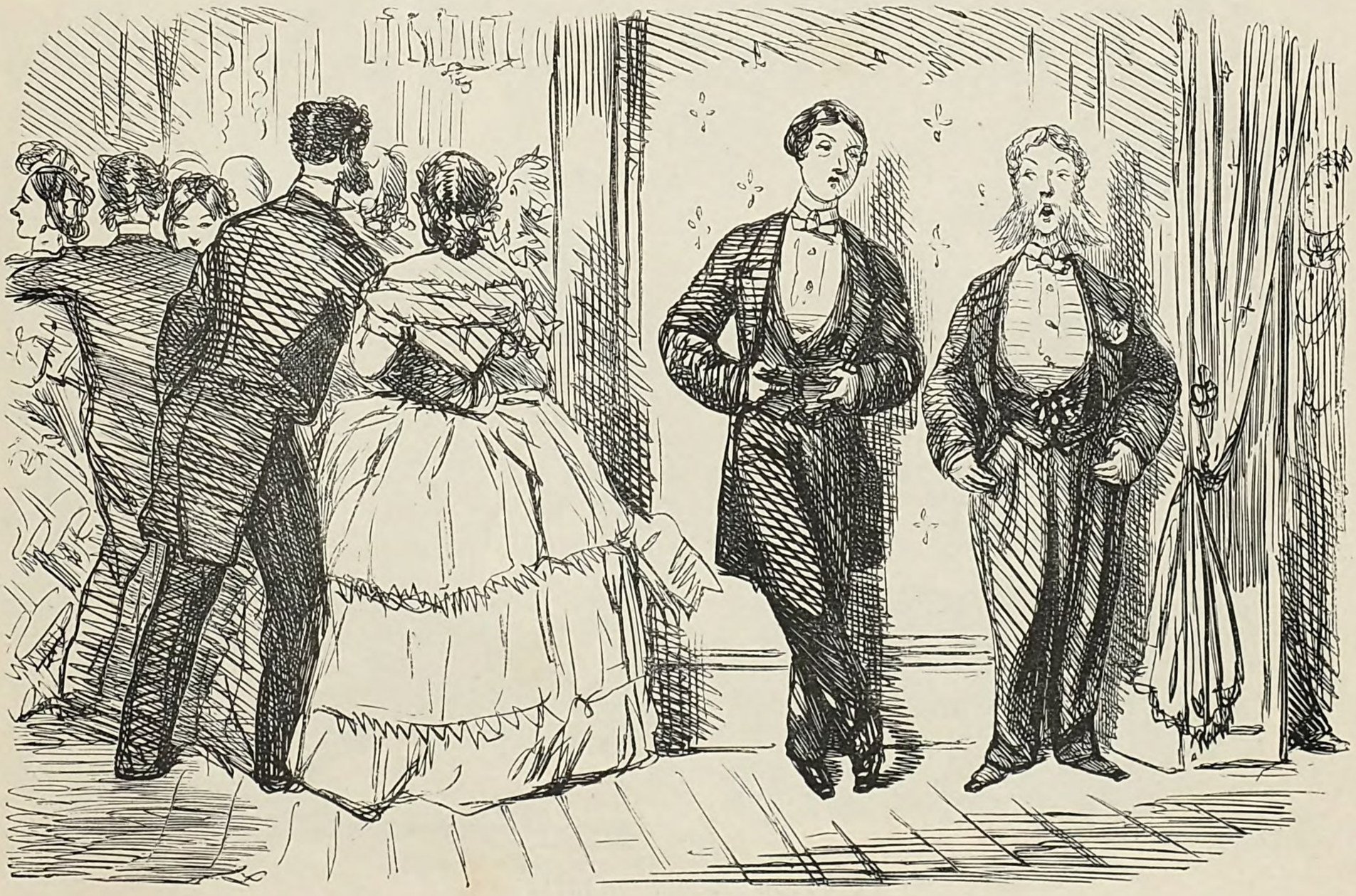
A VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

Mr. Ochre (through whose frame a thrill of horror is supposed to be passing). "UGH! MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT, CHARLEY. MIND MY OPHELIA; MIND MY OPHELIA! YOU'LL KNOCK HER OVER, AND SPOIL ALL HER FOLDS!"



A PRETTY EXHIBITION NEAR BROMPTON.

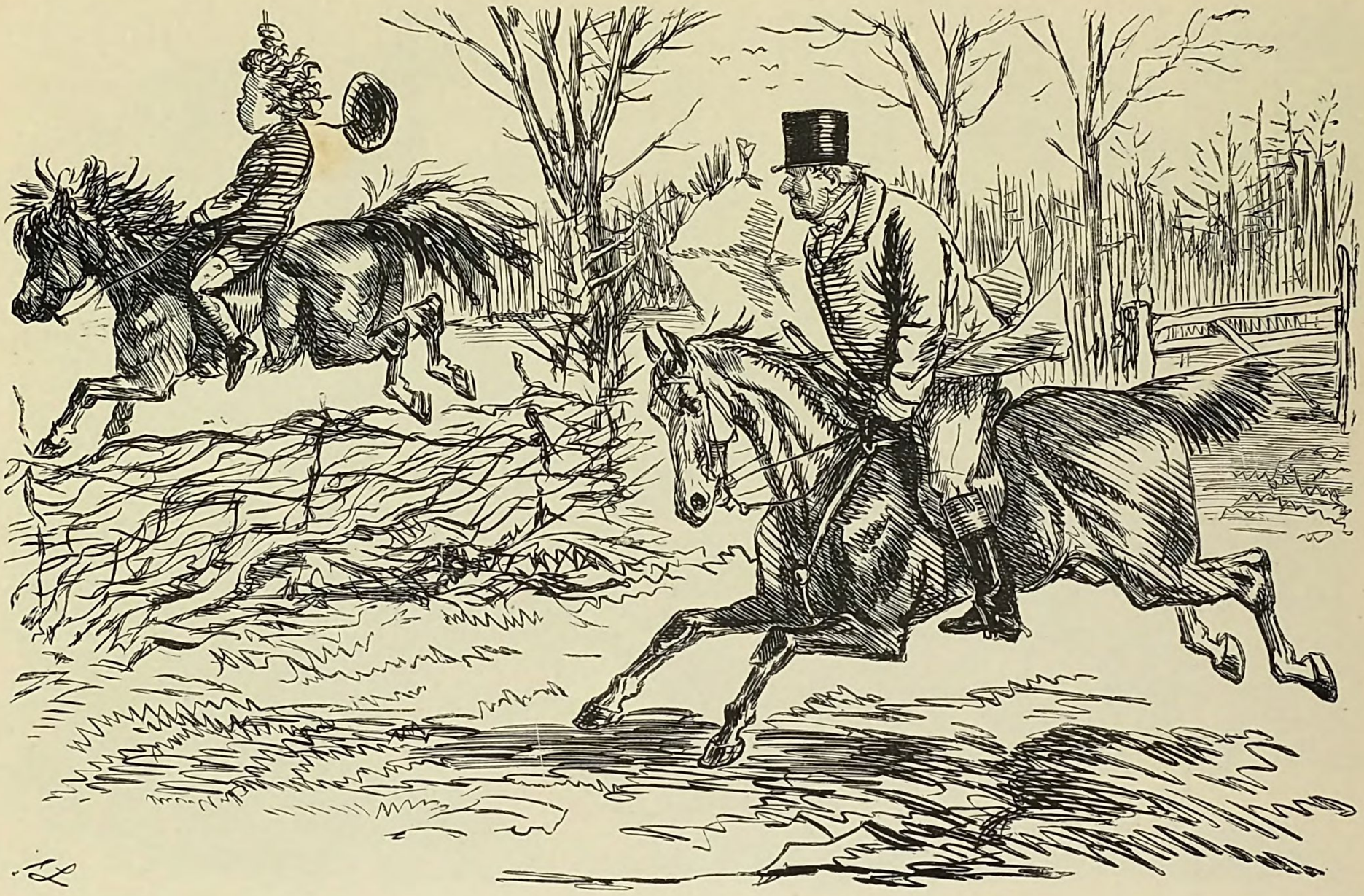
THIS IS THE WAY THOSE POOR YOUNG SWELLS, HIPPS AND FIPPS, ARE OBLIGED TO GO OUT TO DINNER, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SCARCITY OF THE CABS.



AN OBJECT OF ATTRACTION.

First Elegant Creature. "A—DON'T YOU DANCE, CHARLES!"

Second Ditto, Ditto. "A—NO—NOT AT PWESENT! I ALWAYS LET THE GIRLS LOOK AND LONG FOR ME FIRST!"



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Grandpapa. "BLESS HIS HEART—JUST LIKE ME!—SPARE THE *NIM*ROD—SPOIL THE CHILD, I SAY."

POOR COUSIN CHARLES!

Juvenile. "WHY DO THEY CALL THOSE THINGS COUSIN CHARLES SMOKES CIGARETTES? EH, POLLY?"

Polly. "WELL, DEAR; BECAUSE THEY ARE LITTLE CIGARS, I SUPPOSE!"

Juvenile. "OH THEN, WOULD COUSIN CHARLES BE CALLED A CAPTAINETTE, BECAUSE HE'S A LITTLE CAPTAIN?"

[JONES, *who is a Volunteer, but is six feet high, twirls his moustachios with mild complacency.*

THE BALL.

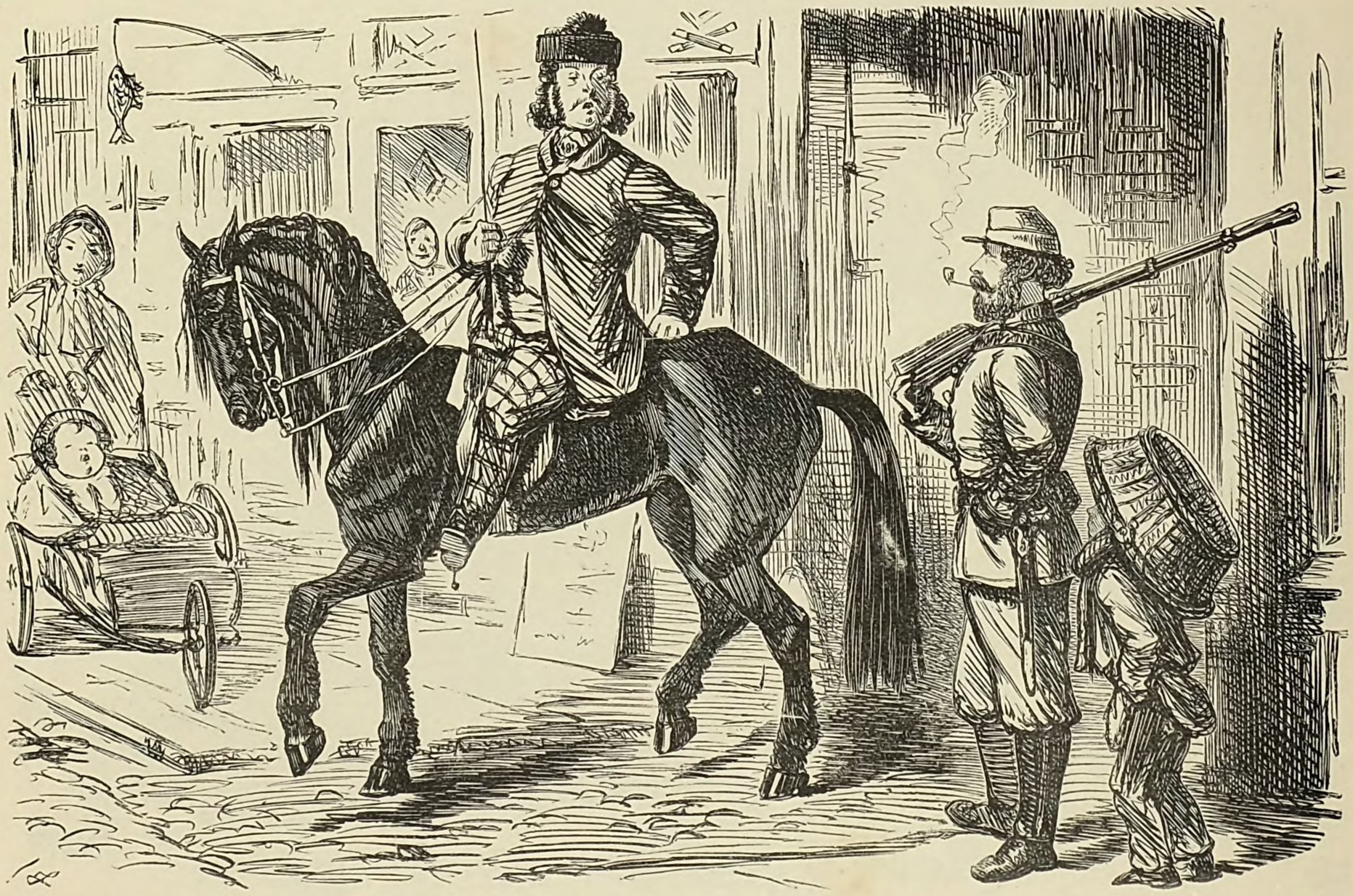
HARRY BULLFINCHER, WHO IS EVER SO MUCH BETTER ACROSS COUNTRY THAN WHEN HE MIXES IN THE MERRY DANCE (ESPECIALLY AFTER SUPPER) HAS COME TO GRIEF OVER A STOOL DURING A POLKA, AND IS SHOUTING FOR SOME ONE TO *"CATCH HIS HORSE!"*

THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Enthusiastic Nimrod. "THERE'S ANOTHER THING TOO ABOUT FOX-HUNTING WHICH I ALWAYS THINK DELIGHTFUL—YOU COME UPON SUCH PICTURESQUE NOOKS AND CORNERS. NOW, WHO WOULD EVER THINK OF COMING OUT HERE FOR A *MERE WALK!*"

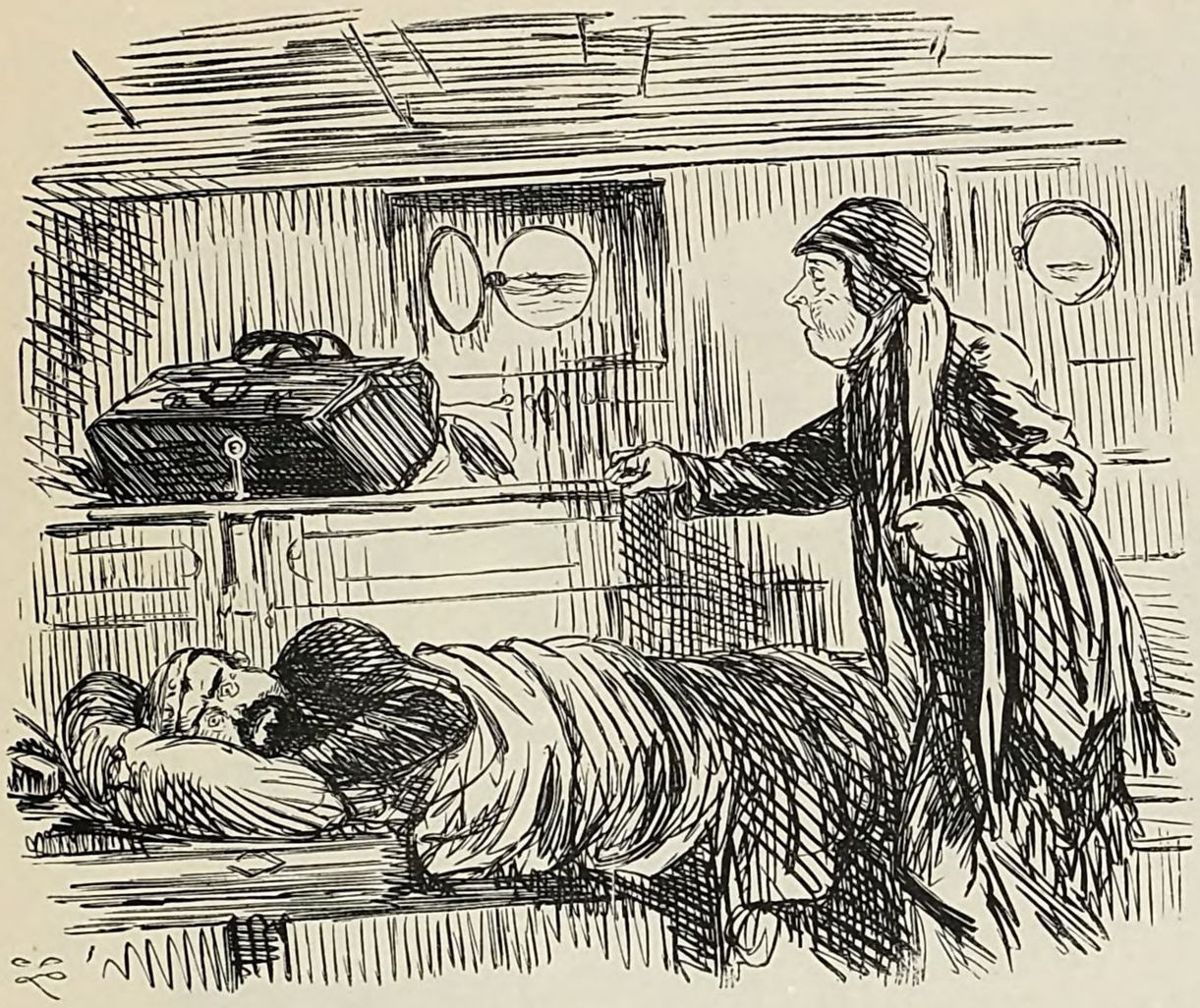
PREPARED FOR GAROTTERS.

GOING OUT TO TEA IN THE SUBURBS.—A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.



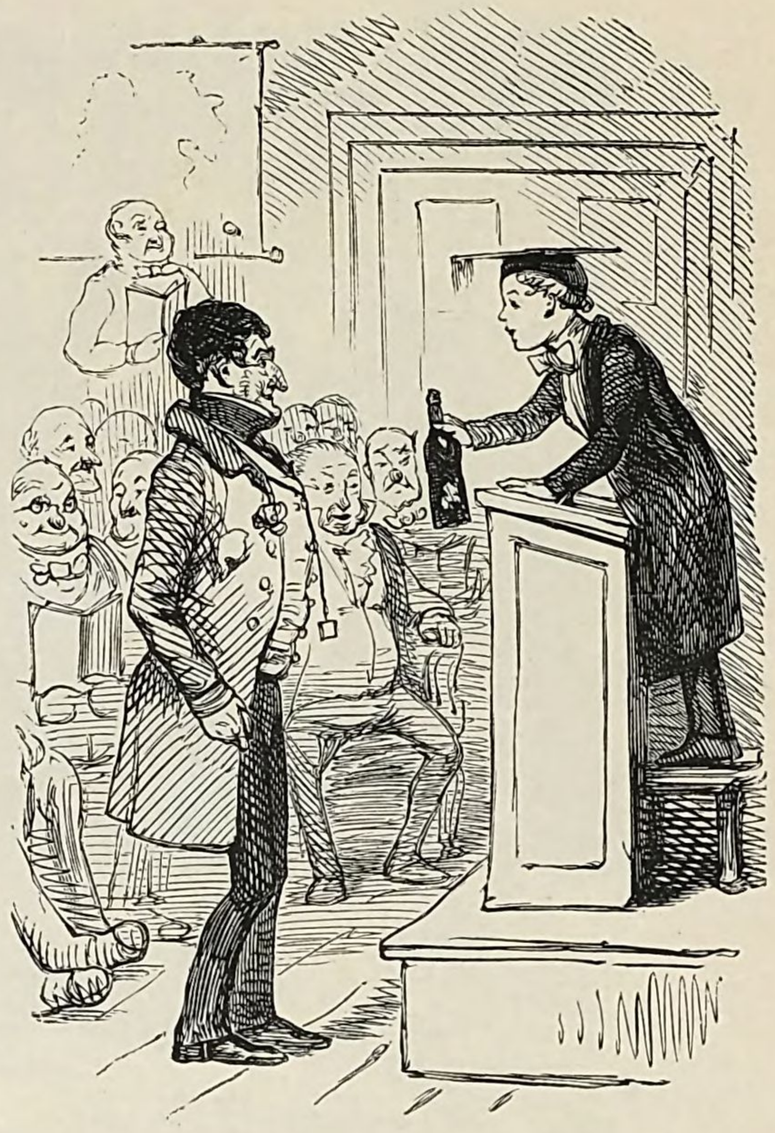
SNOOKS HAS JOINED A RIFLE CORPS.

Snooks. "SPLENDID CREECHUR—AIN'T HE? BLESS YOU, HE'S A PERFECT BROKE CHARGER. WAS IN THE HORSE GUARDS ONCE. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM IN HIS ACCOUTREMENTS. *GOES IN HARNESS TOO, I BELIEVE!*"



FELLOW MARTYRS.

OLD MR. SQUEAMISH, WHO HAS BEEN ON DECK FOR HIS WRAPPER, FINDS HIS COMFORTABLE PLACE OCCUPIED BY A HAIRY MOSSOO!



A SCHOOL FOR OLD GENTLEMEN.

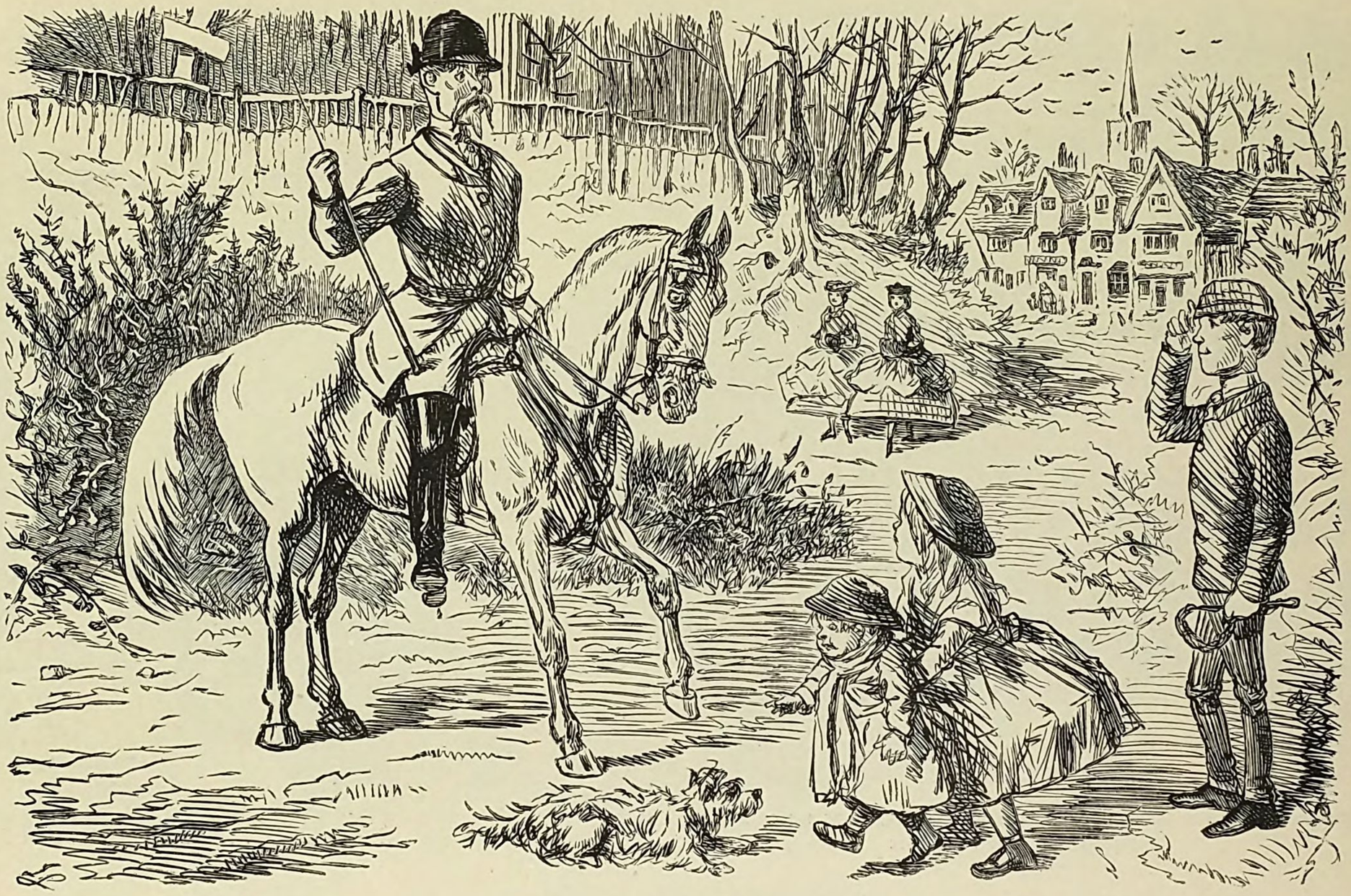
CRUEL JOKE AT A FÊTE.

Horrid Boy (to his Cousin). "I SAY, ROSE! WASN'T THAT MAJOR DE VERE WHO JUST LEFT YOU?"

Rose. "YES!"

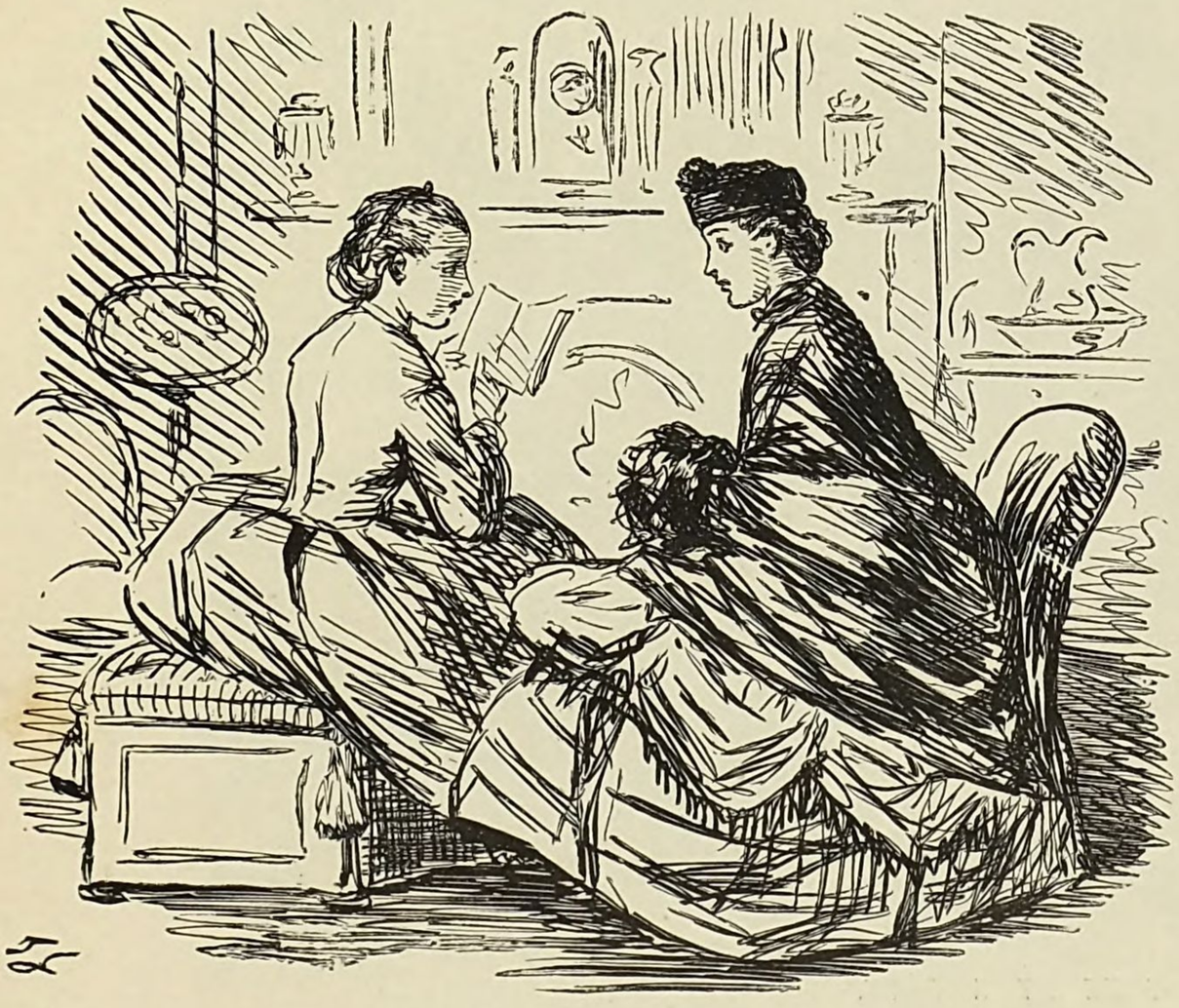
Horrid Boy. "AH, THEN, I THINK HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT A TREMENDOUS BLACK SMUDGE YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR NOSE!"

[N.B.—Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking-glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.



VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop Hounds.) "AHA! NO HONT ZIS MORNING—MON DIEU!—ZEN ZERE IS NO DOG'S MEET TO-DAY!"



THE SENSATION NOVEL.

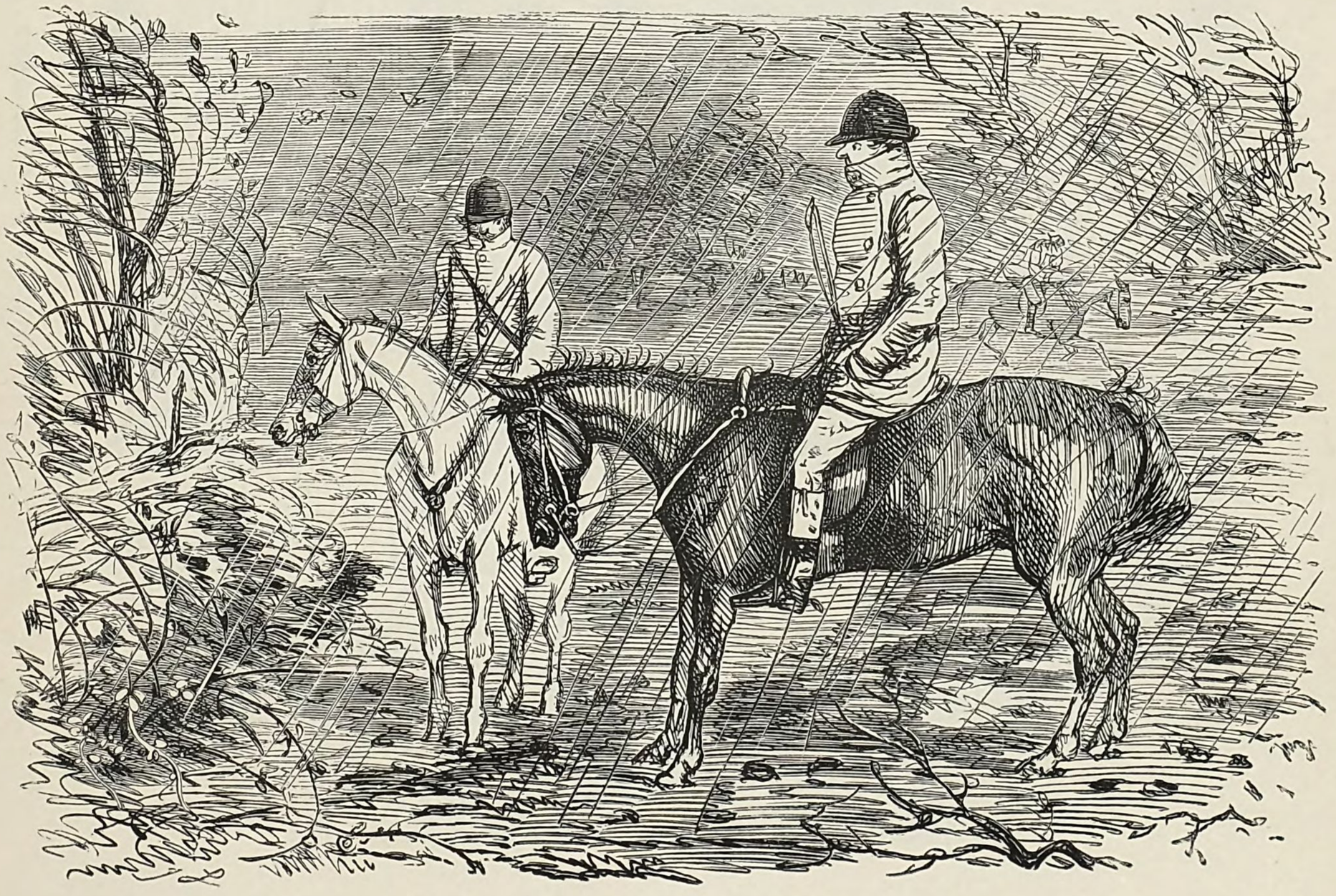
Clara. "YES, DEAR, I'VE GOT THE LAST ONE DOWN, AND IT'S PERFECTLY DELICIOUS. A MAN MARRIES HIS GRANDMOTHER—FOURTEEN PERSONS ARE POISONED BY A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL—FORGERIES BY THE DOZEN—ROBBERIES, HANGINGS; IN FACT, FULL OF DELIGHTFUL HORRORS!"

FIRST BEGINNINGS.

TAKING IT MANFULLY.

Keeper. "STOP A BIT, MESTER REGINALD, AND I'LL LIFT ONE ON 'EM UP!"

Mester Reginald. "NOW YOU JUST LET THEM ALONE, I'M COMING OVER!"



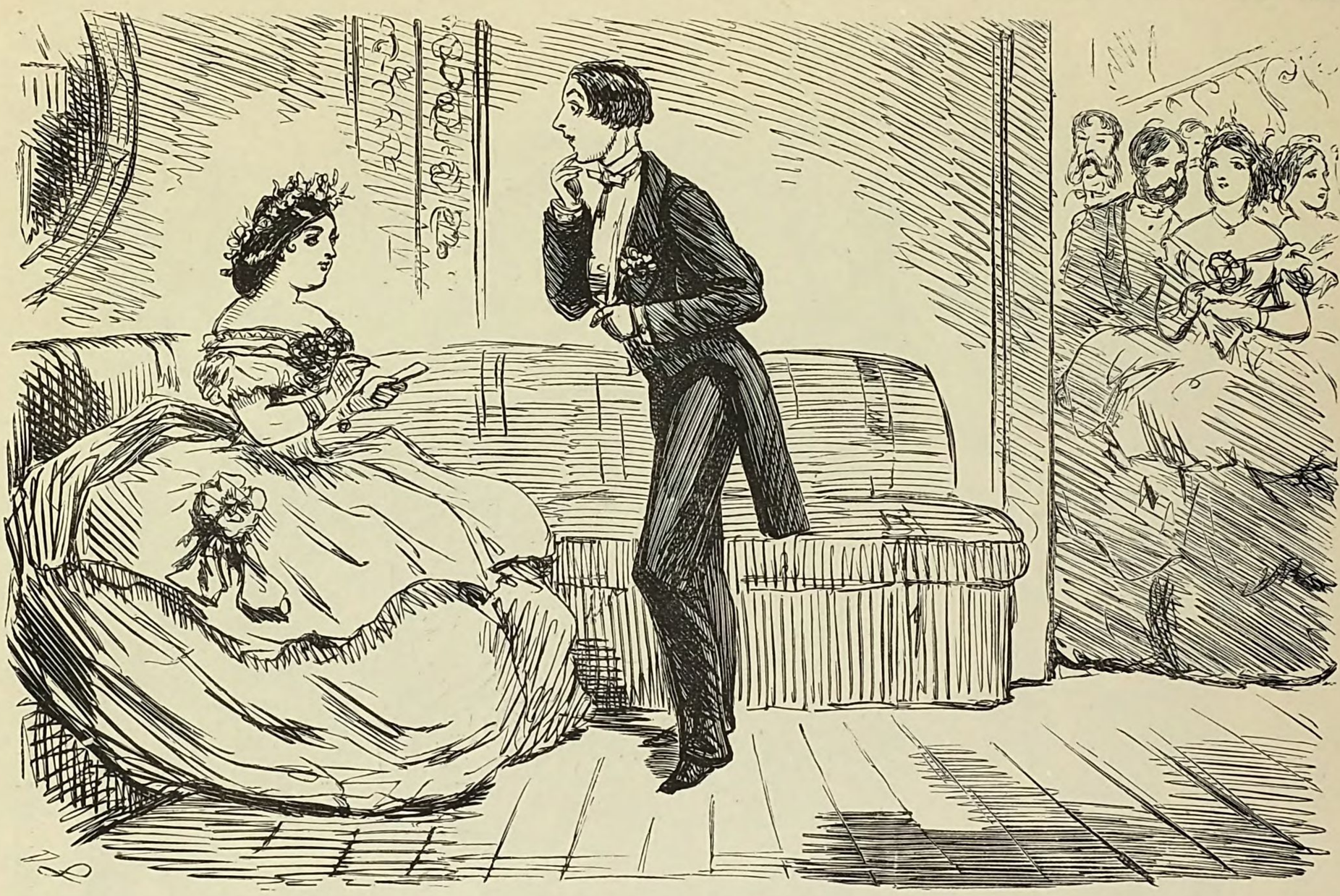
RATHER KEEN.

"OUT AGAIN, JACK?"

"YES! I ALWAYS LIKE TO GET AS MUCH HUNTING AS I CAN BEFORE CHRISTMAS—THE WEATHER IS SO NICE AND OPEN!"

A FROLIC HOME AFTER A BLANK DAY.

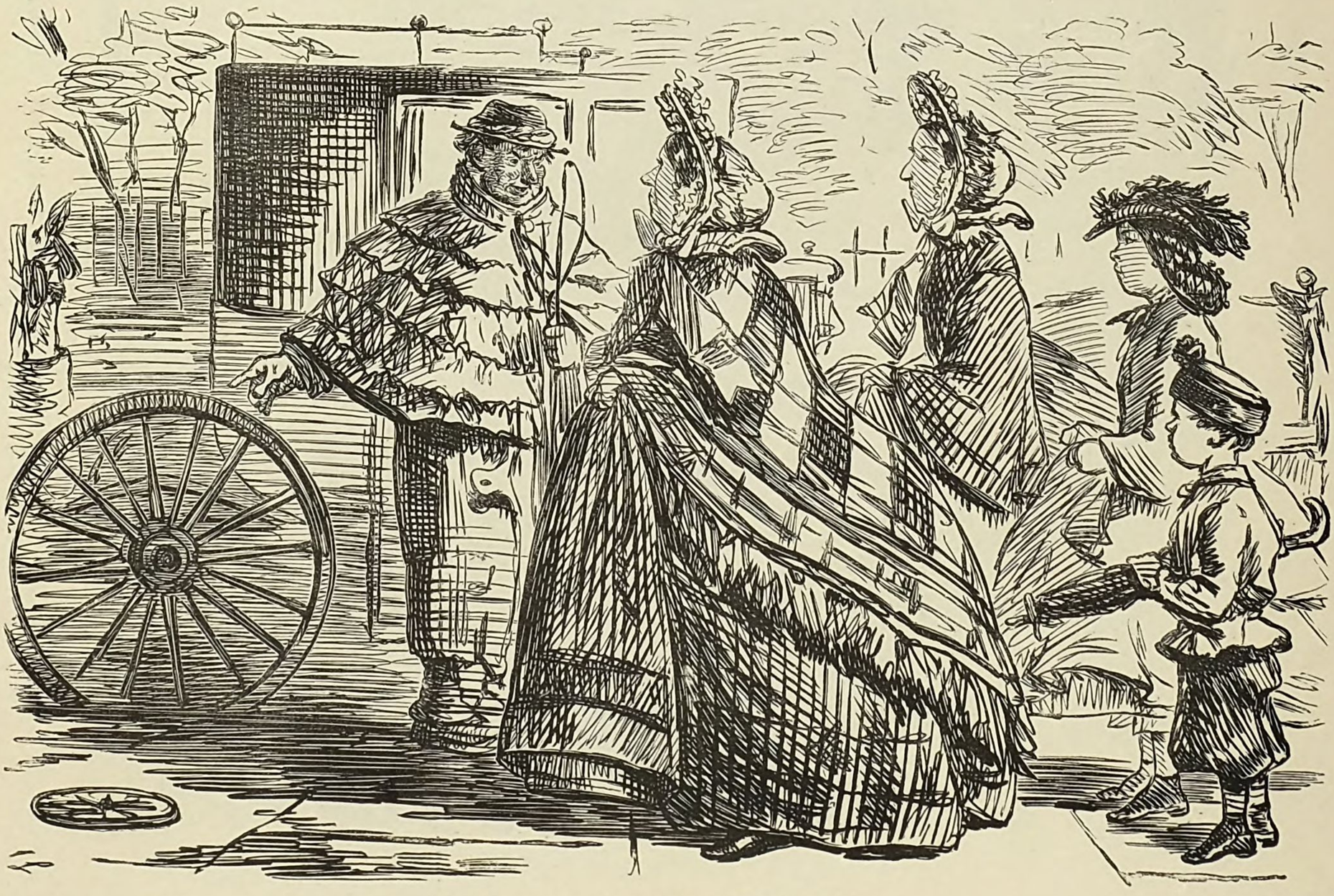
HOW WOULD IT BE WITHOUT CRINOLINE?—TRY IT.



AFTER SUPPER.—STRANGE ADMISSION!

Mr. S. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH YOU, MISS JONES?"

Miss J. "I WOULD WITH PLEASURE, *BUT UNFORTUNATELY I'M QUITE FULL!*"



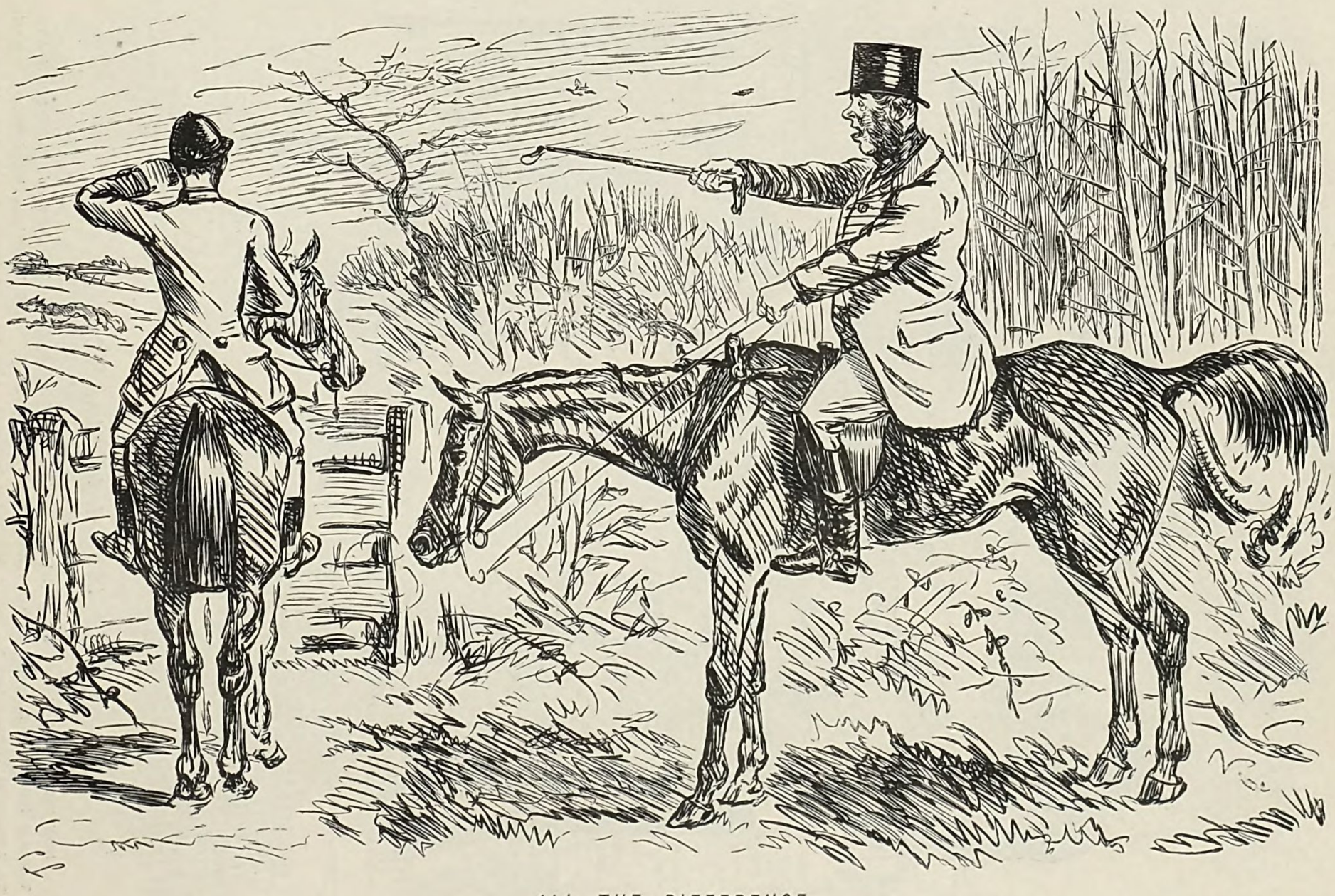
PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

Old Lady. "BUT, GOING IN FOUR-WHEEL CABS! I'M SO AFRAID OF SMALL-POX!"

Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFEARED O' MY CAB, MUM, FOR I'VE 'AD THE HIND WHEEL WACCINATED, AND IT TOOK BEAUTIFUL.

A FLUNKEY IN TROUBLE.

John Thomas. "HOLLO! COACHMAN! MR. BLINKERS! STOP! HERE'S A COSTERMONGER'S DONKEY GOT HOLD OF MY LEG, AND PULLING THE HAY OUT THAT I'VE PUT IN FOR CALVES!"



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Sporting Enthusiast (who has with difficulty caught the Hounds). "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU HOLLOAING AT—DON'T YOU SEE IT'S A FRESH FOX?"

Whip. "SHOULD THINK IT WAS; WE'VE BROKE UP T'OTHER THIS QUARTER OF AN HOUR!"

LONDON HIGHLANDERS.

NOW WE DARE SAY YOU WONDER WHAT THE DEUCE THIS MEANS. THE FACT IS, THAT SMITH AND TOMKINS HAVE GOT A PLACE IN SCOTLAND THIS YEAR, AND THEY ARE DOING ALL THEY POSSIBLY CAN TO ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO DIZZY MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS, AND TO GET THEIR FACES AND LEGS THE PROPER TONE FOR THE NORTH

A HYGIENIC PLEASURE.

THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL METHOD OF BRUSHING THE HAIR WITH MACHINERY.

AFTER DUNDREARY.

First Swell. "A-A-WAW! WAW! WAW! HOW DID YOU LIKE HIM?"

Second Do. "WAW-WAW-WAW.—NO FELLAW EVAW SAW SUCH A FELLAW. GWOSS CAWICATURE-WAW!"

REAL INDEPENDENCE.

Housemaid. "JAMES! DON'T YOU HEAR YOUR LIBERY BELL A-RINGING?"

James. "BOTHER THE LIBERY BELL! I AIN'T GOING TO ANSWER NO LIBERY BELLS—IT'S MY SUNDAY OUT, AND I'M AT CHURCH!"

MAKING IT INTELLIGIBLE.

Elderly Lady. "BUT I MUST REALLY BEG THAT YOU WILL TELL ME YOUR FARE. I CANNOT BE SUPPOSED TO KNOW YOUR BUSINESS!"

Cabby. "WELL, MUM—I DON'T THINK WE SHALL FALL HOUT. LET'S SAY, THREE BOB AND A KICK!"

AT A RIFLE COMPETEE-TION IN THE NORTH.

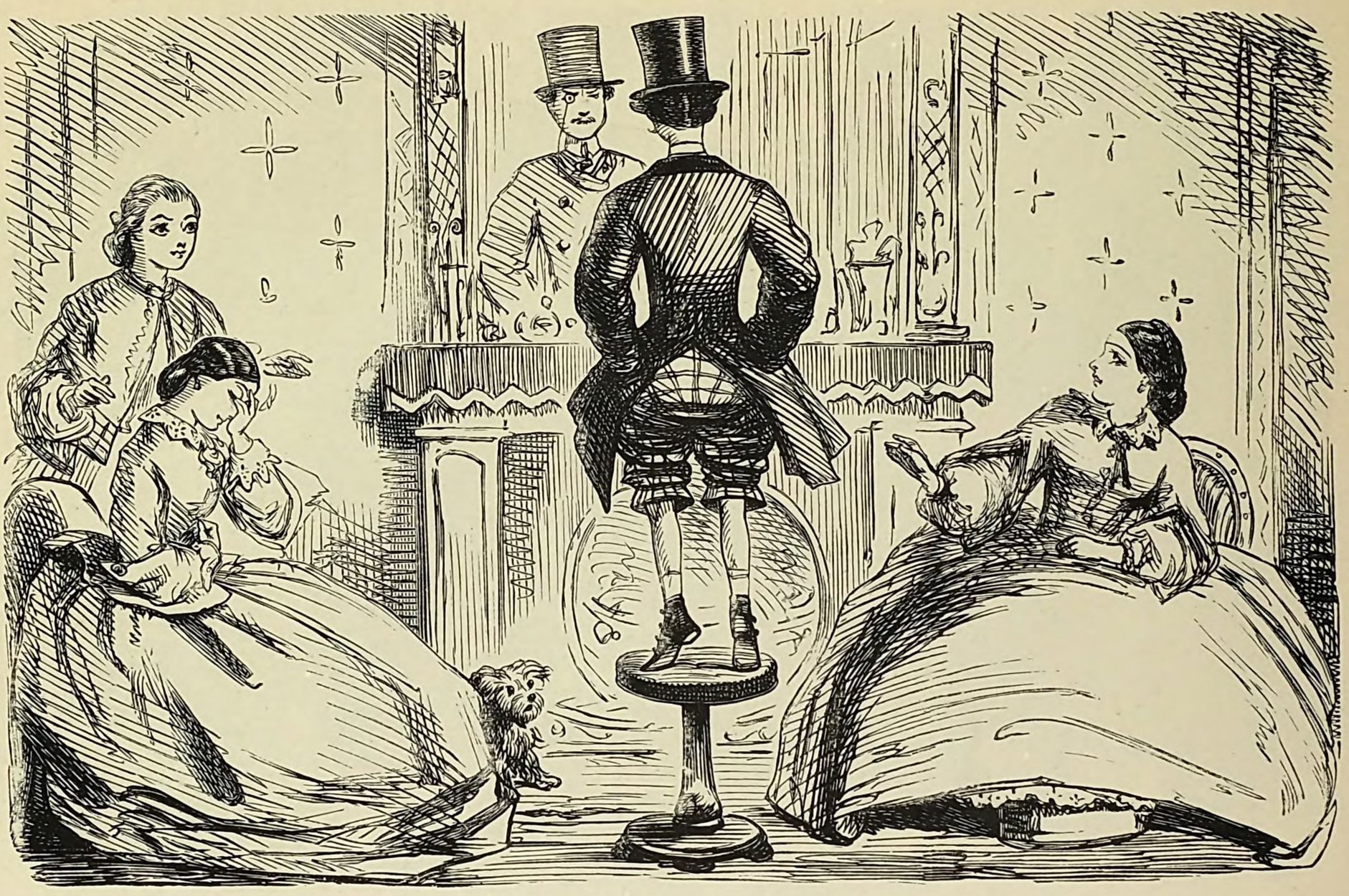
First Volunteer (to Second Volunteer on the Barrel). "MAY I TROUBLE YE TO MOVE FOR A BIT, FOR YE'RE JUST SITTING ON THE AMUN*EE*-TION!"

FORCE OF HABIT.—(FOR FAMILY PEOPLE ONLY.)

ADOLPHUS, GEORGE, AND LOUISA, ARE PLAYING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—TO THEM THE FAMILY DOCTOR UNEXPECTEDLY. A. AND G. AND L. GO THROUGH THE EXPRESSIVE PANTOMIME OF PUTTING OUT THEIR TONQUES AS A MATTER OF COURSE.

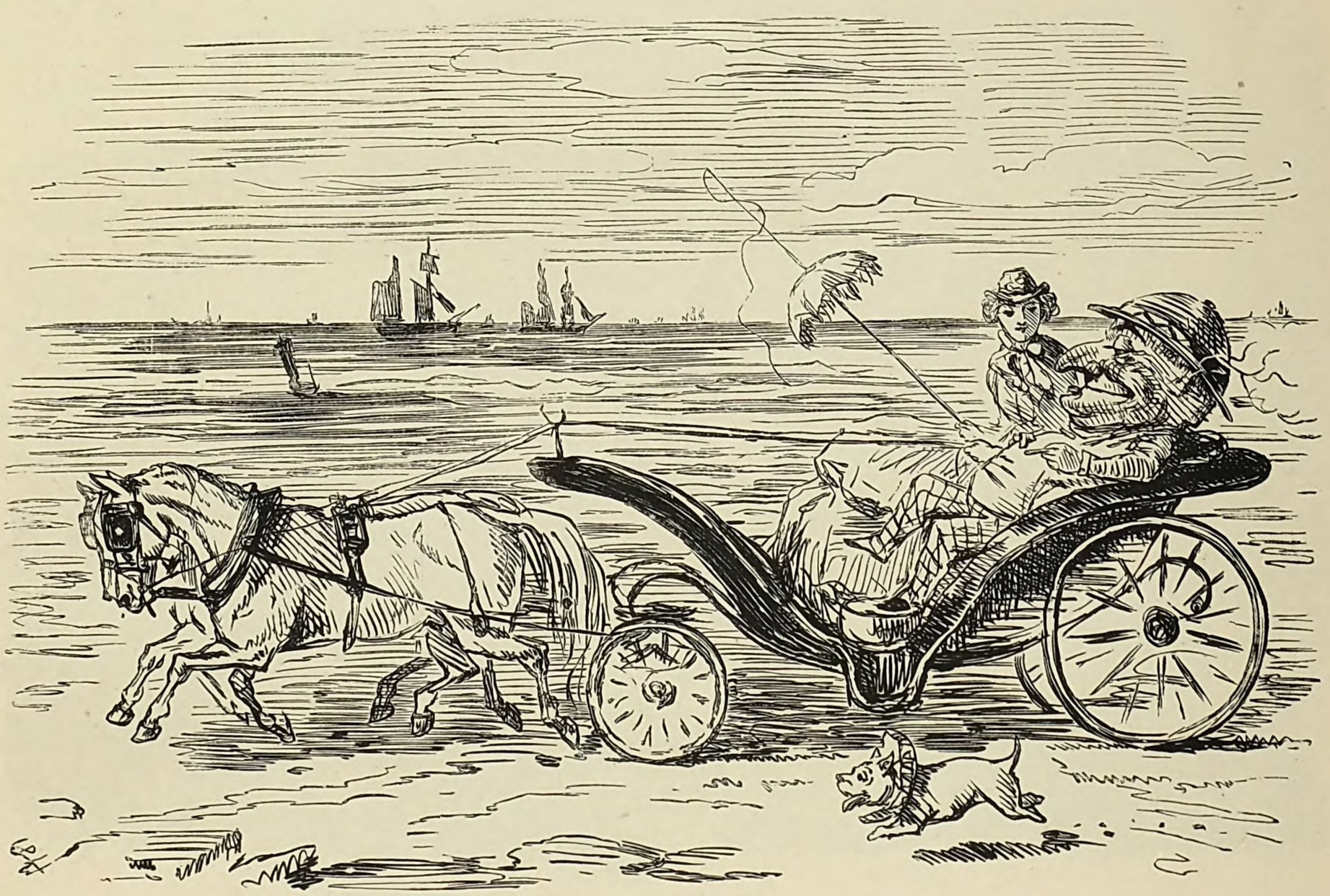
CUB-HUNTING.

WILKINSON WONDERS WHY THE DOOCE THEY CAN'T GO OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.

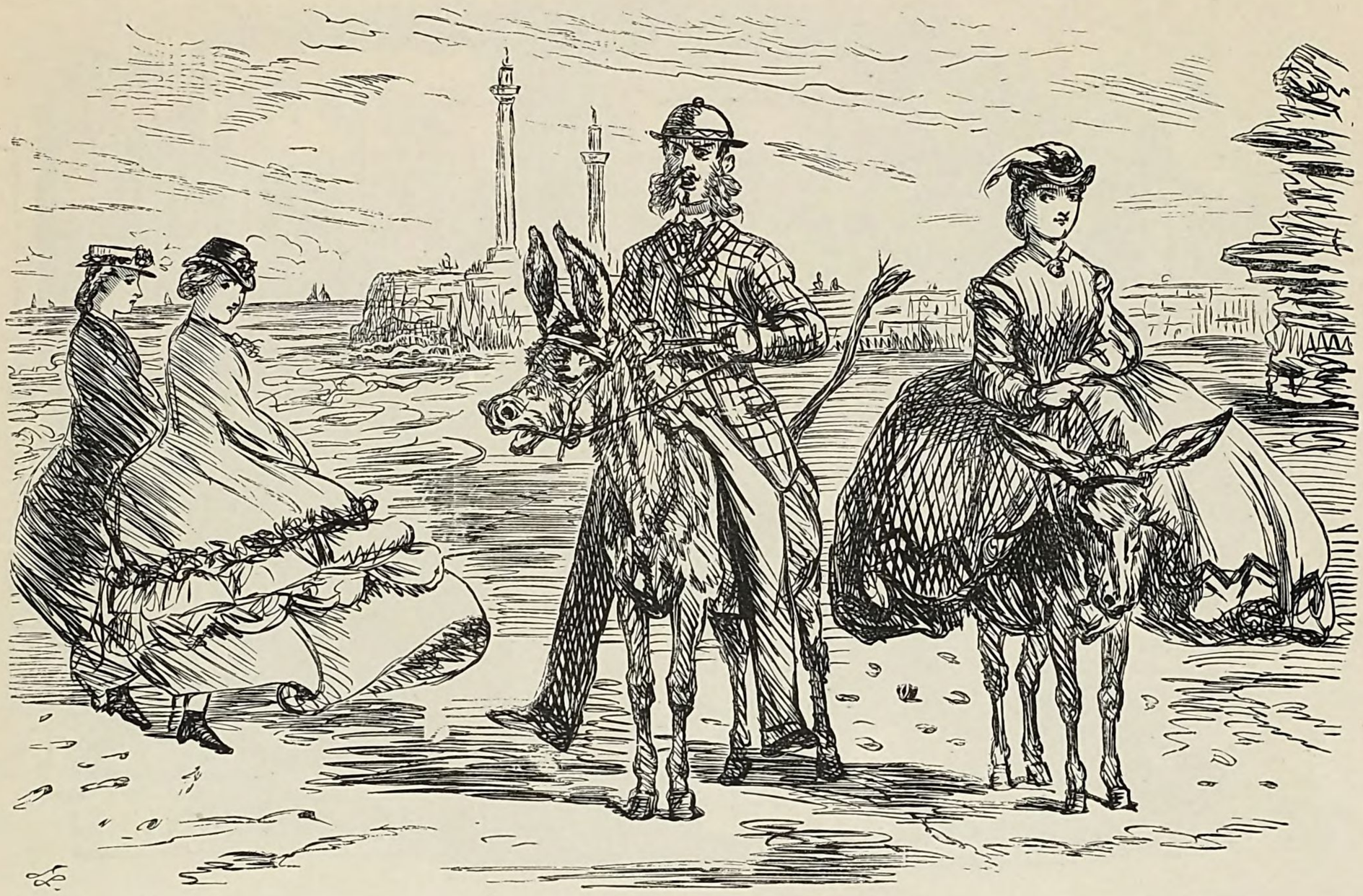


AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

Young Swell (who has just received promise of a Commission in a Highland Regiment). "NOW, GIRLS, WILL THE KILT SUIT MY CALVES?"
Sisters (tittering). "REALLY, DEAR, YOU ARE TOO ABSURD!'



WHAT WE COULD BEAR A GOOD DEAL OF!

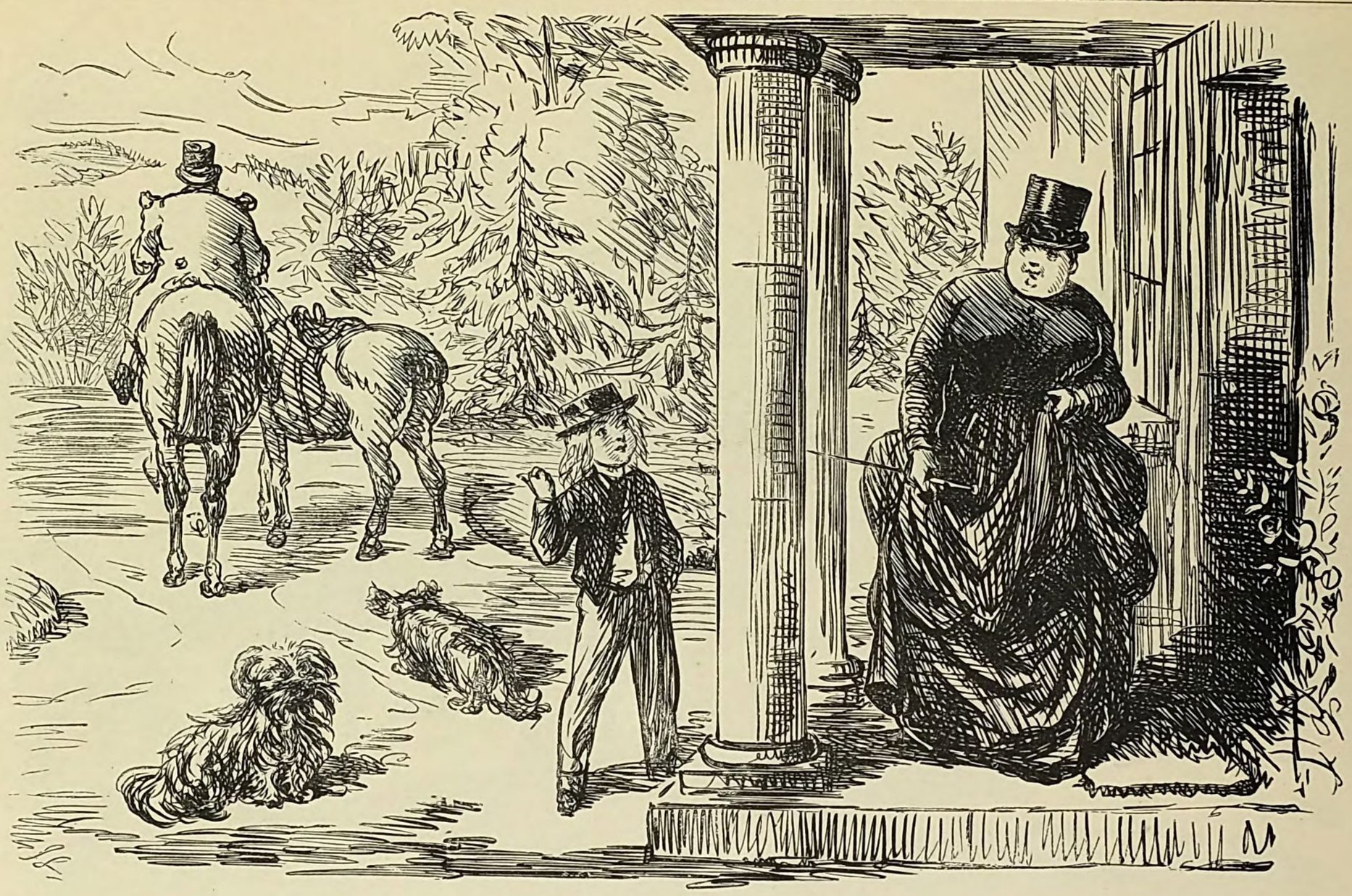


"LOVE'S COURSE NEVER DID," YOU KNOW.

IT WAS VERY UNPLEASANT! BUT WHAT JENKYNNES HAD TO SAY TO HIS FLORA, WAS SAID UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

FLUNKEIANA.

John Thomas Gorgeous. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COOK! I'M A'MOST WORE OUT WITH THEM LEGS O' MUTTON AND LEGS O' PORK, AND I THINK IT'S 'IGH TIME SOME NEW HANIMAL WAS INWENTED!"



JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION

Inquiring Youth. "PLEASE, MAMMA, WHY IS UNCLE'S HORSE CALLED A *COB?*"

Mamma. "OH, MY DEAR! BECAUSE—BECAUSE—WHY BECAUSE HE HAS A THICK BODY AND SHORT LEGS!"

Inquiring Youth. "WHAT, LIKE YOU, MAMMA?"

THE CHANNEL PASSAGE.

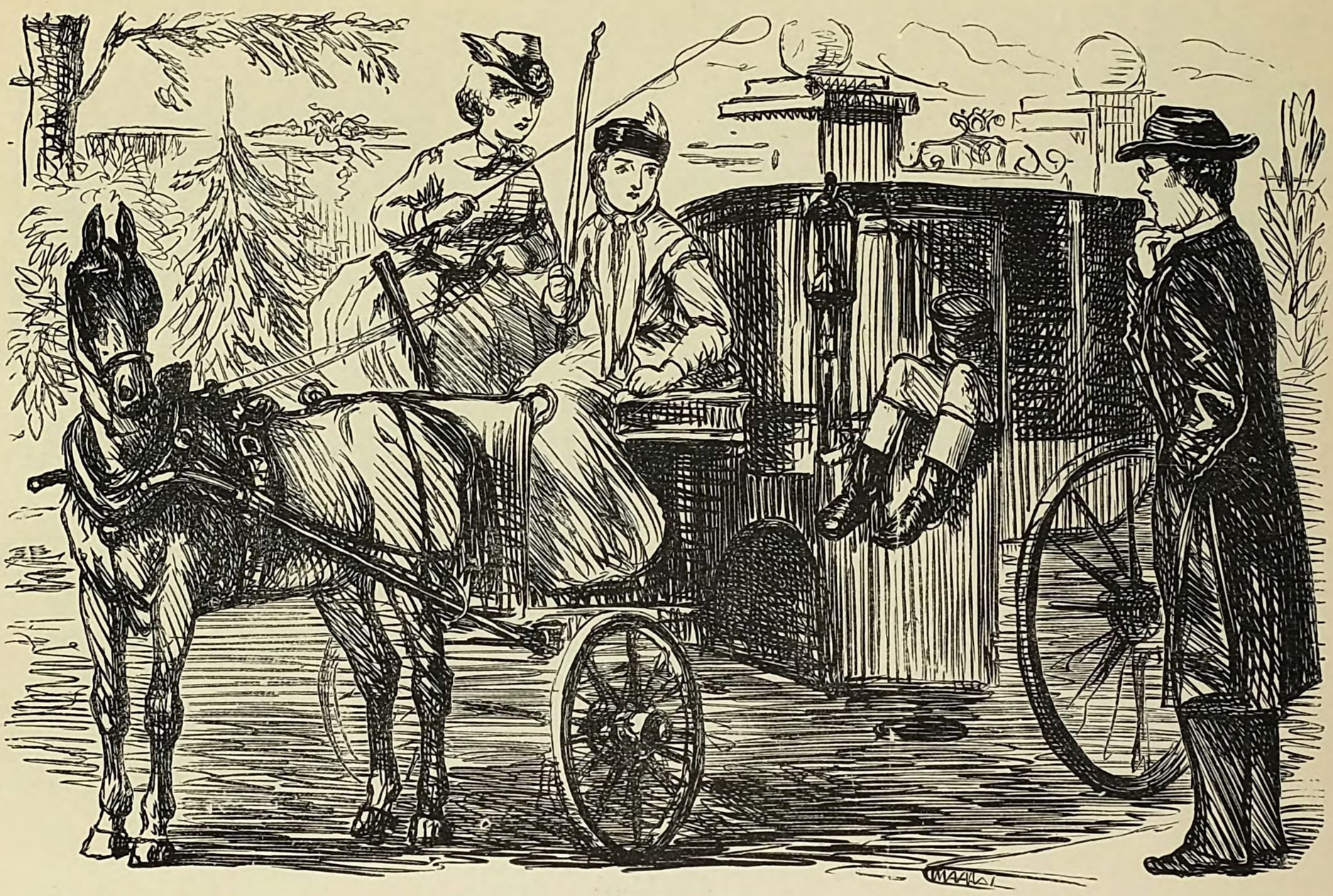
MOSSOO AS HE APPEARED WHEN VIEWED THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

RAILLERY.

Driver (of the Herring Mould, to Party inclining to embonpoint). "HOLLO, BILL! HOW MANY SACKS O' PERTATERS AND HOGSHEADS O' SUGAR 'AVE YER GOT THERE?"

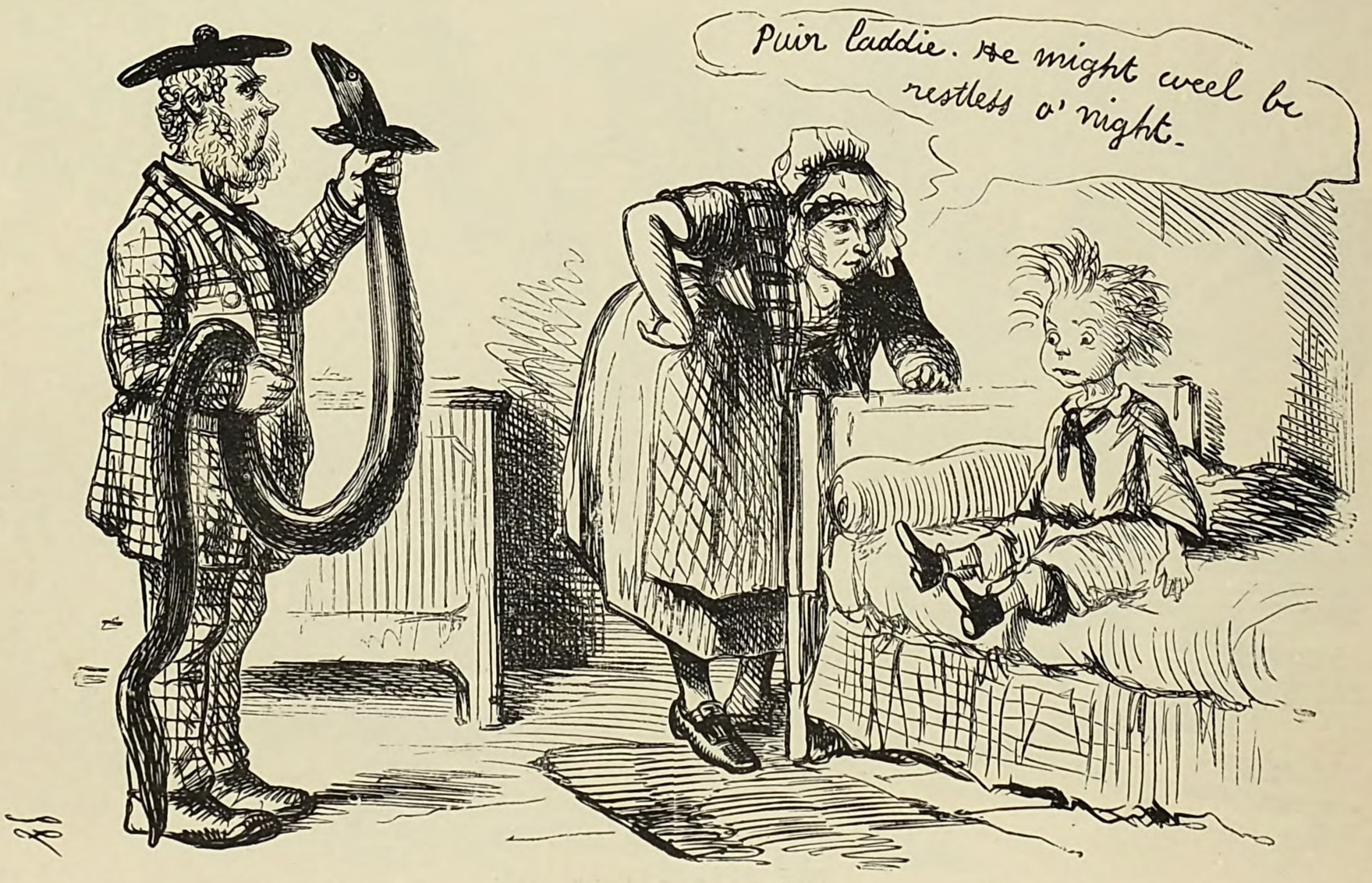
THE SUBURBAN FLYMAN.

Maid. "OH, COACHMAN! MISSUS SAY, YOU'RE TO COVER YOURSELF WITH THIS RUG, AND NOT TO MOVE OFF THE BOX; BECAUSE YOUR GAITERS AND LEGS AND THINGS ARE REALLY SO VERY SHOCKING."



A DAY'S AMUSEMENT.

Driving Lady (loq.) "OH, FRANK DEAR, ONLY FANCY, GEORGE HAS GOT SO TIPSY AT THE ARCHERY MEETING, THAT WE'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO PUT HIM INSIDE, AND DRIVE HOME OURSELVES—AND POOR CLARA HAS PINCHED HER FINGERS DREADFULLY PUTTING ON THE DRAG COMING DOWN BLUNSDEN HILL.'



AWFUL TALE OF AN EEL.

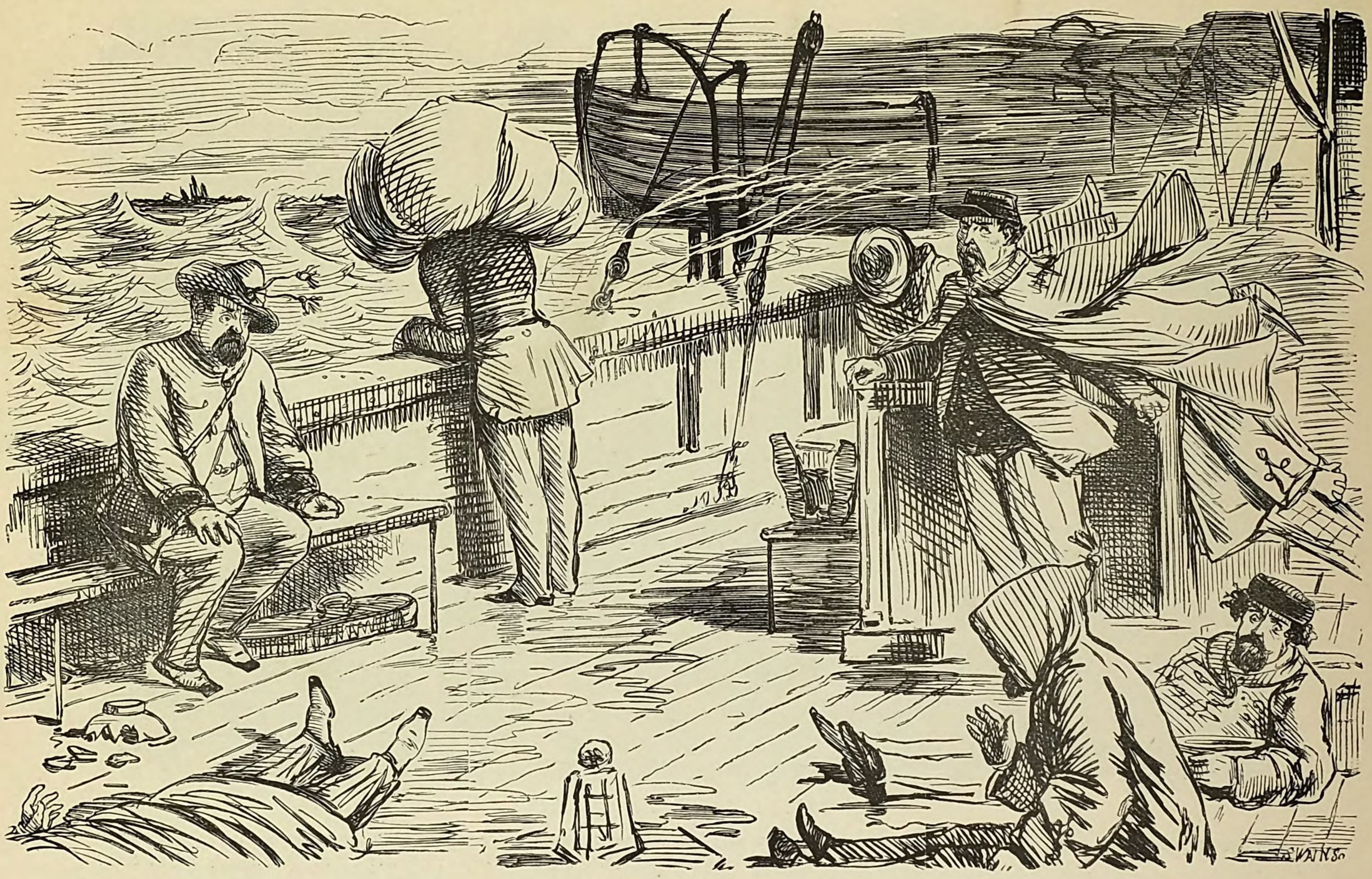
A LITTLE SCENE AT BRUSSELS.

T-mpk-ns (who has just come down to breakfast). "HERE! I SAY, GARSONG! I WANT A KELKCHOSE FOR DEJEWNAY! DER KORFEE, AND DES HOOFS, YOU KNOW!"

[N.B. The Stout Party T. pokes in the ribs is a wealthy Belgian Sweli l

FOR-RAD—FOR-RAD—AWAY!

Mr. Wuzzel (who the last time he weighed was Nineteen Stone, a sack of Guano, and a Barrowful of Bricks). "'FOR-RAD—AWAY!' OH, YES! THAT'S ALL VERY WELL—BUT NOT WITH THE COUNTRY (?) AS HEAVY AS THIS!"



VERY MUCH AT SEA.

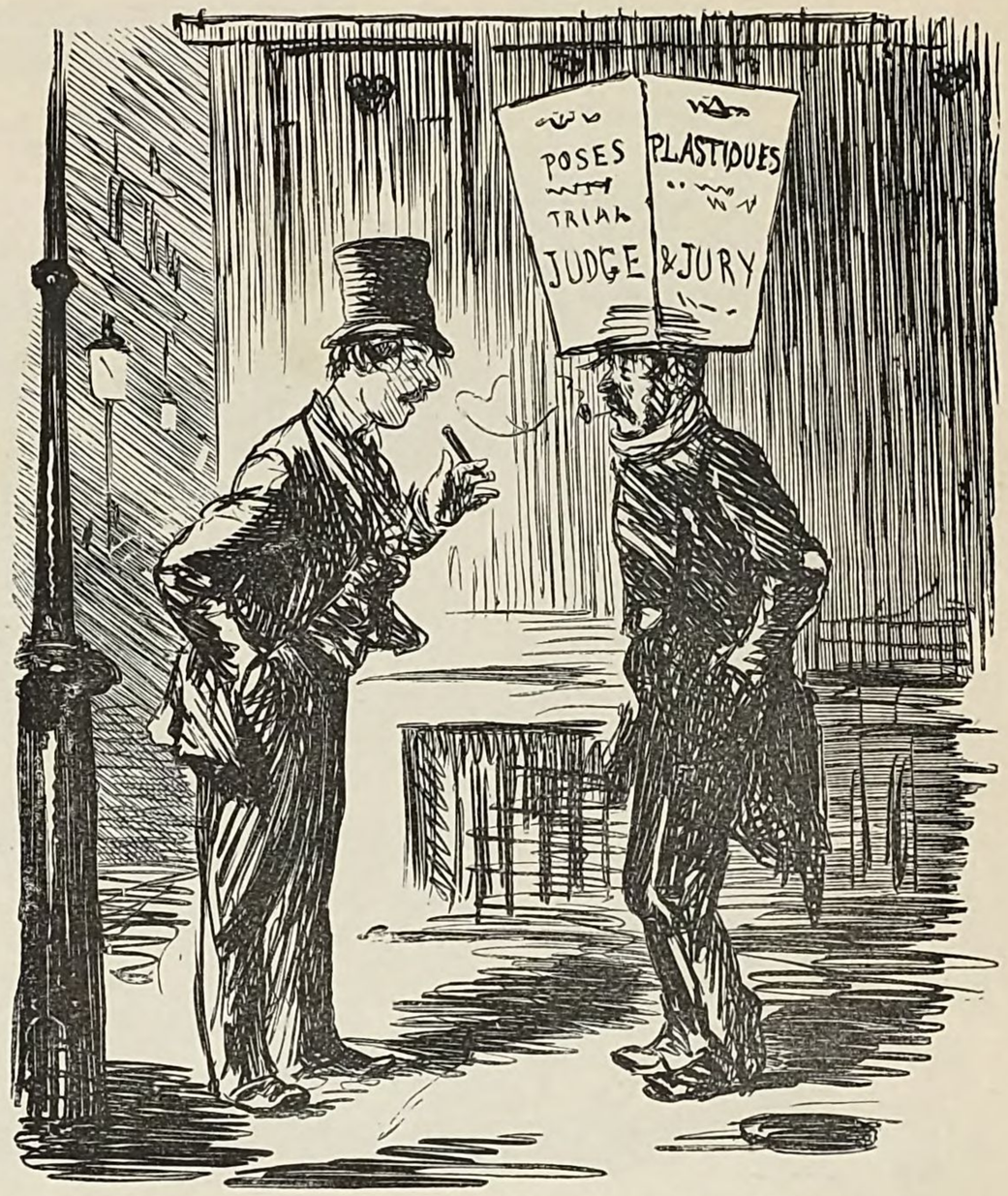
FREAKS OF A PET DOG.

Gardener (triumphantly). "THAT DOG'S BEEN AND GONE AND DONE IT NOW, MA'AM I THINK!"

A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of his Bussum (to Vanquished Hero). "TERENCE, YE GREAT UMMADAWN, WHAT DO YER GIT INTO THIS THRUBBLE FOR?"

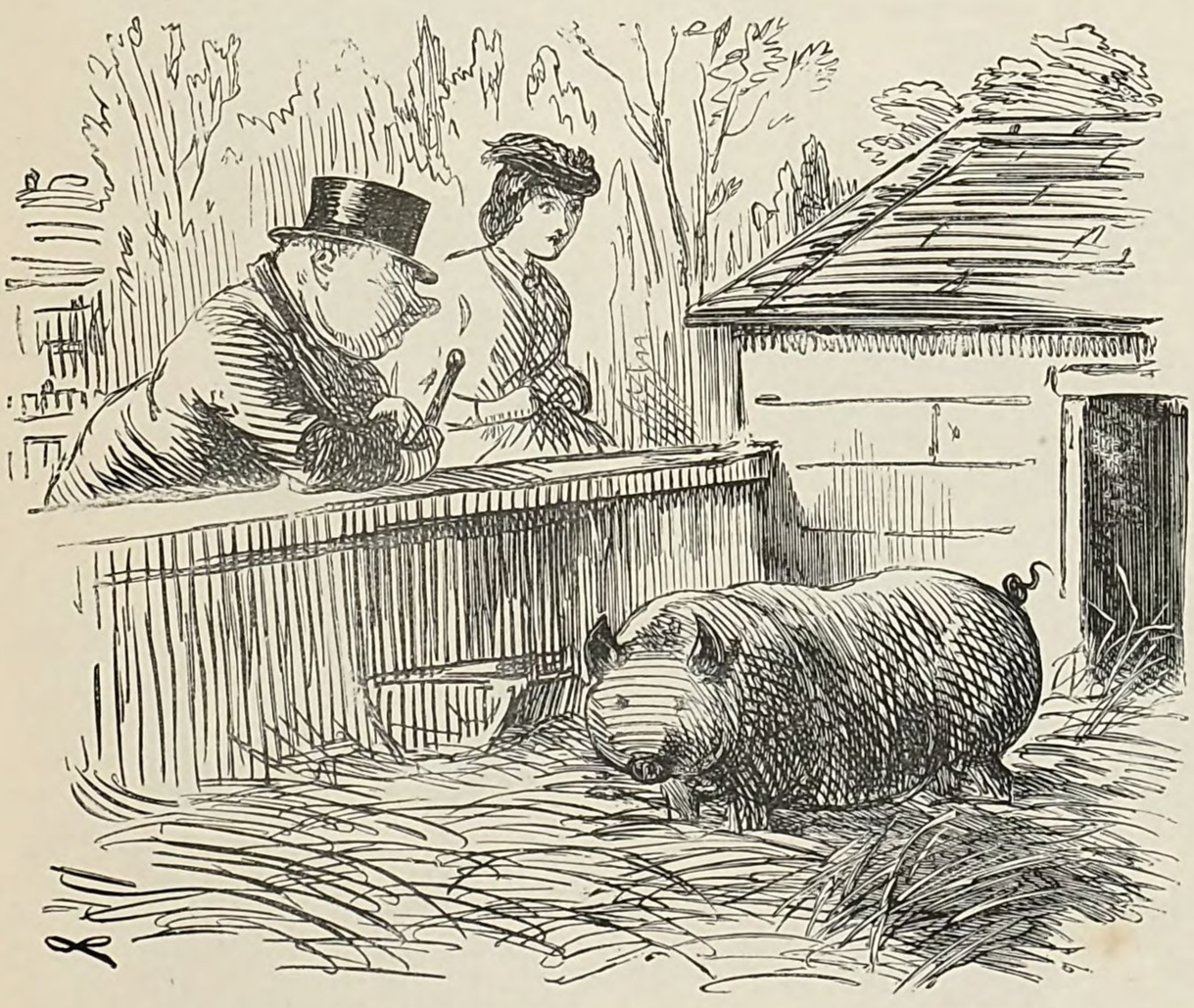
Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Bussum). "D'YE CALL IT THRUBBLE, NOW? WHY, IT'S ENGYEMENT!"



THE LOWEST DEPTH.

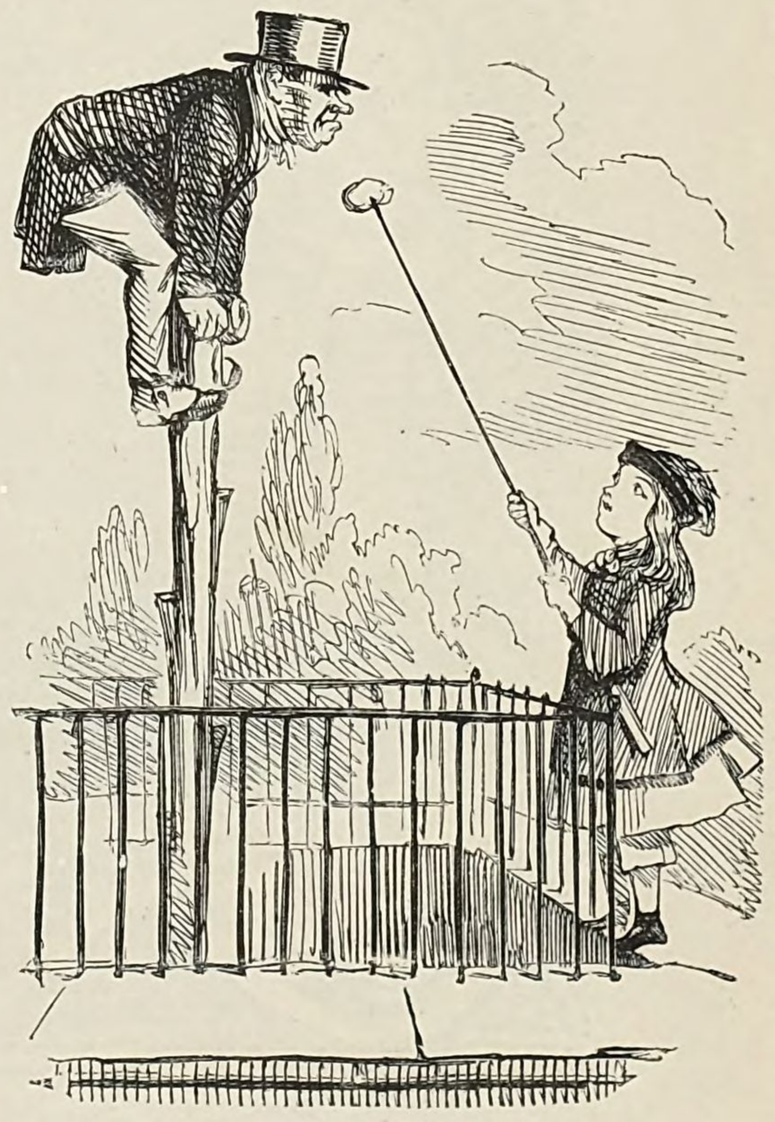
Inebriated Snob (to party with paper lamp). "WHICH IS THE WAY—TO—TO—THE P—P—POSES PLASTIQUES? WHY, HALLO! IS THAT YOU, JIM? HOW THE DOOCE DID YOU COME TO THIS?"

Jim. "WELL—ALL ALONG O' THEM NIGHT PUBLICS. AND HERE I AM—AN 'ILLUMINATED ADVERTISEMENT'!"

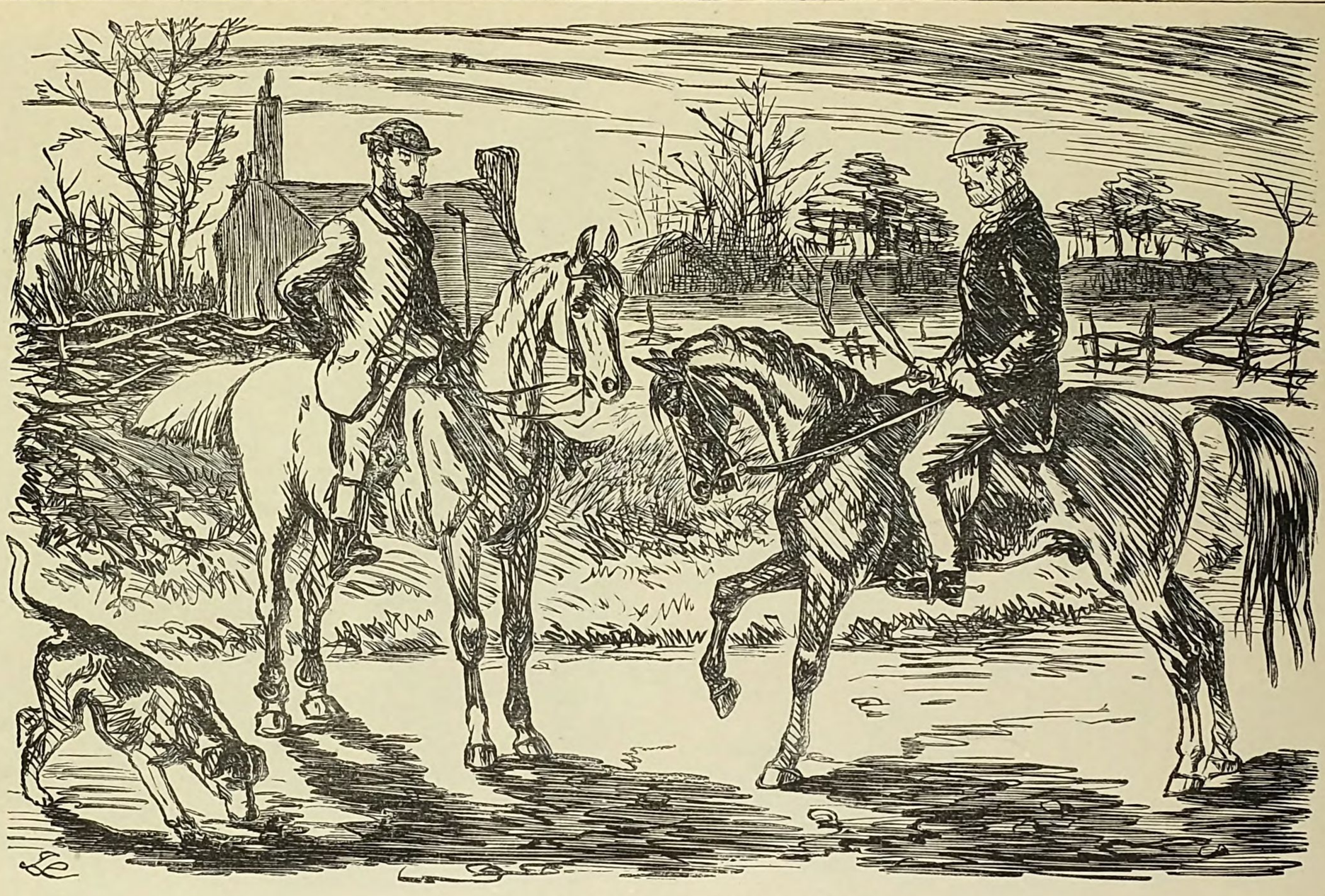


LIKE UNTO LIKE.

Bacon Fancier. "THERE, NOW I—THAT'S MY STYLE!"



BEAR-BAITING.

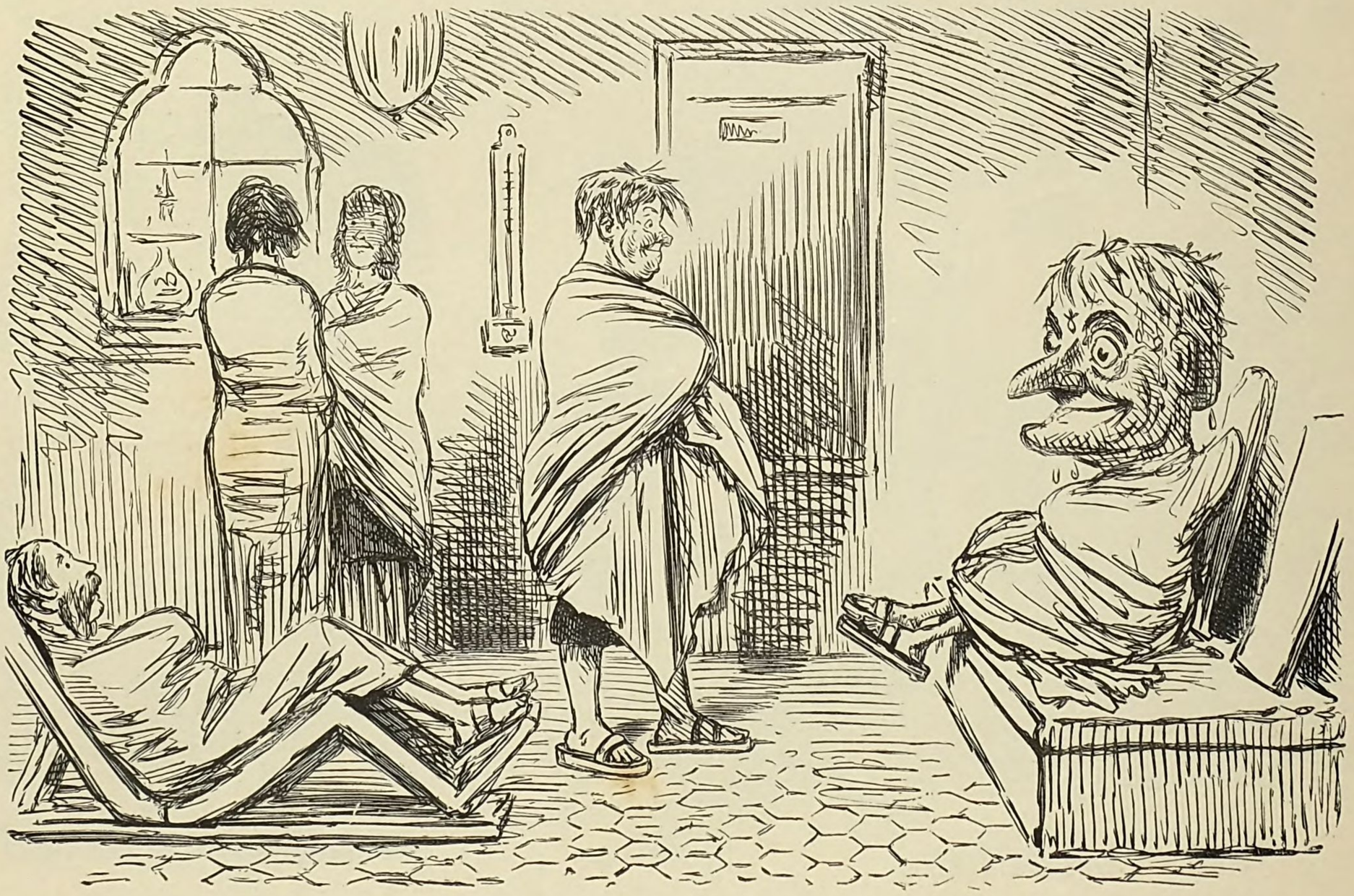


A LITTLE BIT OF YORKSHIRE.

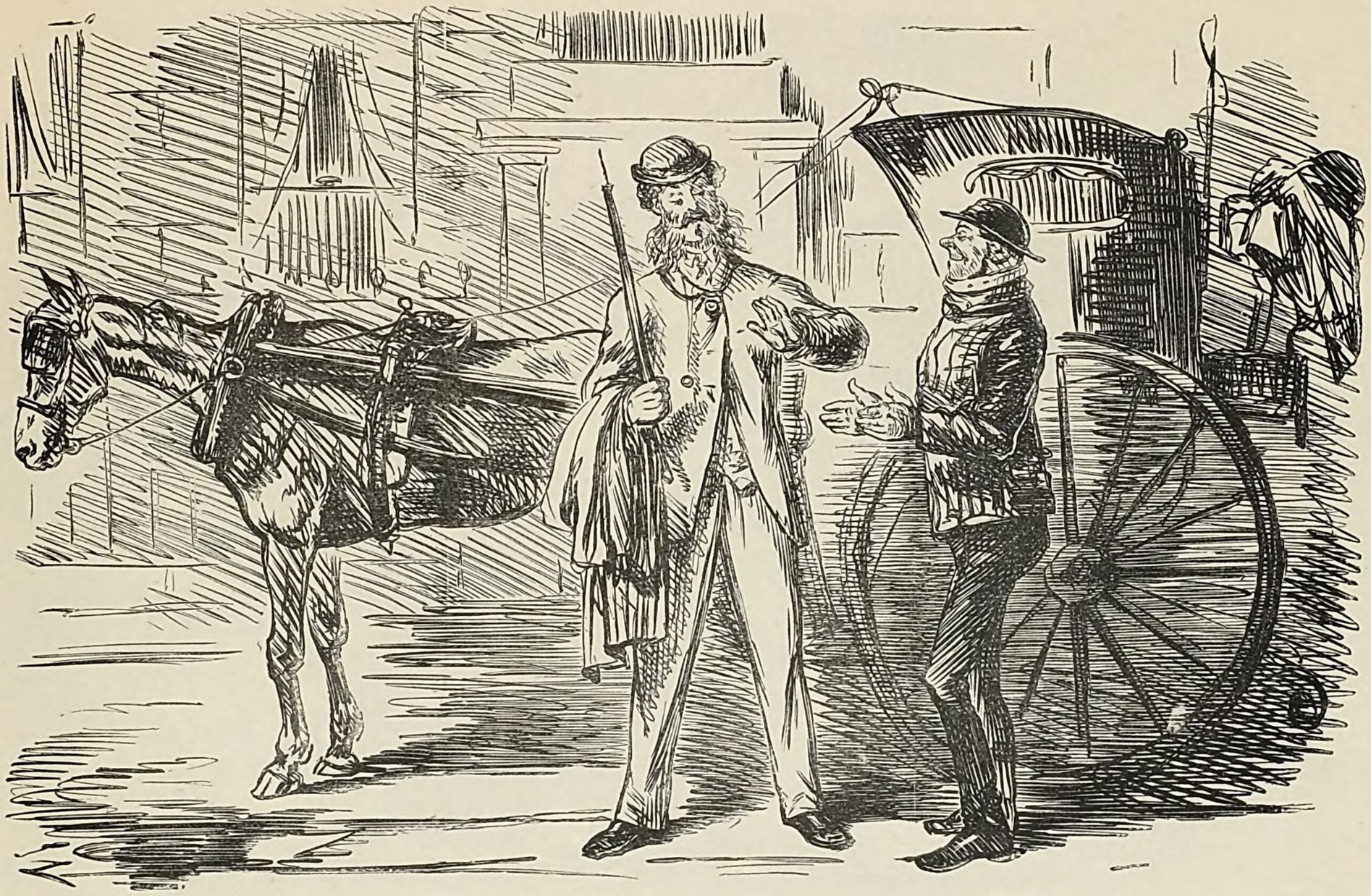
Horse Critic. "WELL, WILLIAM, THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING COLT, WHOSE IS IT?"

Horse Breaker. "WELL, SIR, THAT DEPENDS UPON CIRCUMSTANCES." *Critic.* "HOW SO?"

Breaker. "IF IT TURNS OUT WELL, IT BELONGS TO MR. B. *(the Steward)*; BUT YOU KNOW, SIR *(with a sly look)*, IF IT TURNS OUT BAD, IT BELONGS TO MY LORD."



ANXIOUS TO PRESERVE OUR FIGURE, WE TAKE A TURKISH BATH!



HOW TO BOTHER CABBY.

Fare. "HOW MUCH? NOW I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY! 'YOU'LL LEAVE IT TO ME;' BUT I WON'T HAVE IT. *I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU!*"

SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE.

"DON'T CHECK HER, JACK; GIVE HER HER HEAD."

A FURNITURE REMOVAL AGENCY.

THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS INDEED, WHEN A DRAWING-ROOM TABLE JUMPS UP, AND AFTER PLAYING A TUNE ON ITS ACCORDION, OFFERS ITS HAND TO THE HOUSEMAID!——

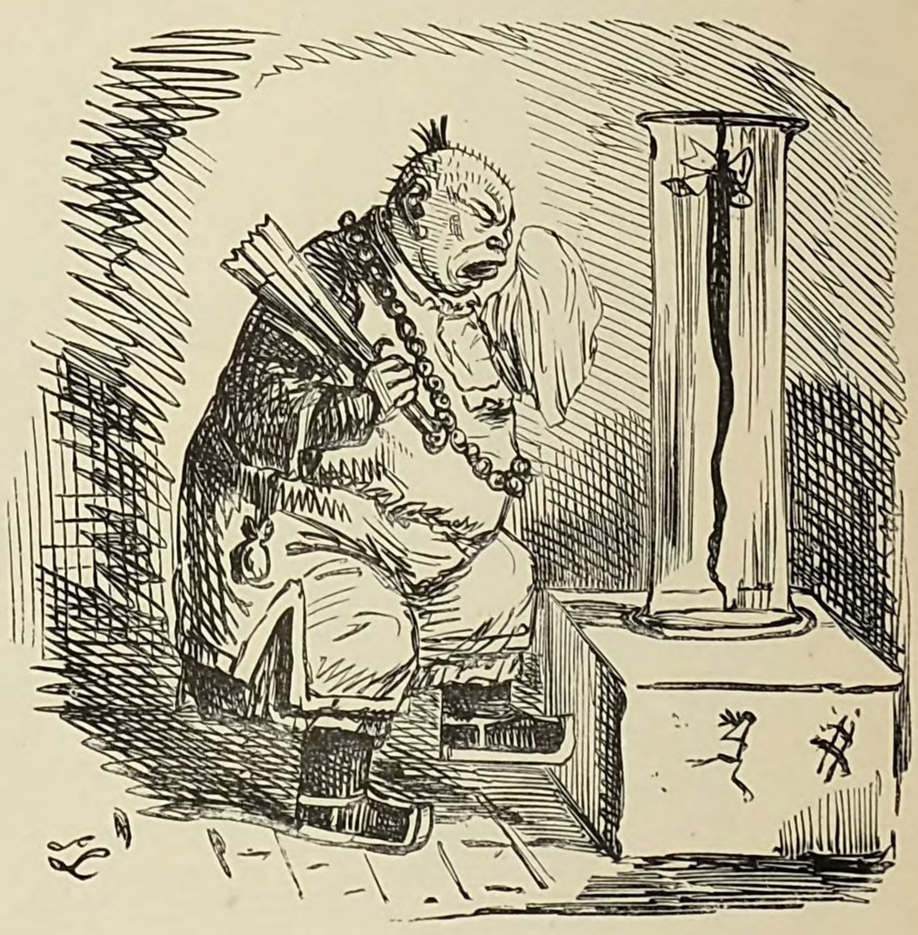
(NOW, WITHOUT ANY OF THE GAMMON OF PUTTING LIGHTS OUT, AND DARKENING THE ROOM, THIS REALLY *DID* HAPPEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—YOU NEEDN'T BELIEVE IT, OF COURSE, UNLESS YOU LIKE.)

THE FANCY FAIR.

Eleanor. "YOU HAD BETTER BUY SOME OF MY CIGARS—COME, TAKE ONE!"

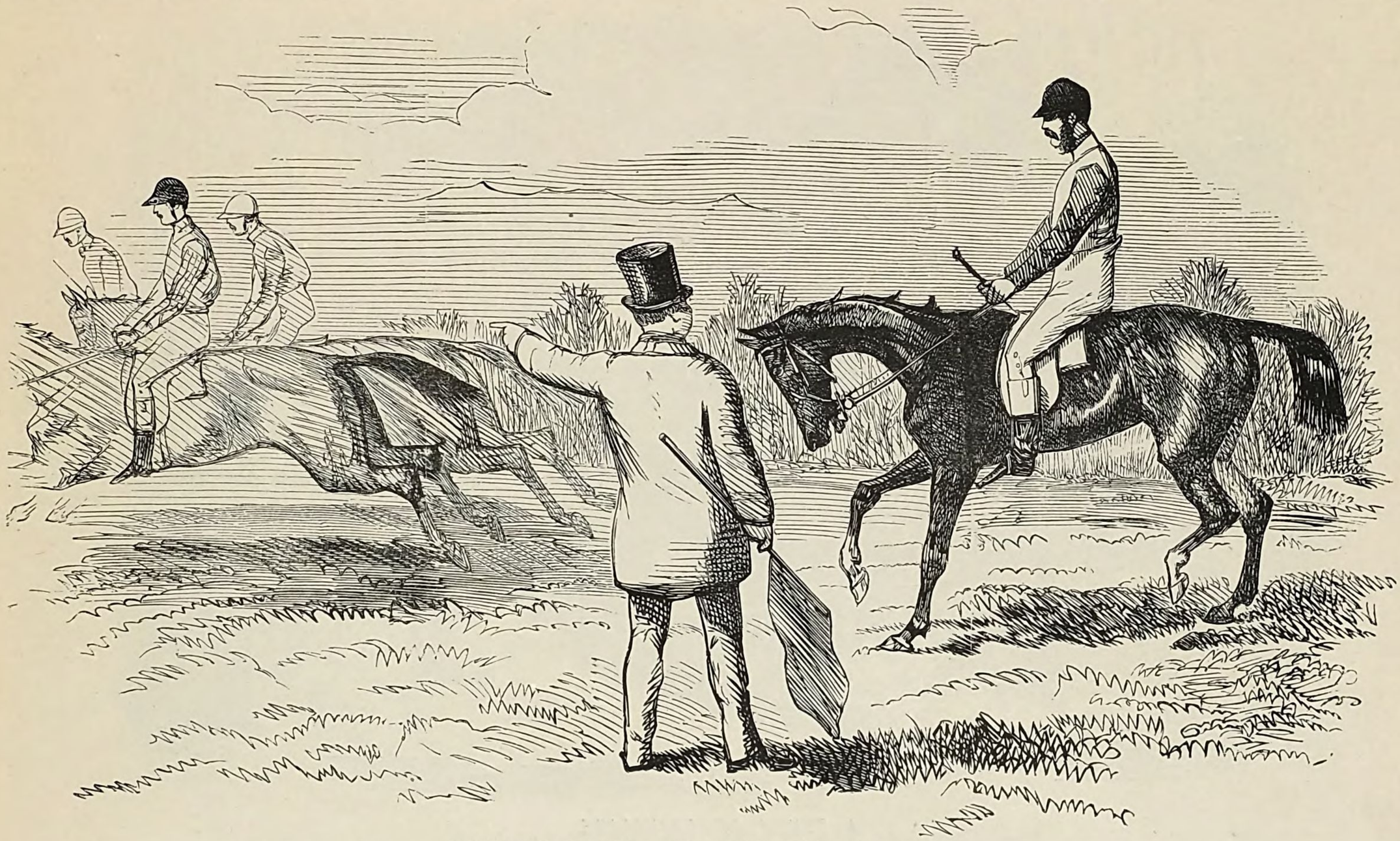
Young Swell. "A—A—THANKS, NO—I NEVER SMOKE!"

Eleanor. "WHAT! NOT IF I BITE OFF THE END?"



AN AFFLICTED ONE.

JOHN CHINAMAN WEEPING OVER HIS TAIL.



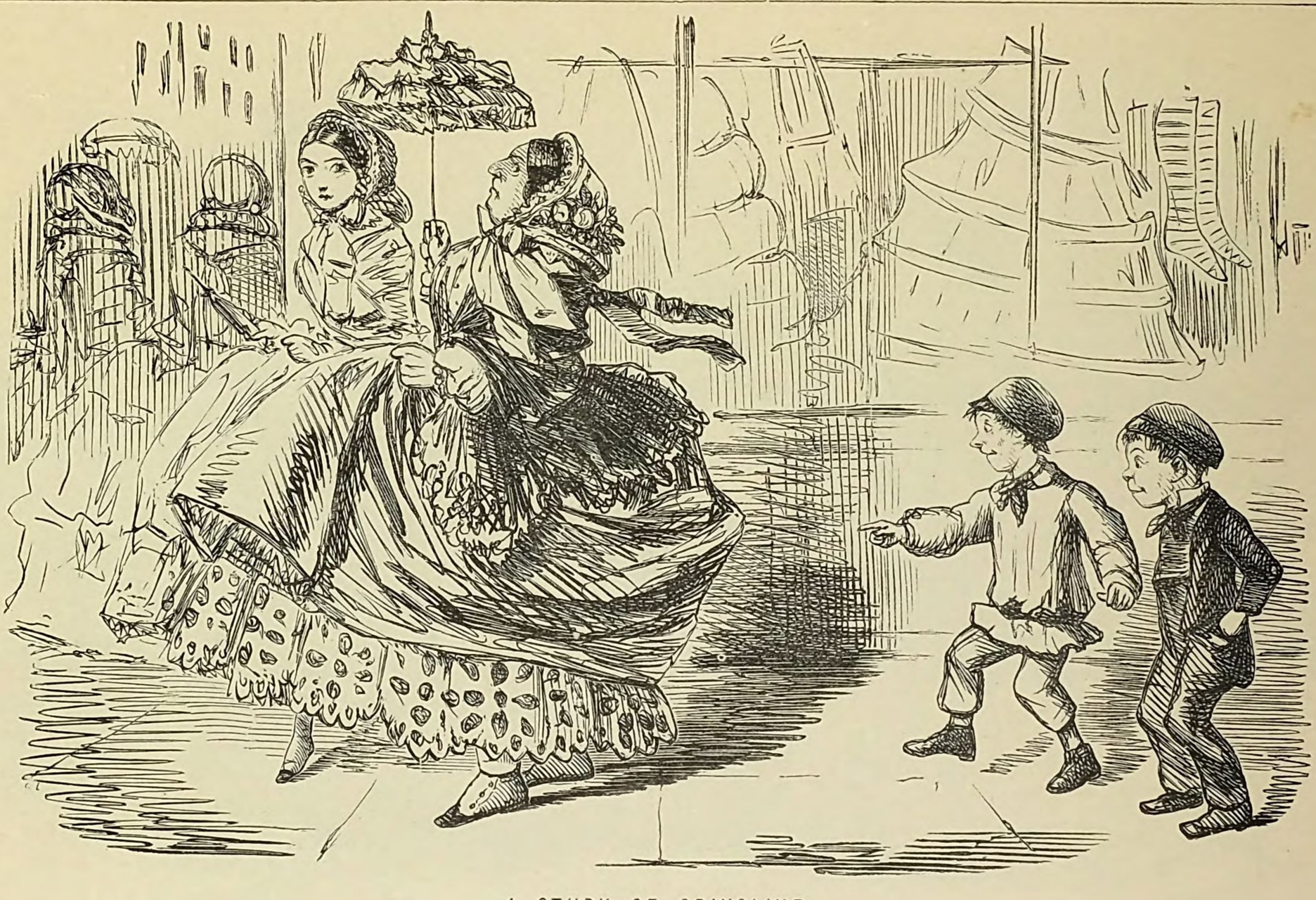
COUNTRY RACES.—AMATEUR PROFESSIONALS.

Starter. "YOU'D BETTER BE GOING, SIR; IT'S A START!"

Gentleman Rider. "OH, I'M ORDERED TO RIDE A WAITING RACE, AND I MAY AS WELL WAIT HERE AS ANYWHERE ELSE!"

AN IDEA FOR A WET DAY.

HANG UP THE CRINOLINES, AND HAVE A GAME OF CROQUET IN THE DINING-ROOM



A STUDY OF CRINOLINE.

Dreadful Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, IF I CAN'T SEE THE OLD GAL'S LEGS THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLES!"

MOST FLATTERING!

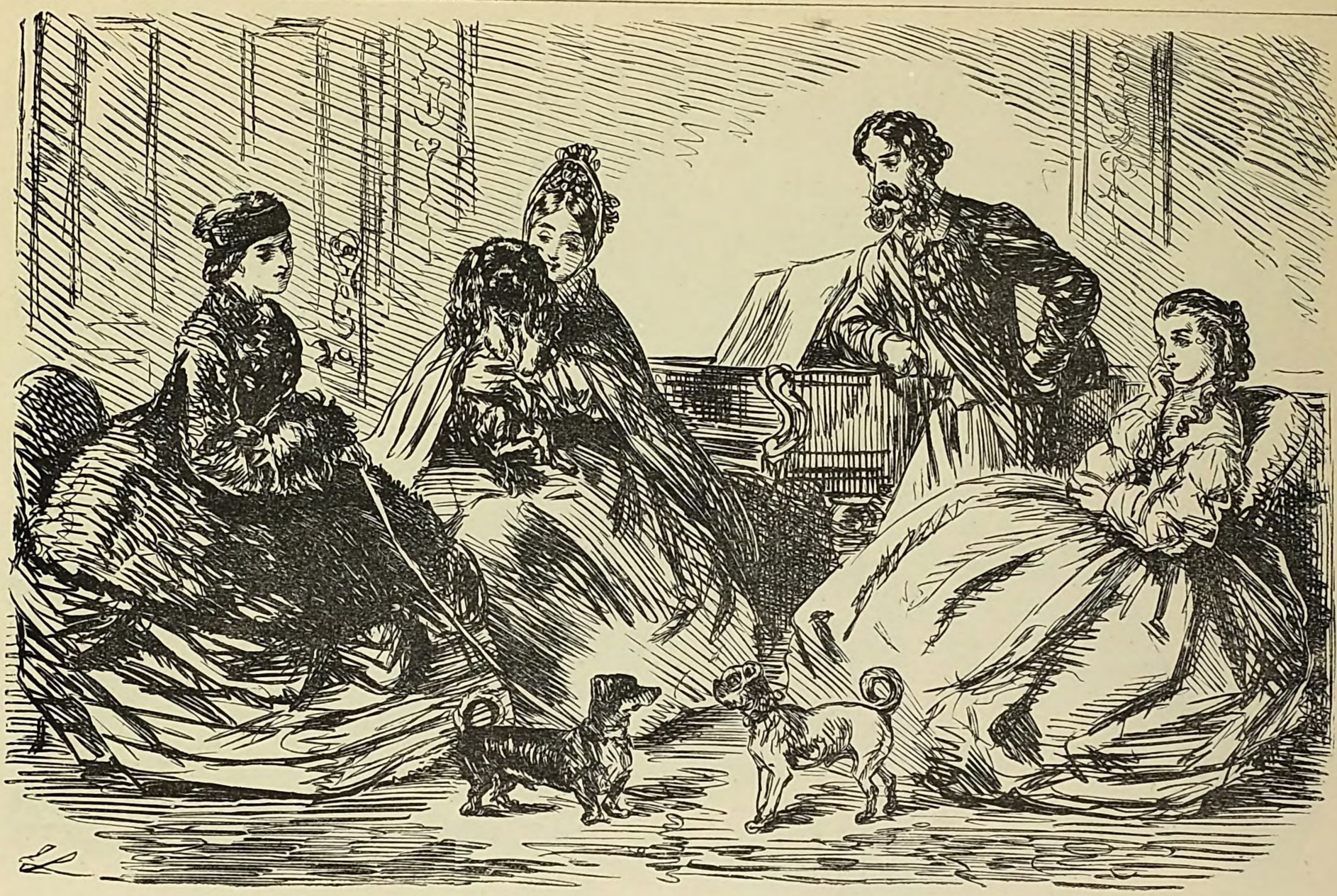
Miss Stout. "YOU SEE, DEAR, I THOUGHT YOUR SWISS DRESS SO PRETTY, THAT I HAVE MADE ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT. WHY, WE SHALL BE TAKEN FOR SISTERS!"

A HOT CHESTNUT IS VERY GOOD AFTER DINNER, BUT NOT JUST AS THE FOX BREAKS.

Rough Rider. "BY YER LEAVE, SIR! MY YOUNG HORSE RUSHES SO IF HE'S KEPT WAITING!"

SCENE—THE ROW.

JEMIMER HANN IS STARING AT SOLDIER—YOUNG SPOFFINGTON IS BOWING TO GEORGINA MARTINGALE—PERAMBULATOR CHARGES THROUGH YOUNG S.'S LEGS.—SENSATION!

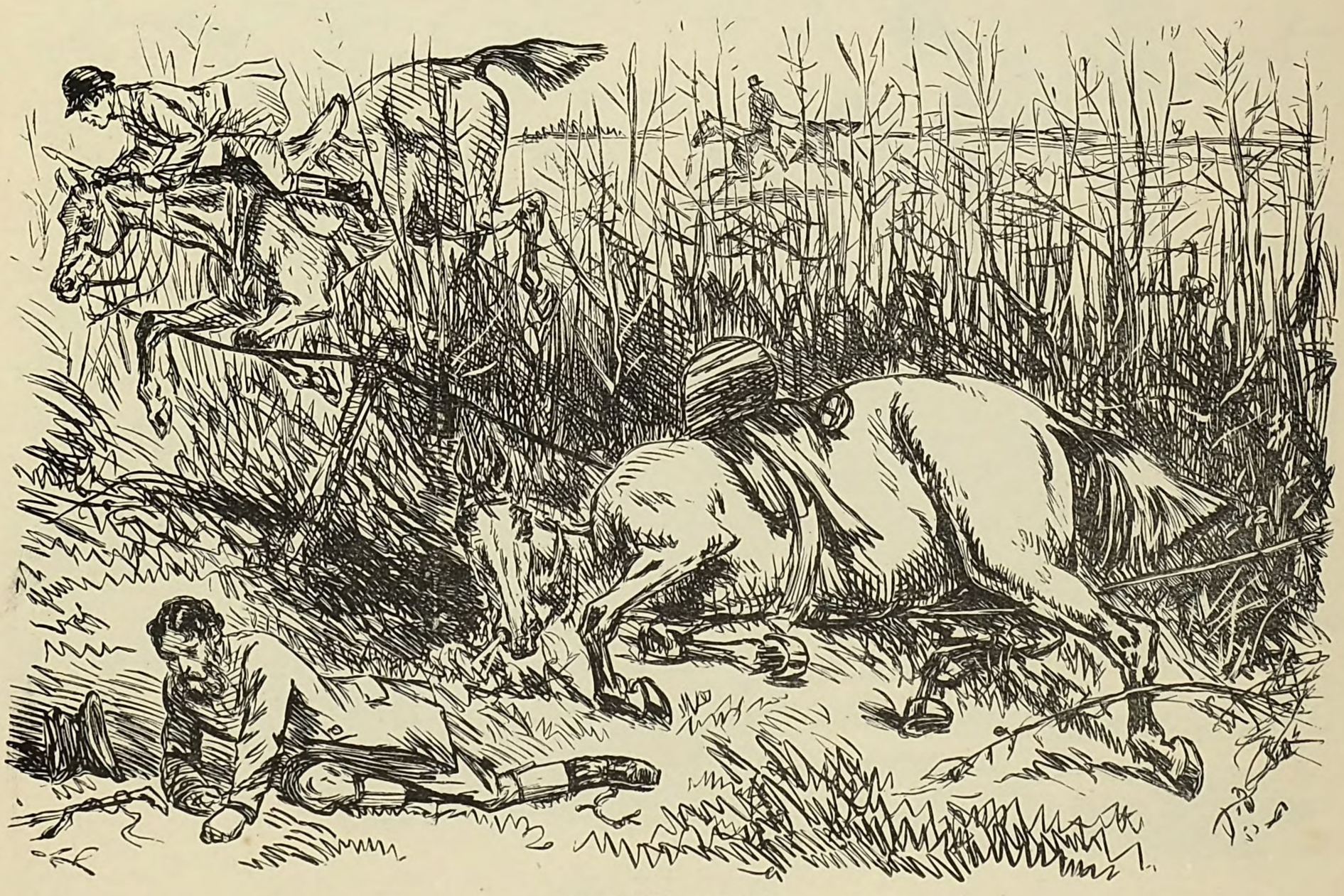


THE DOG-DAYS!

1st Fancier. "NOW ISN'T HE, GEORGIE!—FOR BREED AND SHAPE AND MAKE, THE MOST LOVELY LITTLE CREATURE?"

2nd Ditto. "WELL, DEAR, HE CERTAINLY IS VERY HANDSOME, BUT TO MY TASTE MY LITTLE TREASURE PUGGY IS PERFECTION, AND SO AFFECTIONATE!"

3rd Ditto. "DID THEY PRAISE THE OTHER DOGS?—LITTLE CHARLIE WAS A DARLING; HE WAS, HE WAS, HE WAS!!!"



THE WIRE FENCE.

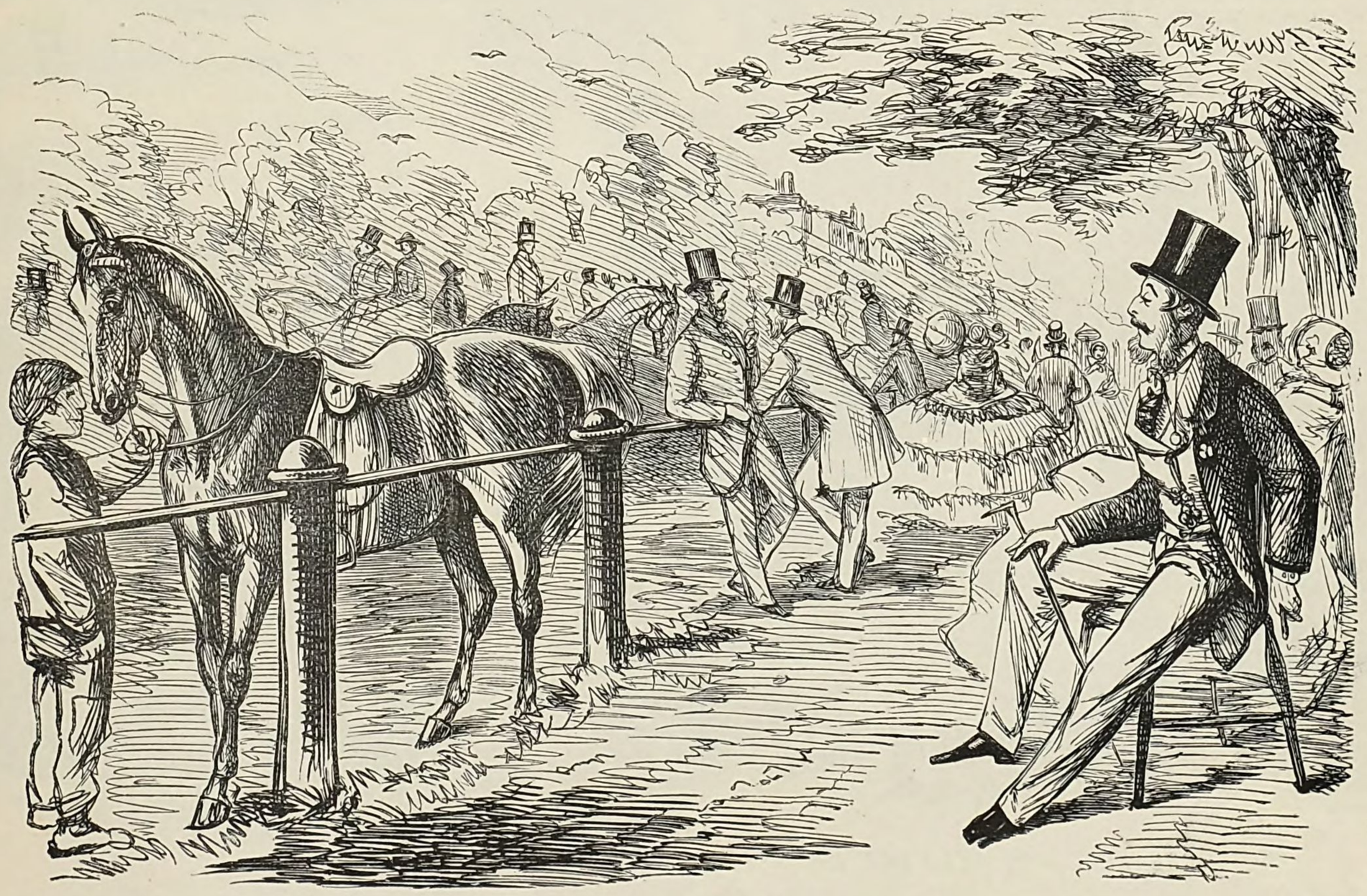
(Dedicated to those Farmers and others in the Shires, who use that treacherous and unsportsmanlike contrivance.)

A TABLE D'HÔTE AT PARIS.

Attentive Swell (to elegant and fascinating American Young Lady, who has been monopolising the adjacent Gentlemen all through Dinner). "LET ME GIVE YOU SOME OF THIS" *(handing Article of Dessert).*

Belle Américaine. "NO, THANKS!—WELL, THEN, A VERY LITTLE; FOR *I GUESS I'M PRETTY CROWDED NOW.*"

[Horror of Swells; triumph of neighbouring Female British Contingent.



A FATUOUS FASHION.

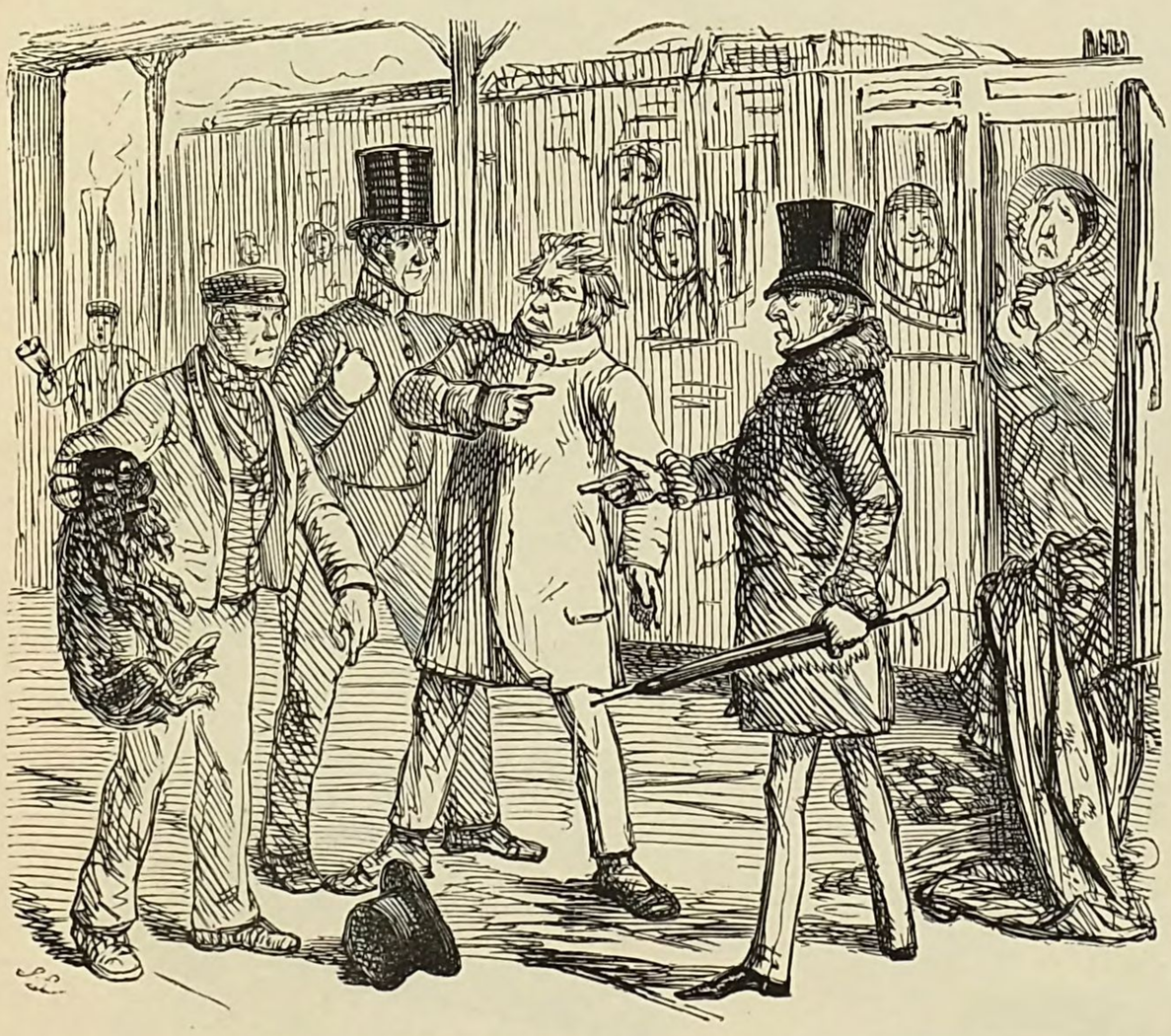
TO SIT UPON A CHAIR, AND HAVE ONE'S HORSE HELD, IS NOW A VEWY FASHIONABLE WAY OF WIDING IN "WOTTON WOW."

SERVANTGALISM, &c.—No. XVI.

Mary. "DID YOU CALL, MUM?"

Lady. "YES, MARY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO WEAR YOUR HOOP BEFORE YOU HAD DONE YOUR ROOMS, BECAUSE YOU BROKE THE JUGS AND BASINS WITH IT!"

Mary. "OH, MUM! YOU SEE THE *SWEEPS* WERE COMING THIS MORNING, AND, REALLY, I CCULD NOT THINK OF OPENING THE DOOR TO THEM SUCH A FIGGER AS I SHOULD HA' BEEN WITHOUT MY CRINOLINE!"

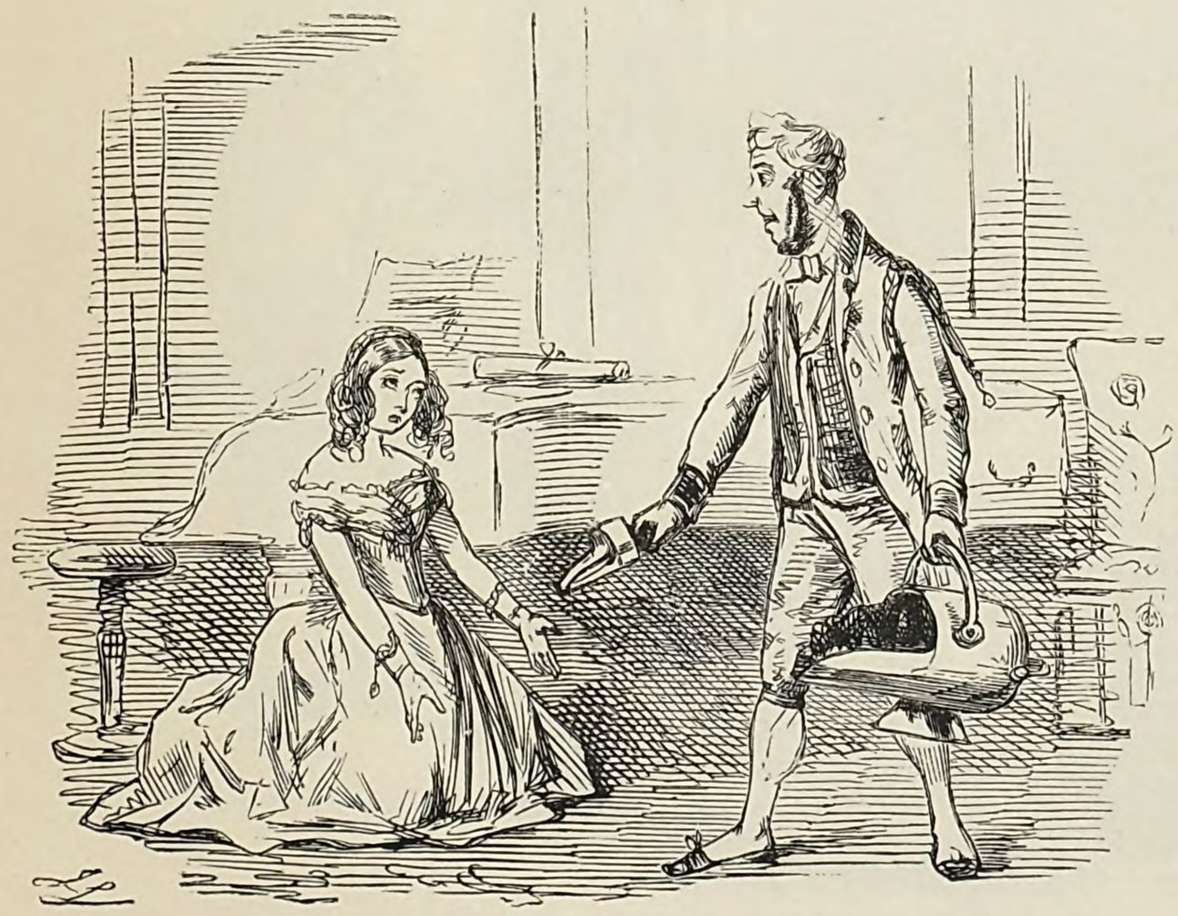


BREAKING THE BYE-LAWS.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. "HOLLO—HOY-CATCH THAT DOG! I'VE A COMPLAINT—WHERE'S THE STATION-MASTER?—UNDER THE BYE-LAWS—IT'S A DOG—HERE, I GIVE THIS MAN INTO CUSTODY."

THE COOK'S MORNING SERVICE.

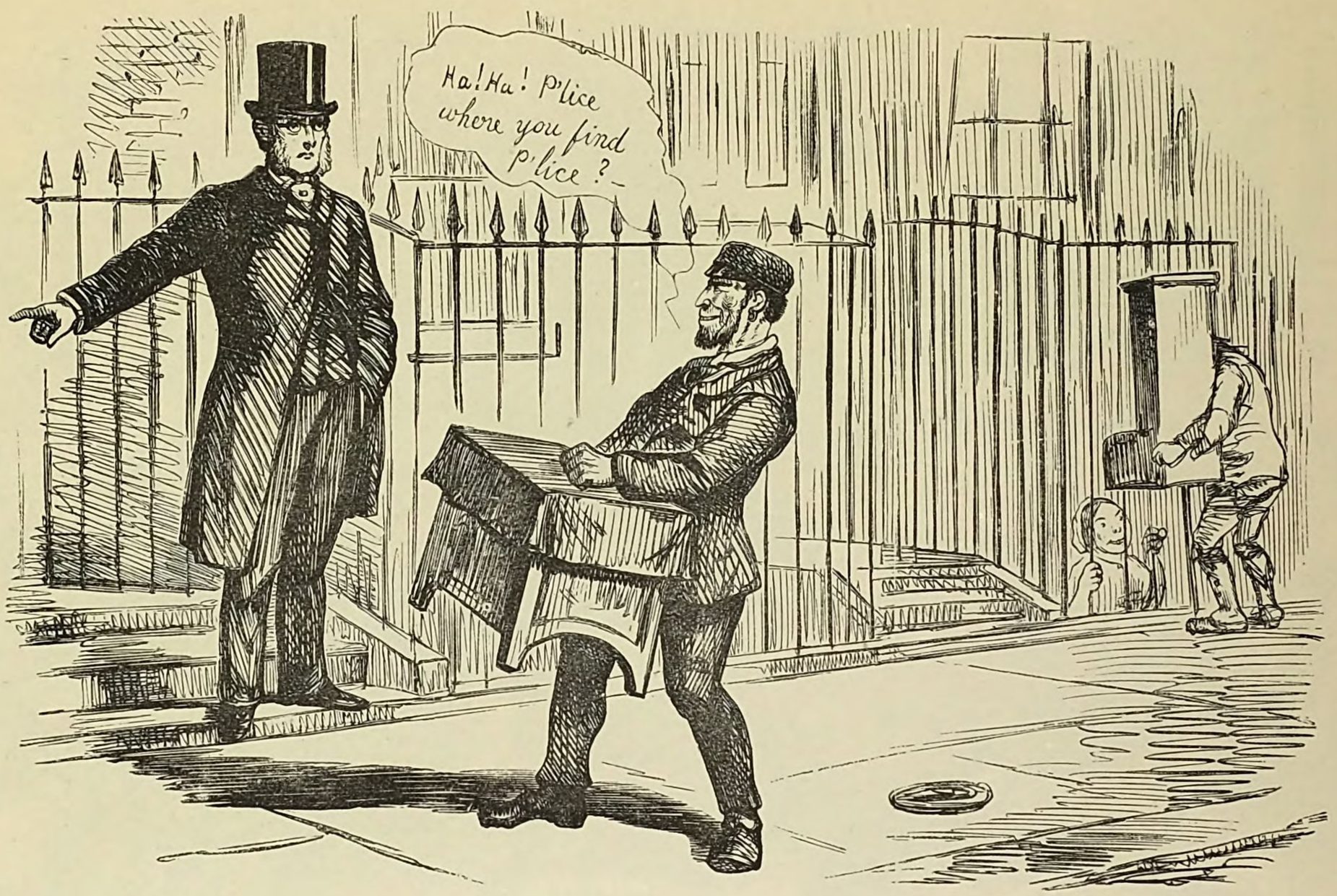
STUDIES OF CRINOLINE DURING AN EQUINOCTIAL GALE.



HERO WORSHIP.

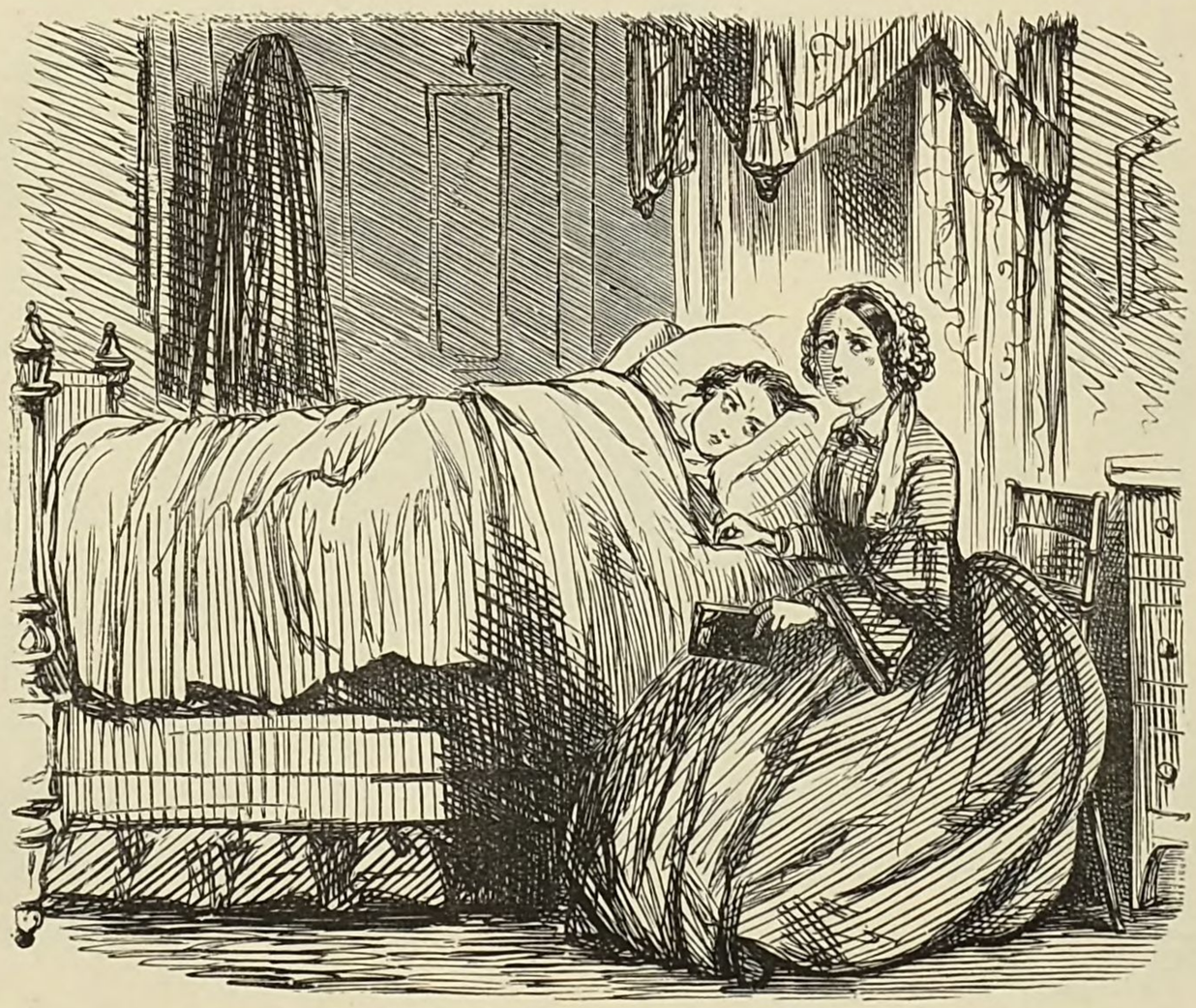
THE "KNEE PLUSH ULTRA" OF SENTIMENT.

A JOLLY GAME.



A FOREIGN INFLICTION.—No. I.

AT THE DOOR PATERFAMILIAS IS EXPOSTULATING WITH AN ORGAN-GRINDER, WHO IS DEFYING HIM WITH EXTREME INSOLENCE, ALTERNATED WITH PERFORMANCES ON THE INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE. POLICEMAN (UNSEEN) IS IN THE KITCHEN, CONSIDERING WHETHER SUSAN'S COOKING OR MARY'S SAVINGS' BANK MONEY WOULD BE THE BETTER INVESTMENT.

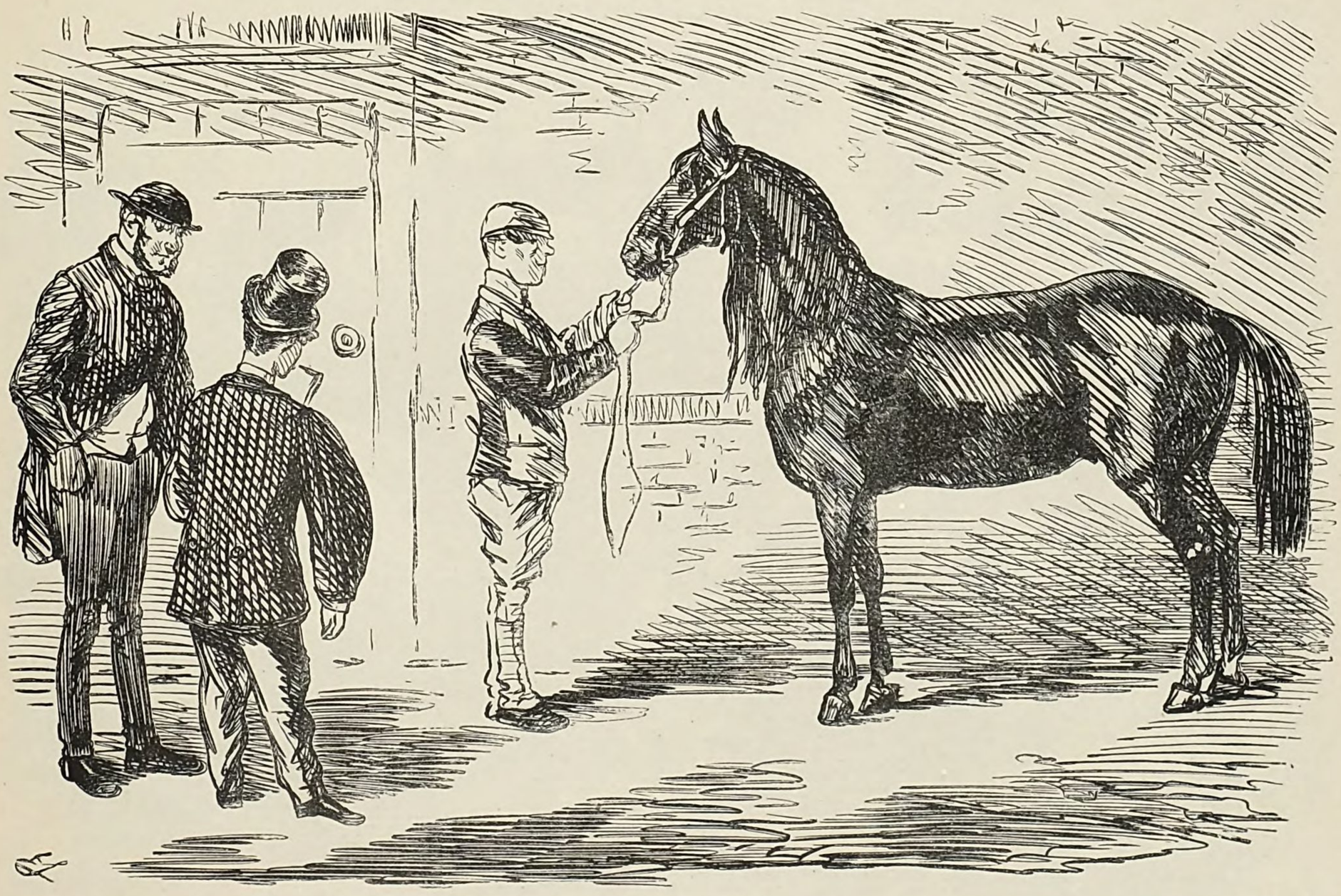


No. II.

IN A BED-ROOM A MOTHER IS TENDING A SICK BOY, WHO IS SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS FEVER.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Keeper (who has never seen a breech-loader). "I DON'T THINK WERRY MUCH OF 'IM; WHY HE'S BEEN AND BROKE HIS GUN THE WERRY FUST SHOT!"



RATHER OSSY.

Dealer. "THERE, SIR! HE'S A RARE TOPPED UN. WHY, WHAT A MANE AND TAIL HE'S GOT! HE'D MAKE A CHARGER, HE WOULD!"

Mr. Green. "BUT AIN'T HIS LEGS A LITTLE TOO THIN FOR HIS BODY?"

Dealer. "THIN FOR HIS BODY! BLESS YER! YOU COME TO HACK HIM ABOUT FOR A FEW DAYS, HIS LEGS 'LL *FILL OUT* ENOUGH, THEY WILL!"

SERVANTGALISM IN AUSTRALIA.—A FACT.

Domestic. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, I HAVE AN HOUR TO SPARE, AND I'M A-GOIN' TO TRY MY NEW 'ORSE!"

A FANCY SCENE—WINNING THE GLOVES.

FROM THE GRAND PUGILISTIC BALLET OF THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, WHICH MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, AND OUGHT TO BE PLAYED AT ONE OF THE OPERAS.

COMPLIMENTARY.

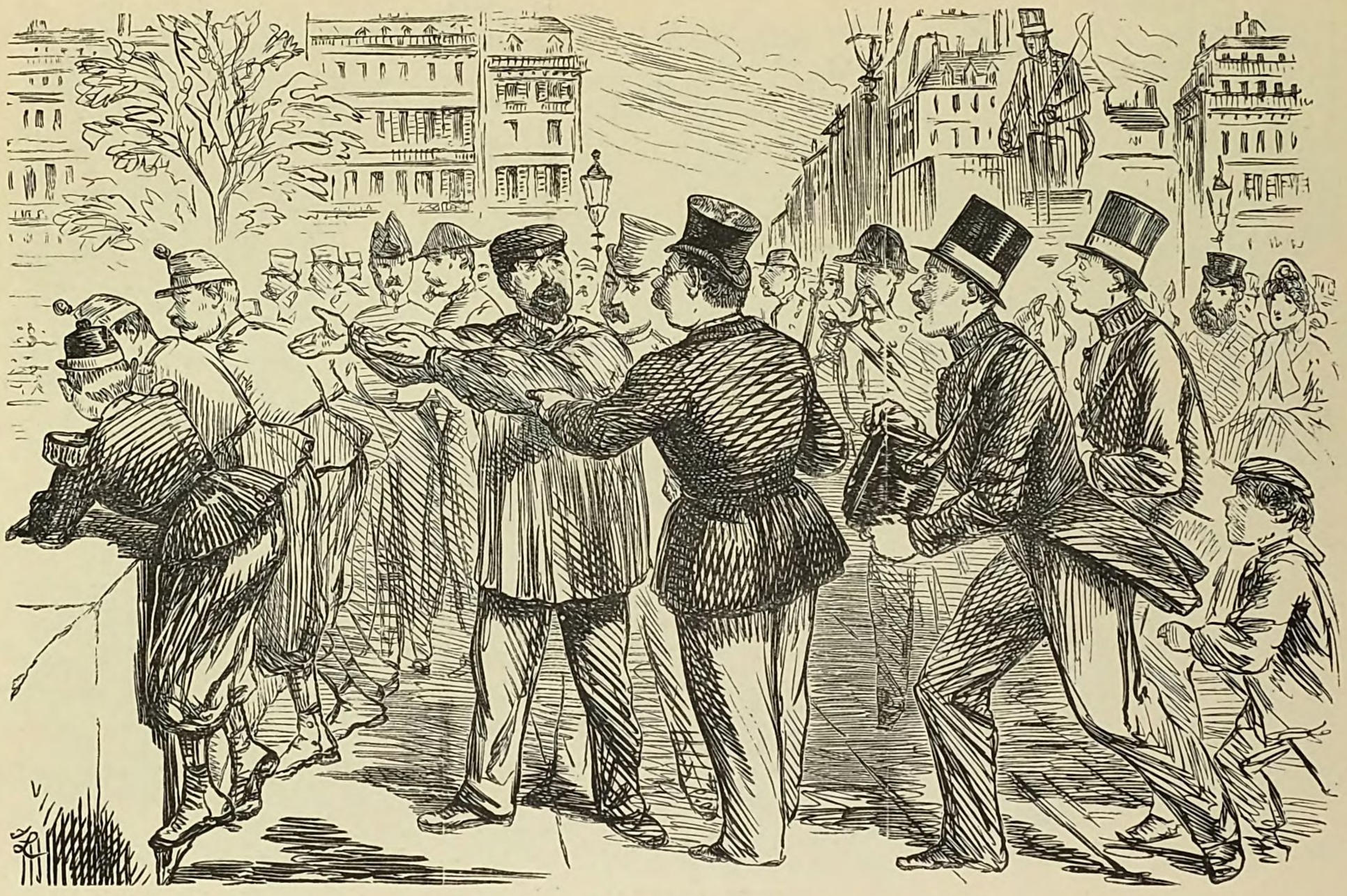
Farmer. "MORNIN', MR. BLANK! NEVER SAW YOU *GO* SO WELL BEFORE."

Mr. Blank. "WHY, WHAT DO YER MEAN? WE'VE NEVER FOUND A FOX!"

Farmer. "AH! BUT I MEAN SO WELL FROM COVER TO COVER, YOU KNOW!"

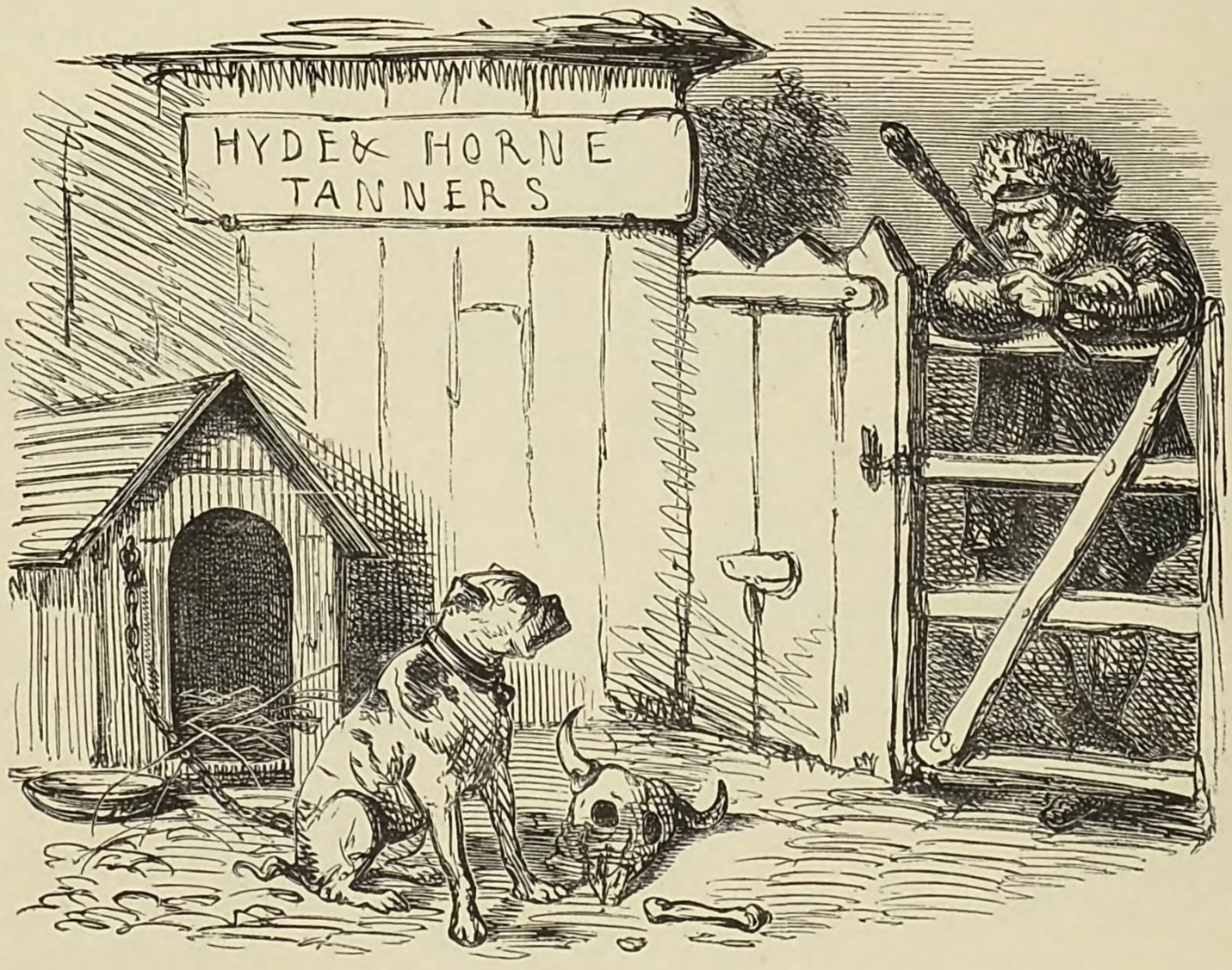
PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

MR. SPENCER POFFINGTON MAKES A MORNING CALL. HE WILL WEAR AN EYE-GLASS—AND SKIPS LIKE LORD DUNDREARY—AND COMES TO GRIEF OVER A CROQUET IRON, TAKING A HEADER INTO THE ARMS OF LADY HONORIA BOUNCER!



SCENE ON A BRIDGE IN PARIS.

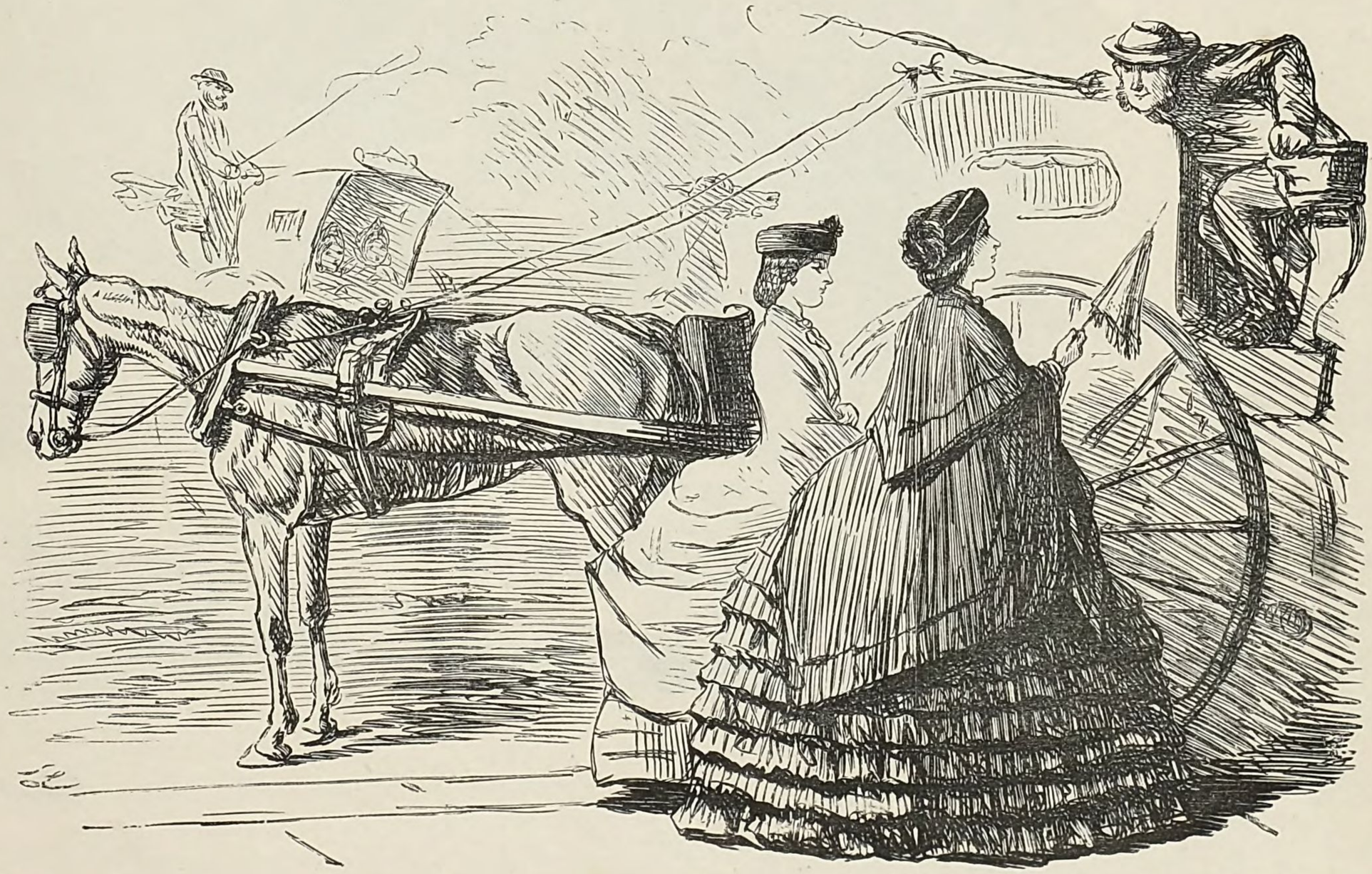
NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE MATTER HERE? WHY, ALPHONSE, IN A BOAT ON THE RIVER, HAS JUST CAUGHT A GOUJON ABOUT THE SIZE OF HIS LITTLE FINGER!



TU QUOQUE.

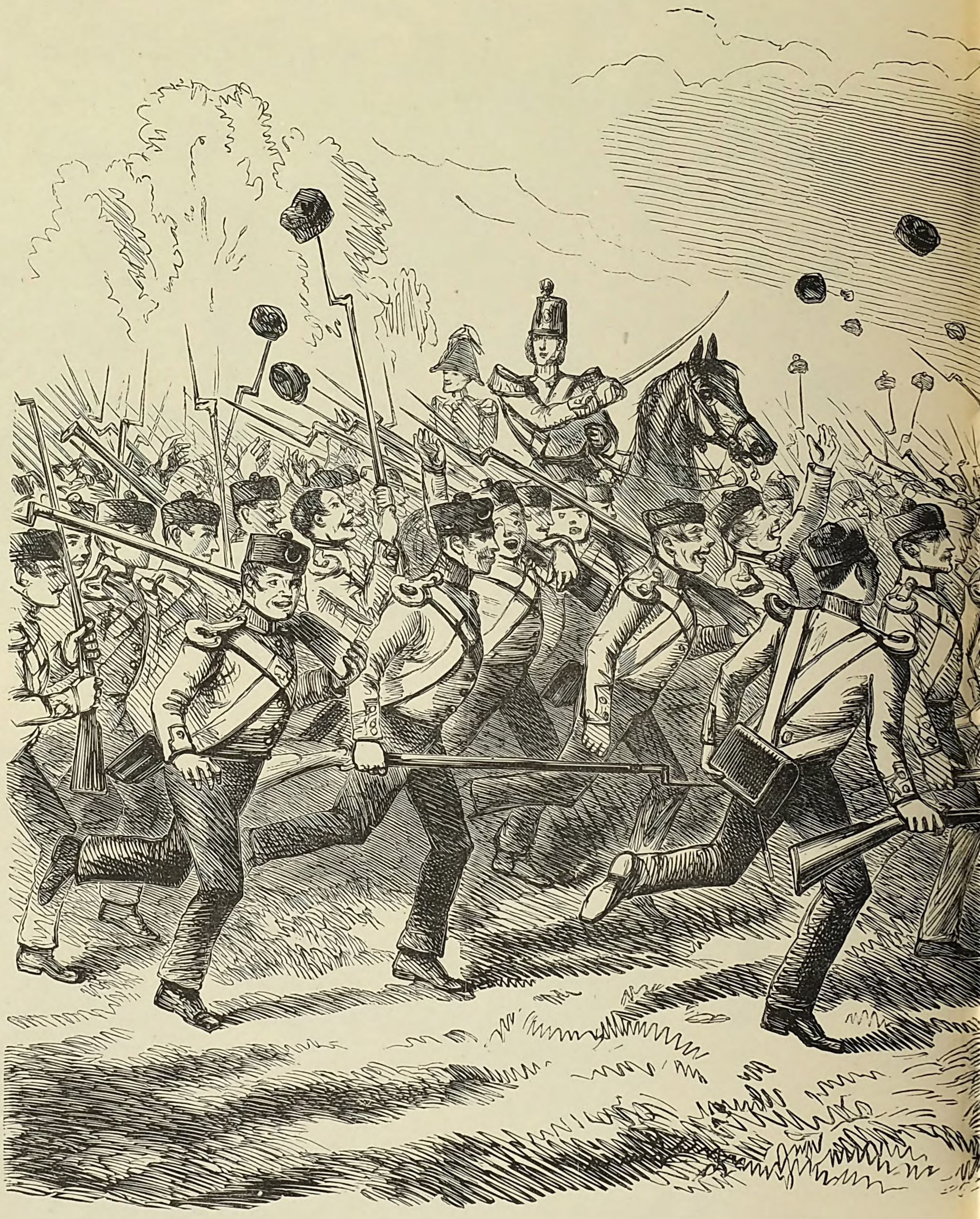
Human. "HAH! YOU'D BE A NICE CUSTOMER TO MEET ON THE LOOSE, ANYWHERES AFTER DARK, YOU WOULD!"

AT SCARBOROUGH.



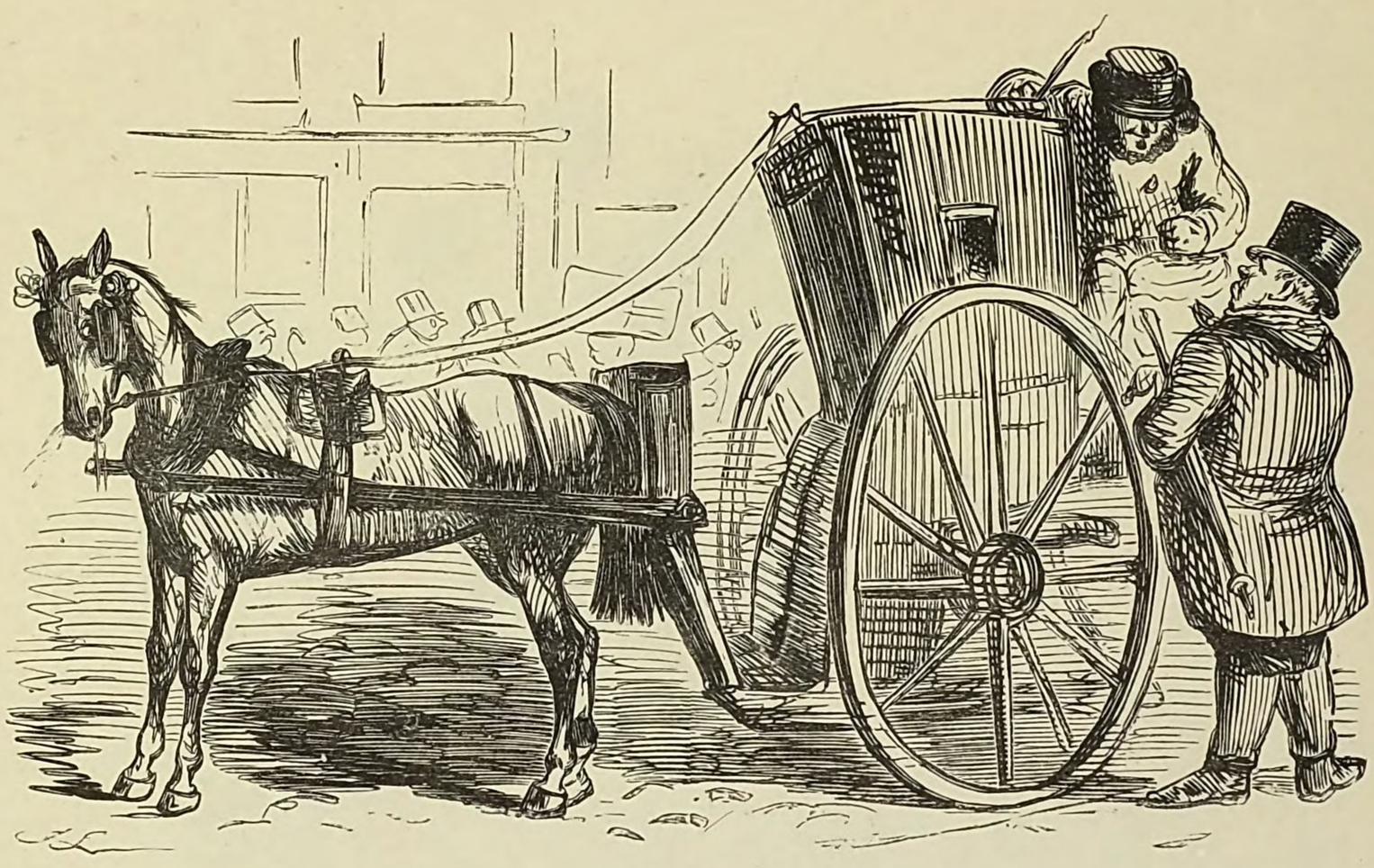
A SAGACIOUS CABBY.

"HANSOM, MISS! YES, MISS! CATTLE OR DOG SHOW?"



READY WHEN WANTED; O

R, MILITIA VOLUNTEERS.



IMPUDENCE.

Old Gent. "HOW MUCH?" *Hansom Cabman (boldly).* "SIX SHILLINGS, SIR!"

Old Gent. "WHAT! WHY HOW MANY MILES DO YOU CALL IT FROM TEMPLE BAR TO THE BANK?"

Cabman. "OH! IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT A MERE MERCAN-TILE TRANSACTION, YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR RIDE FOR NOTHING. ONLY DON'T GIT INTO AN ANSOM CAB AGAIN, THAT'S ALL." [*Old Gentleman is speechless with indignation and astonishment.*

A DISTURBED IMAGINATION.

JONES, WHO CAN'T SLEEP WELL IN LONDON DURING THE HOT WEATHER, GOES TO HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN A VILLAGE!!
[*Portrait of* ONE *of the Village Cochins, &c.*

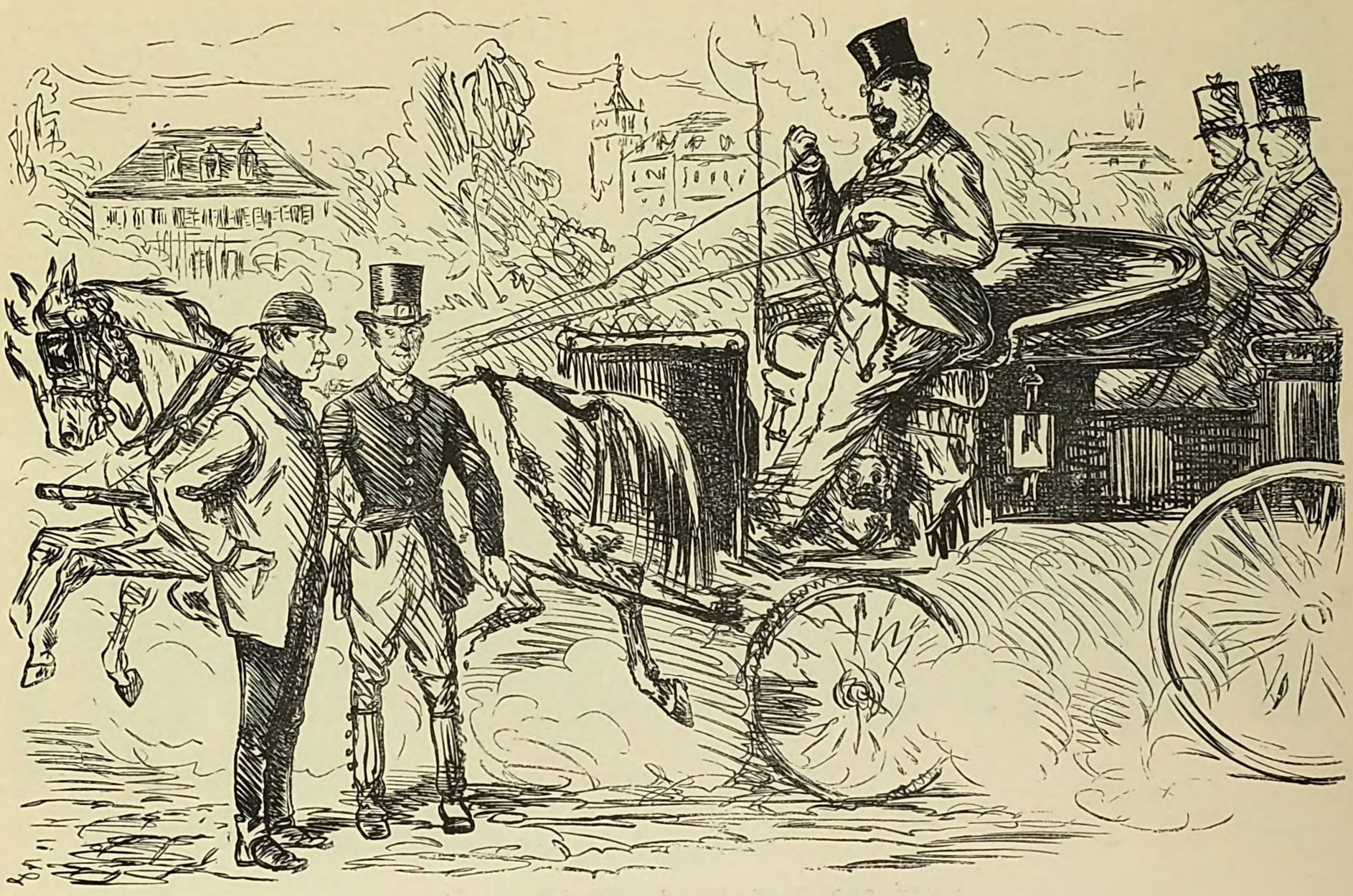
WHAT OUR VOLUNTEERS OUGHT **NOT** *TO DO.*

THEY OUGHT NOT, FOR ONE THING, TO STAGGER THROUGH QUIET STREETS, DRUMMING AND TRUMPETING LIKE SAVAGES, AT MIDNIGHT.

DRAMATIC.

First languid Swell. "HAW! THEY'RE GOING ON STILL WITH THAT DUNDREARY!"

Second Ditto. "AW——YA'AS! IT MUST BE A-A-A-A-VEWY HARD WORK FOR A FELLAH TO PERFORM SUCH A-A-CAWACTER EVEWY EVENING."



RETURN FROM THE RACES—BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

English Stable-boy (to his Pal). "I SAY, JONES, ISN'T IT A PITY MOUNSEER HAS NOT GOT ANOTHER HAND FOR THE WHIP?"

SPIRIT-RAPPING.

Mr. Dunup. "I KNOW THAT KNOCK! IT IS! IT MUST BE! YES, IT IS A CREDITOR!!"

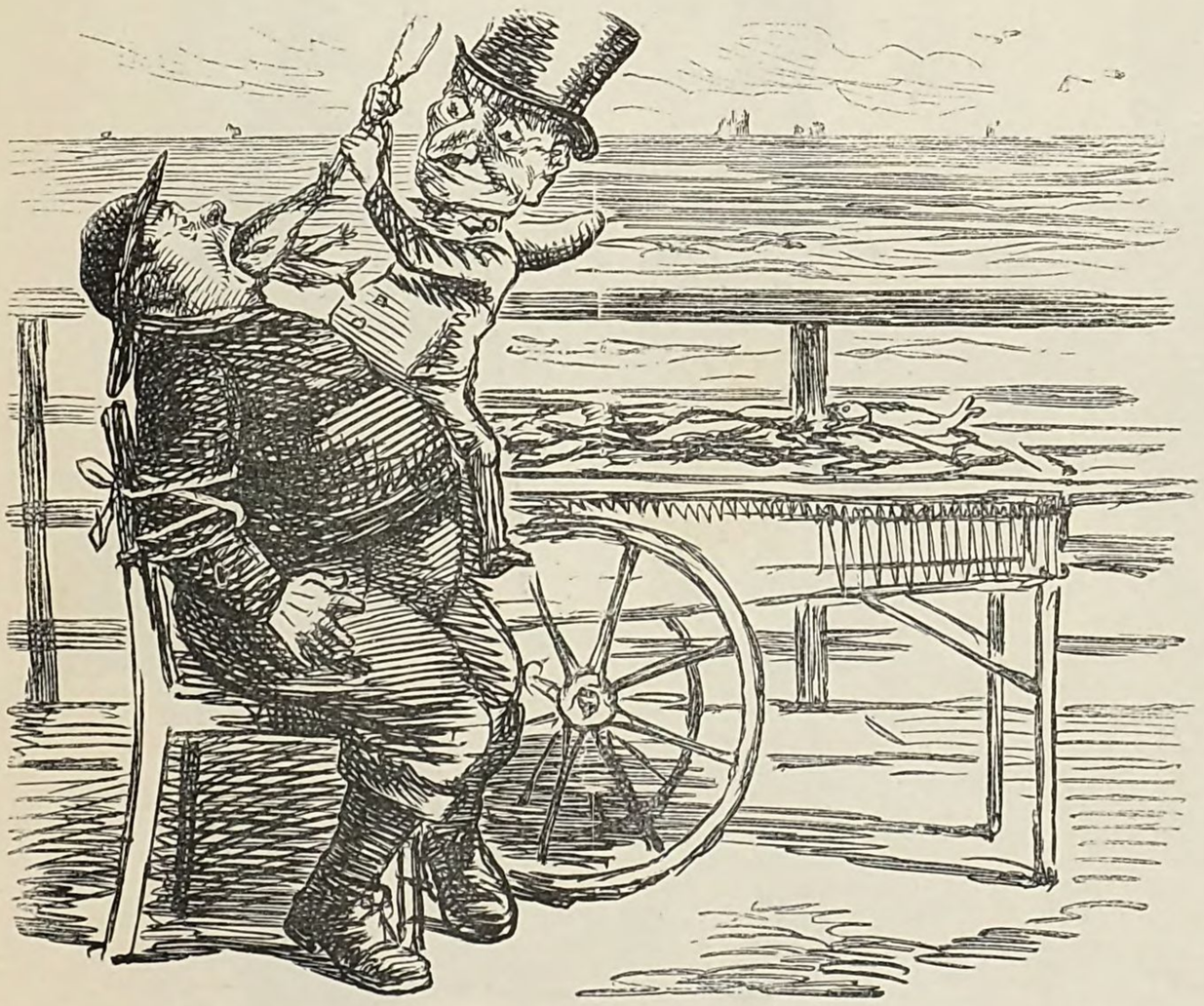
THE GRAND NATIONAL ROSE SHOW.

THE BOX OF BOOKS FROM LONDON.

"NOW, CLARA—WHAT A SHAME! YOU ALWAYS TAKE THE PRETTY ONES!"

RAILWAY GRIEVANCE.

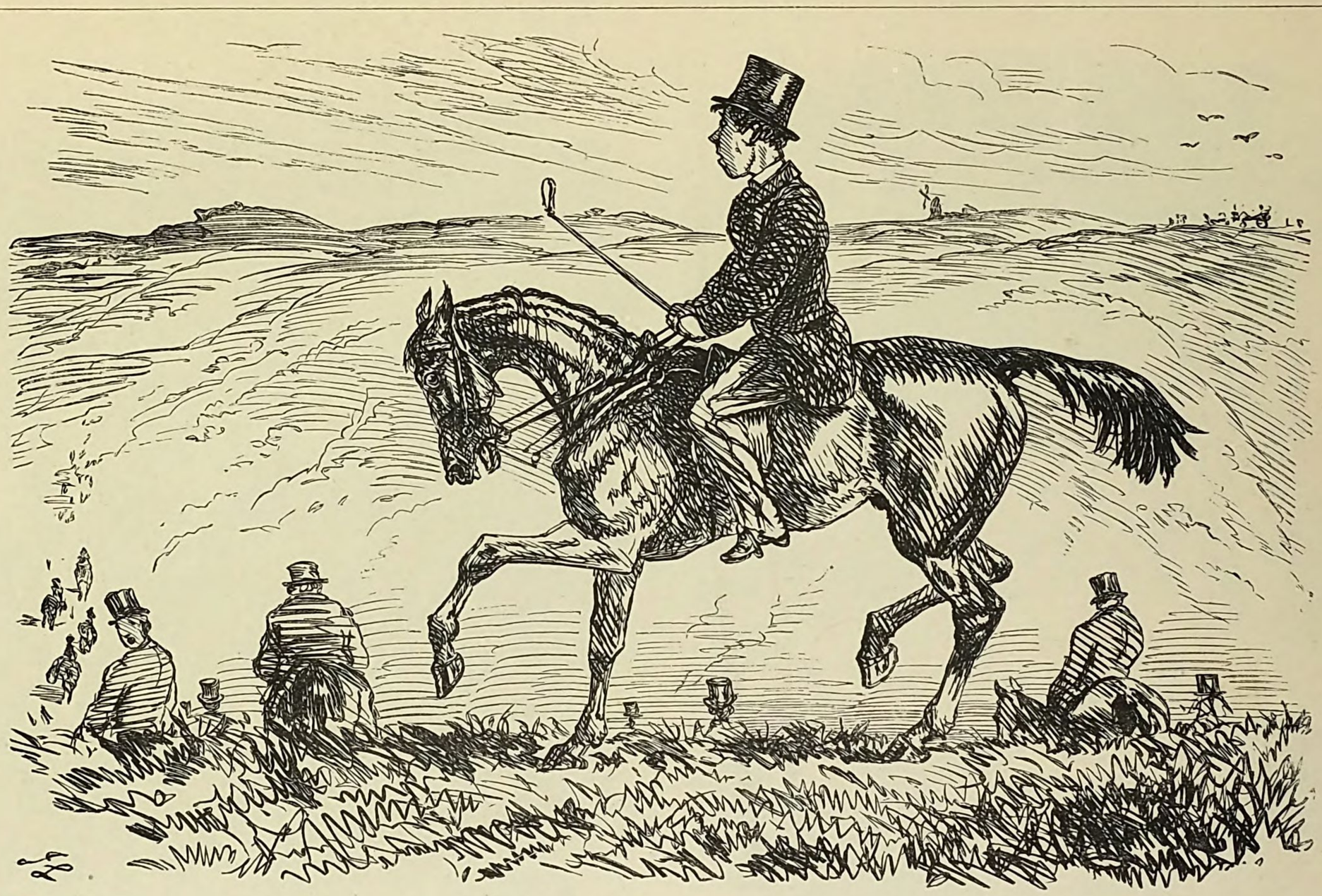
DREADFUL OLD FEMALE, WHO, ALTHOUGH SHE WOULD BE HORRIFIED AT THE IDEA OF A CIGAR IN A CARRIAGE, SOLACES HERSELF BY CONSUMING NO END OF PEPPER-MINT LOZENGES DURING HER JOURNEY.



RETALIATION.

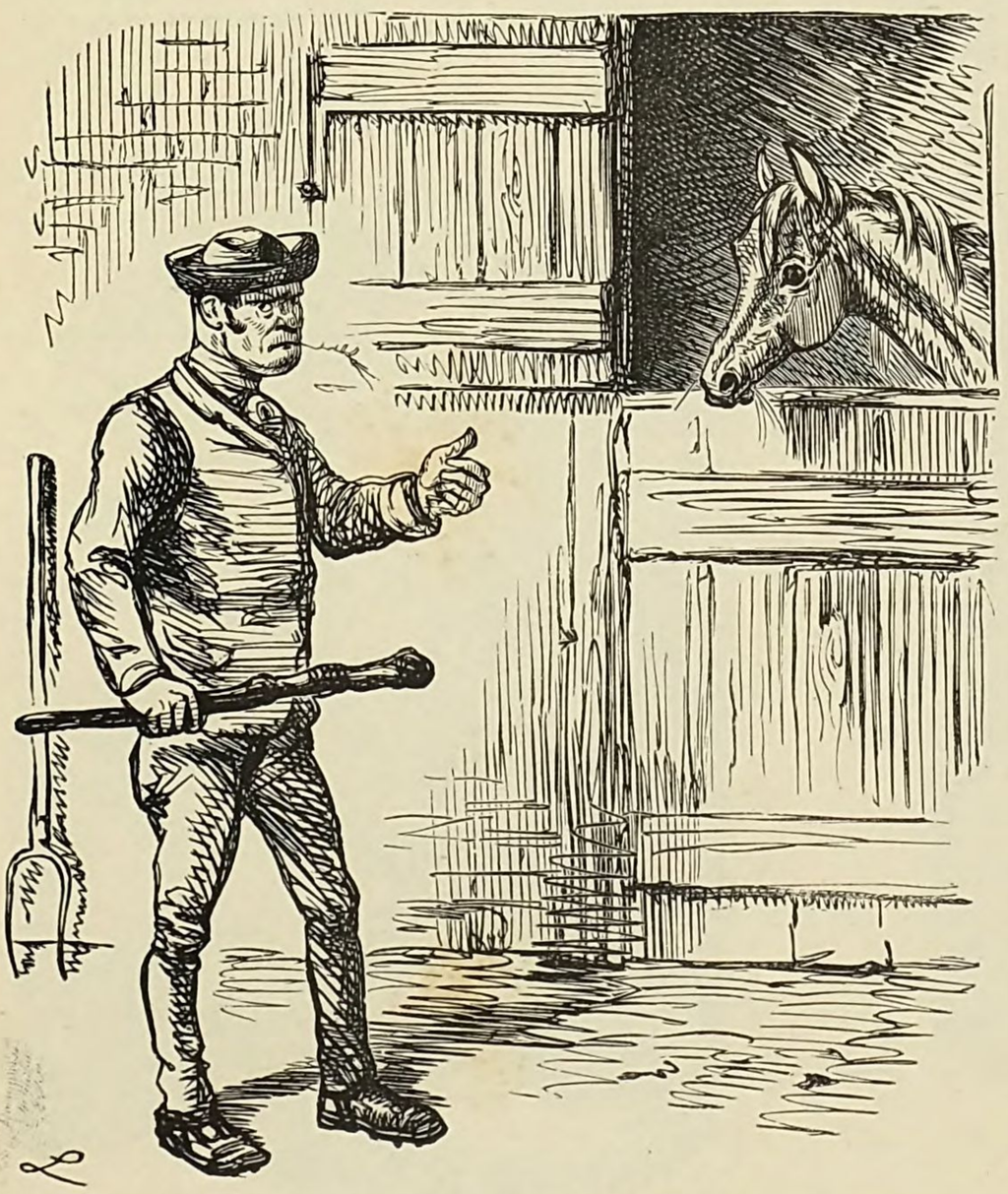
A CURE FOR THE BAWLING FISH-SELLERS AT WATERING-PLACES.

THE SUBMISSIVE HUSBAND.



A BROKEN COUNTRY.

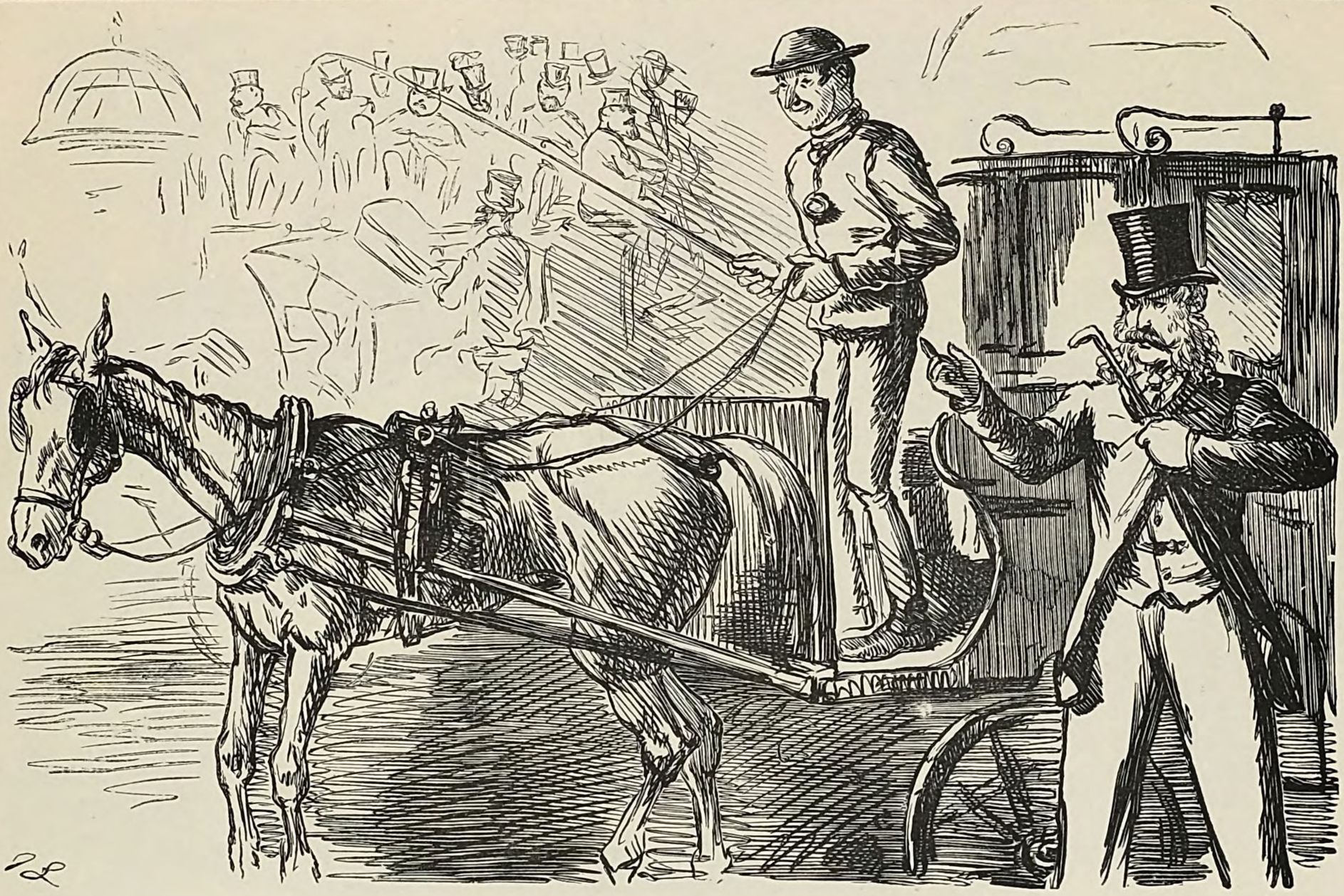
Jones (who has accepted a mount with the Harriers, because it is all galloping and no obstacles). "OH, YES, LET HIM COME! THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. WHY, IT'S LIKE THE SIDE OF A HOUSE."



WHICH IS THE BRUTE?

UPON ONE OF THESE CREATURES MR. RAREY'S METHOD CAN MAKE NO IMPRESSION.

"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE," ETC., ETC.



THE MORAL OF IT.

Infuriate Captain. "YOU SCOUNDREL, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU ARE BORN!"

Cabby. "WHAT! SUMMONS ME! OH, NO, YOU WON'T, MY LORD.—YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THE TROUBLE."

[*Exit* CABBY *with three-and-sixpence over his fare.*

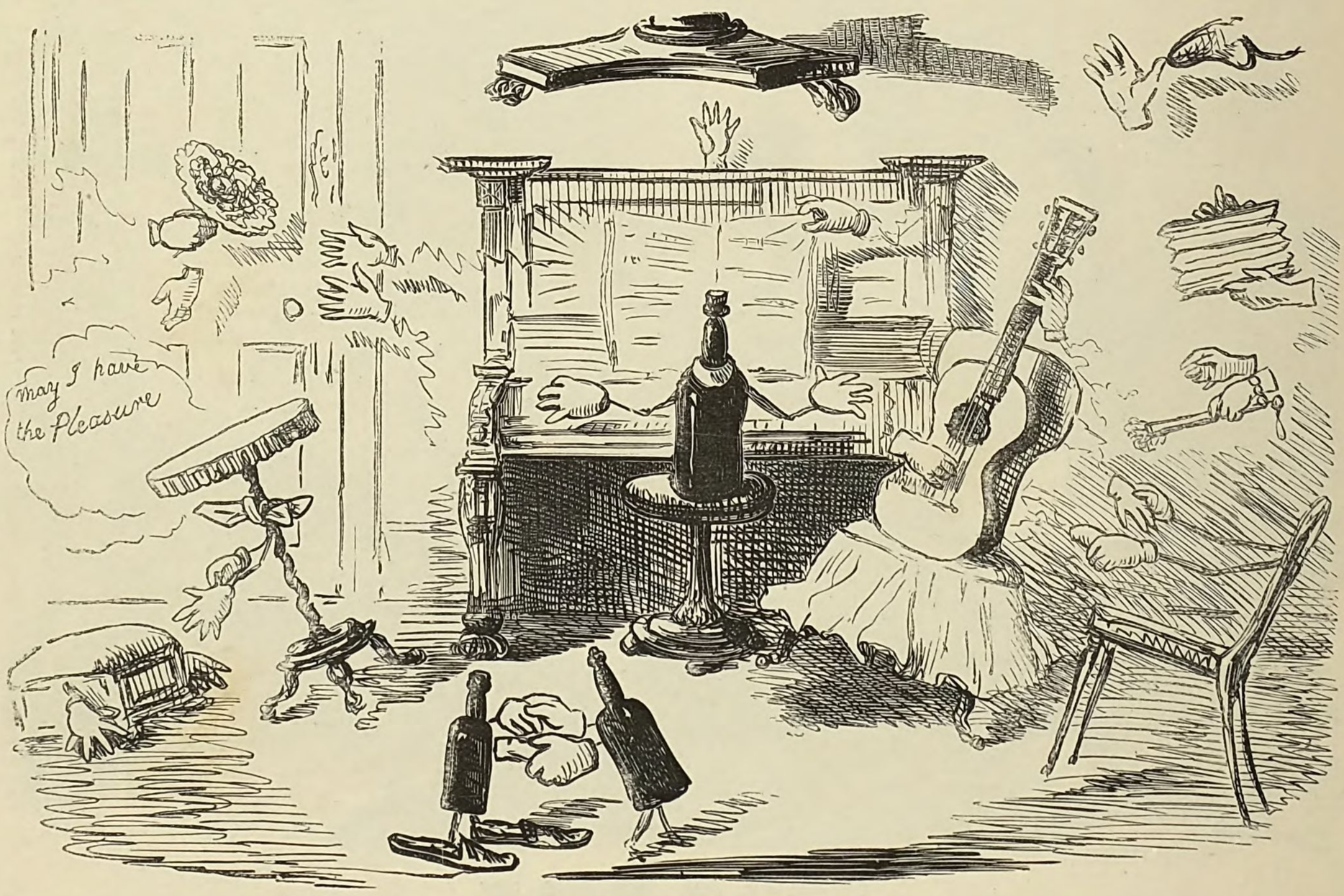
CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Missus. "MARY! GO AND TAKE OFF THAT THING DIRECTLY! PRAY, ARE YOU AWARE WHAT A RIDICULOUS OBJECT YOU ARE?"

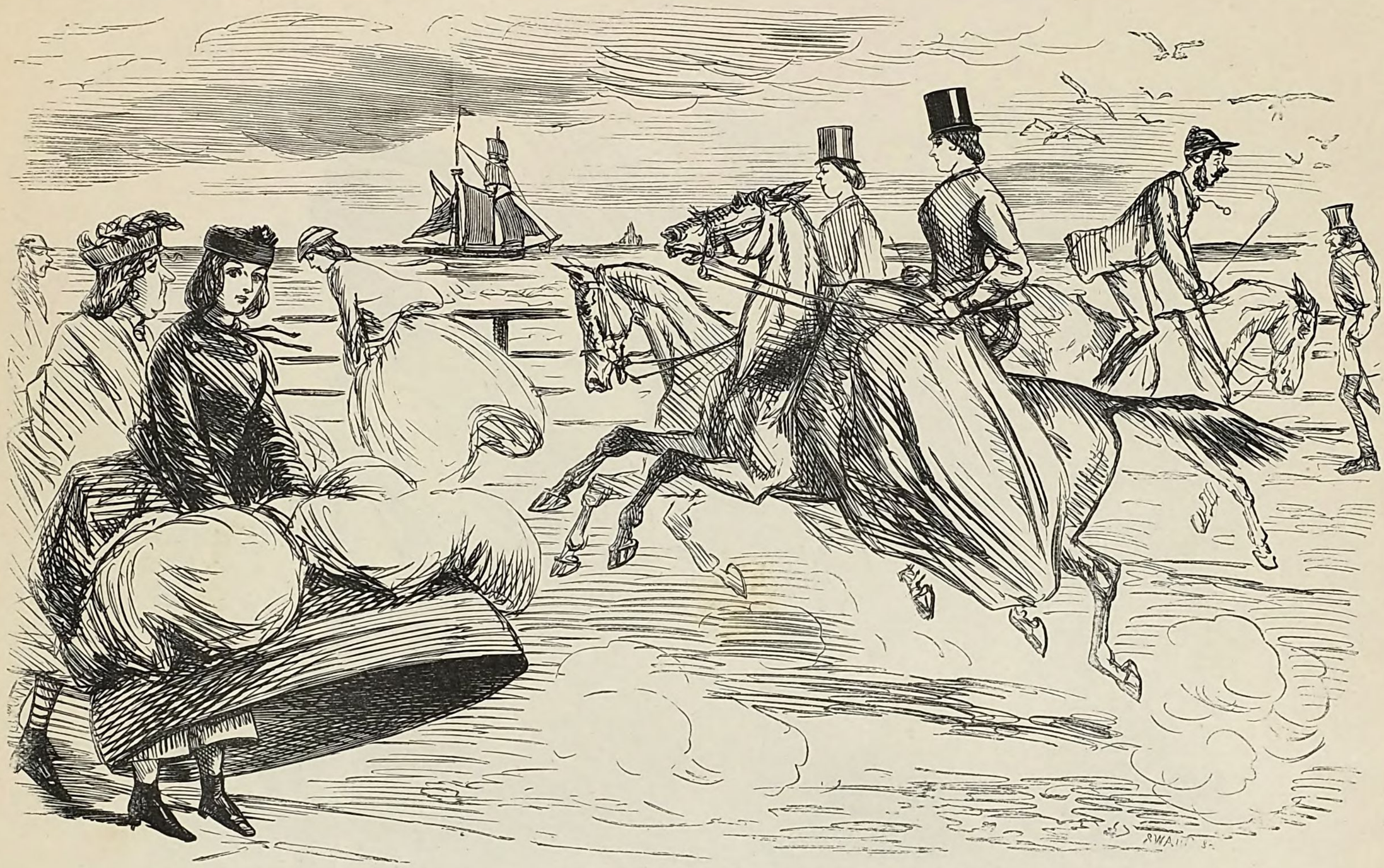
BADLY HIT DURING THE RECENT ENGAGEMENT WITH THE GUARDS.

Mamma. "YES, DOCTOR. SHE WILL SIT FOR HOURS WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD. SHE PERSISTS IN WEARING THE SAME DRESS, AND WON'T PART WITH THE BOUQUET!"

Doctor. "H'M—WELL, LET'S SEE, WE MUST FIRST GET *THE BALL OUT OF HER HEAD,* AND THEN PERHAPS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM MAY RIGHT ITSELF!"



A SPIRIT DRAWING. BY OUR OWN MEDIUM.



SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON JEWELS.

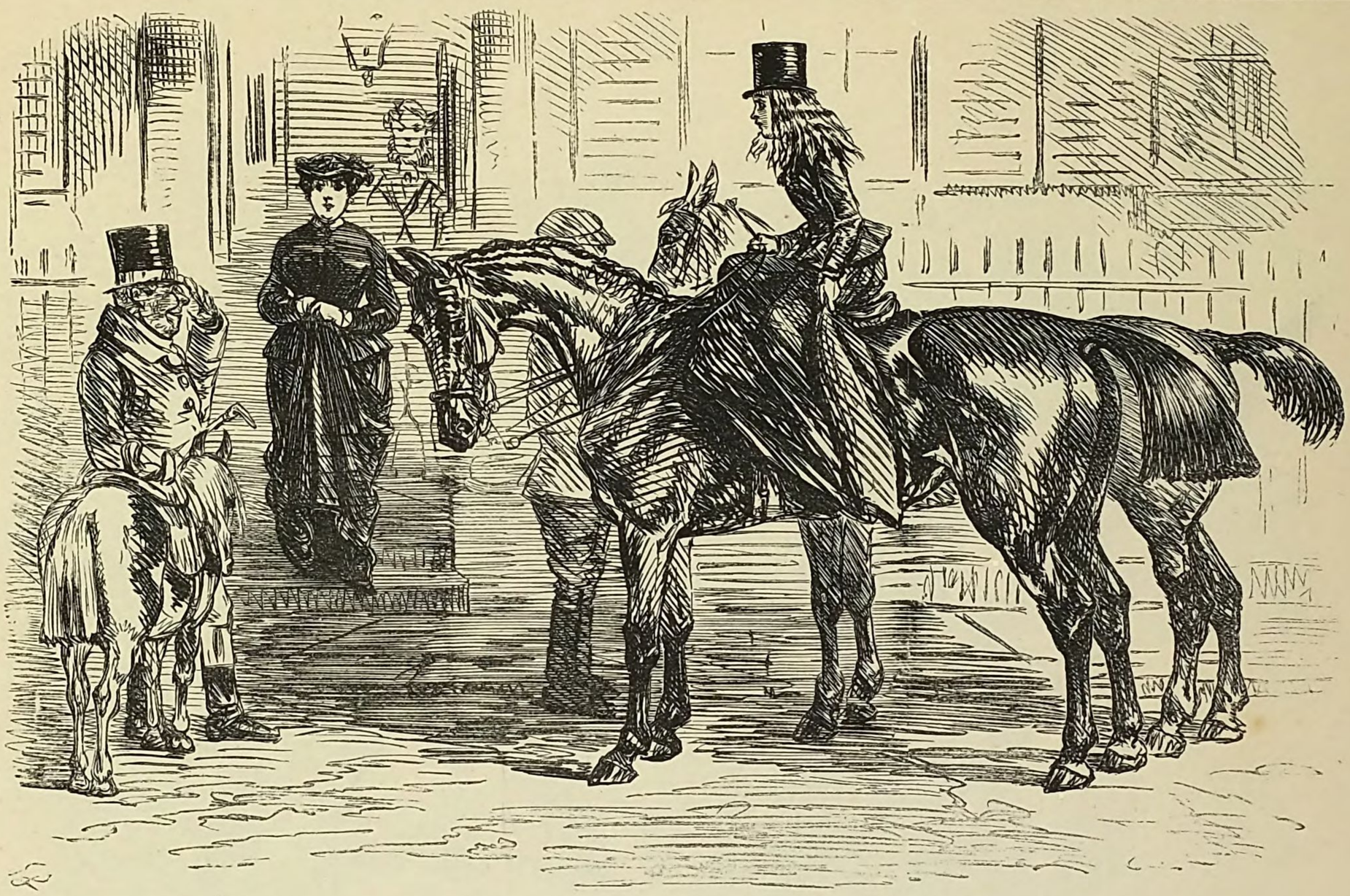
A BIT OF HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

Second Life Guardsman. "LOR, JEMIMER, WHY WE ARE OUR OWN MASTERS, AND NEVER SHOW NO RESPECT TO NOBODY!"

Jemimer. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN A DEAL OF BATTLES THAT MAKES YOU SO PROUD!"

A HINT TO THE "ENGAGED ONES" OF ENGLAND.

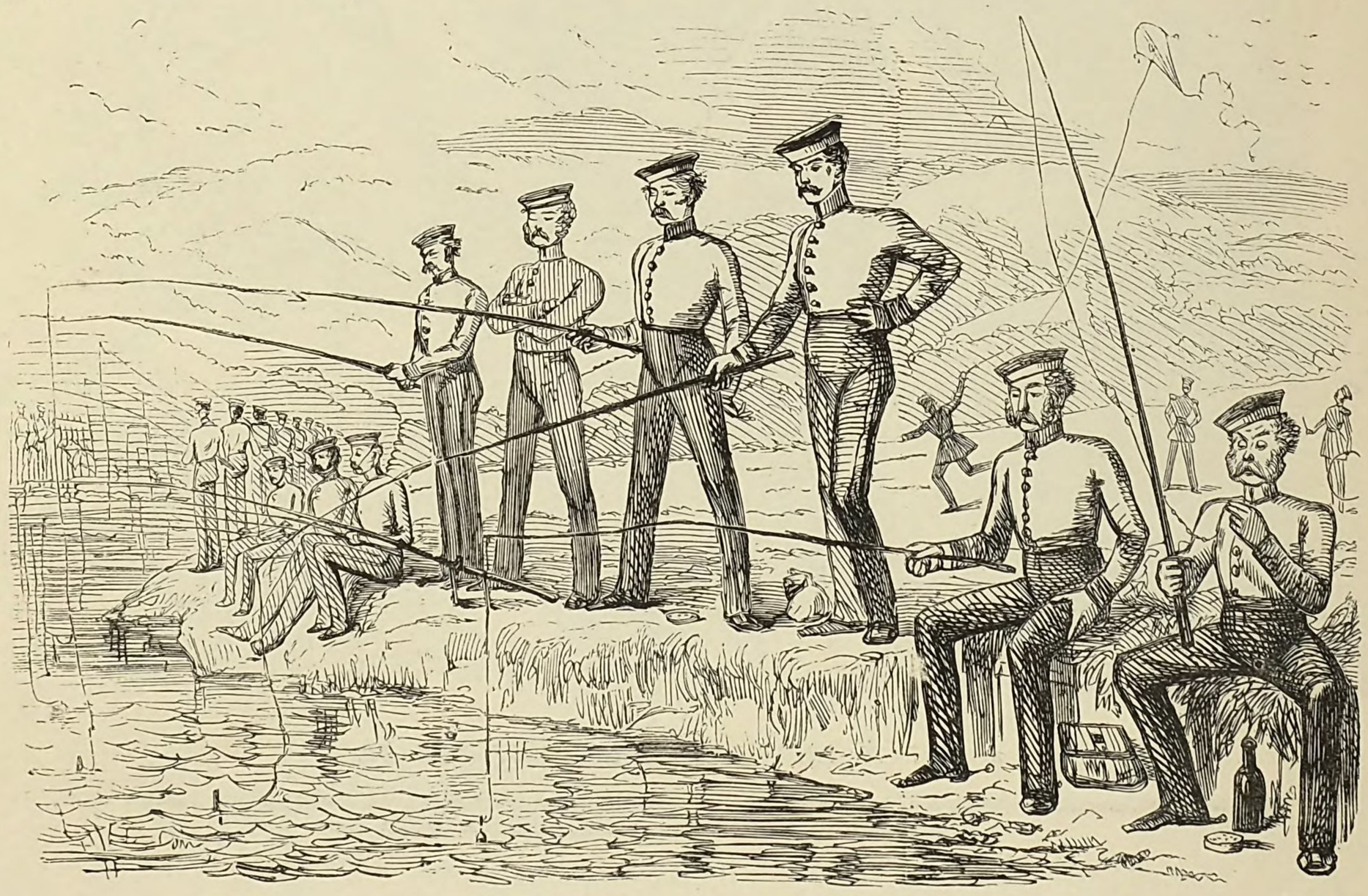
Alice (to Rodolph, or rather, we should say, Jones). "NOW MIND, SIR! YOU ARE A VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN, AND IT ENTIRELY DEPENDS UPON YOUR ATTENTION TO DRILL, WHETHER I GIVE YOU THAT LOCK OF HAIR, OR NOT!"



VERY CONSIDERATE.

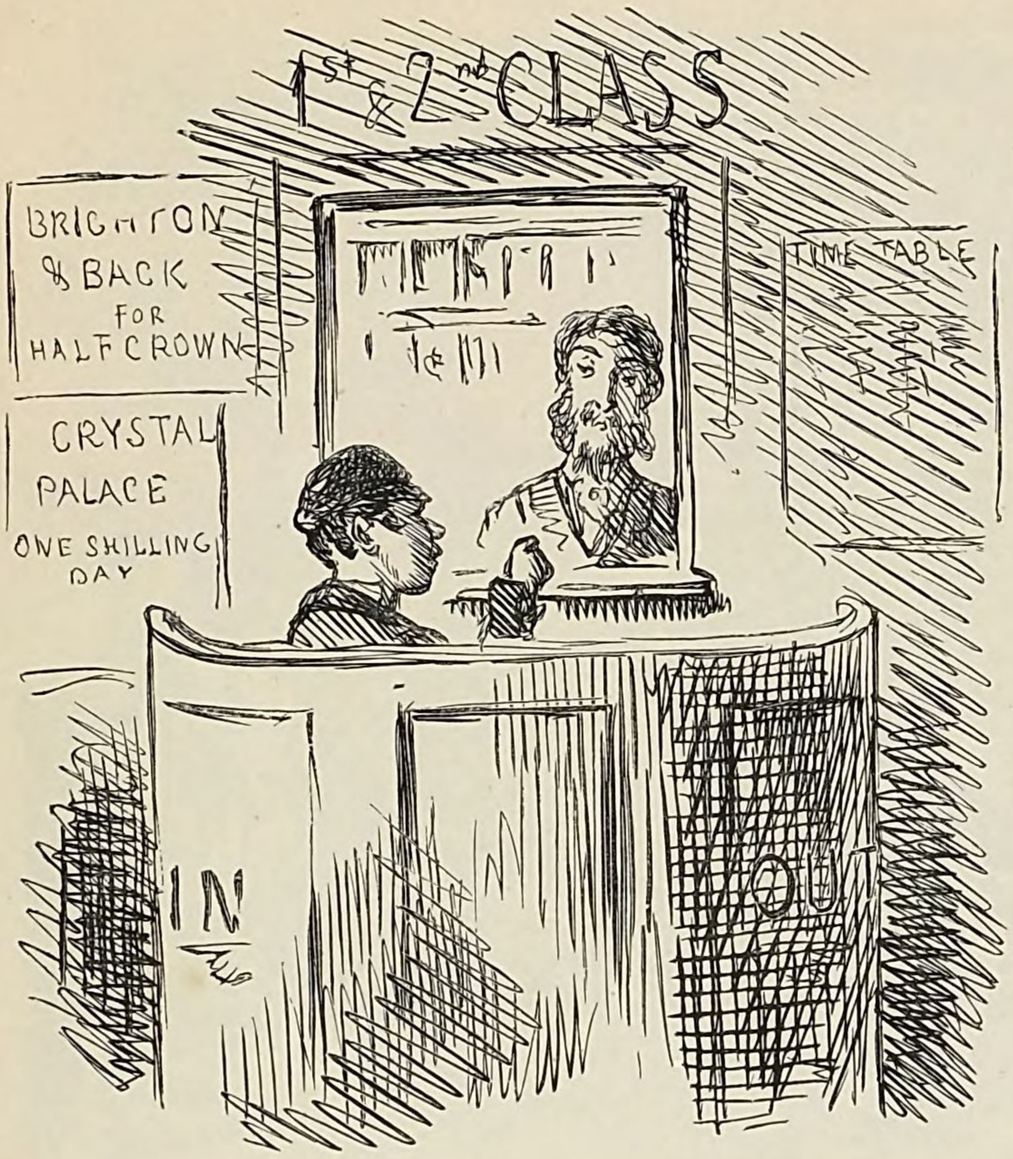
Mamma (coming down the steps). "WHY, CORNBYN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? MISS ALICE PERCHED ON HER PAPA'S BIG HORSE, AND THE PONY BROUGHT FOR ME!"

Cornbyn. "YES, MA'AM! YOU SEE, MA'AM, MISS ALICE SAID AS YOU WAS RATHER NERVOUS, AND SHE THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD GET ON BETTER WITH TOM TIT."



RECREATION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

AND HOW MUCH BETTER THAN IDLING IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE, OR FLIRTING WITH MAID SERVANTS.



ATTEMPTED FRAUD ON THE RAILWAY.

Boy (about fourteen). "HALF TO BRIGHTON."

Clerk. "ARE YOU ABOVE THIRTEEN?"

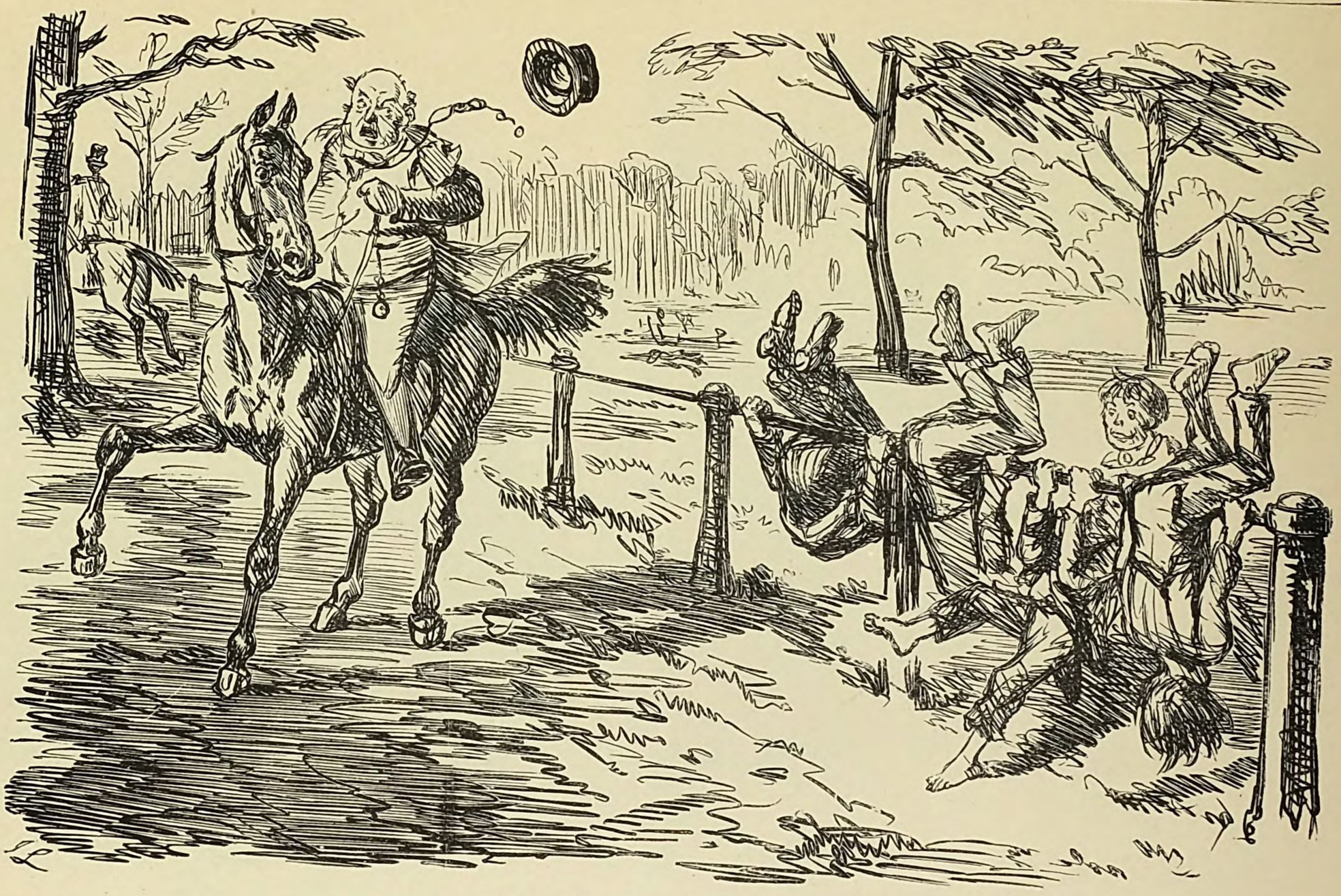
Boy. "NO, ONLY TWELVE LAST——"

Clerk (interrupting). "*THEN* YOU ARE WHOLE PRICE!" [*Sold.*

THE PLEASURES OF THE SEA.

THE RIVAL BARRELS.

THREE CHEERS FOR BASS AND HIS BARREL OF BEER, AND OUT WITH THE FOREIGN RUFFIAN AND HIS BARREL-ORGAN!



HOW NOT TO DO IT.—No. I.

THESE ARE THE LITTLE CHILDREN WHO CONVERT THE PARK RAILINGS INTO GYMNASTIC POLES, TO THE CONSTERNATION OF VOKINS'S HORSE!——

No. II.

AND THIS IS ONE OF THE HYDE PARK KEEPERS HAVING HIS CARTE DE VISITE TAKEN.

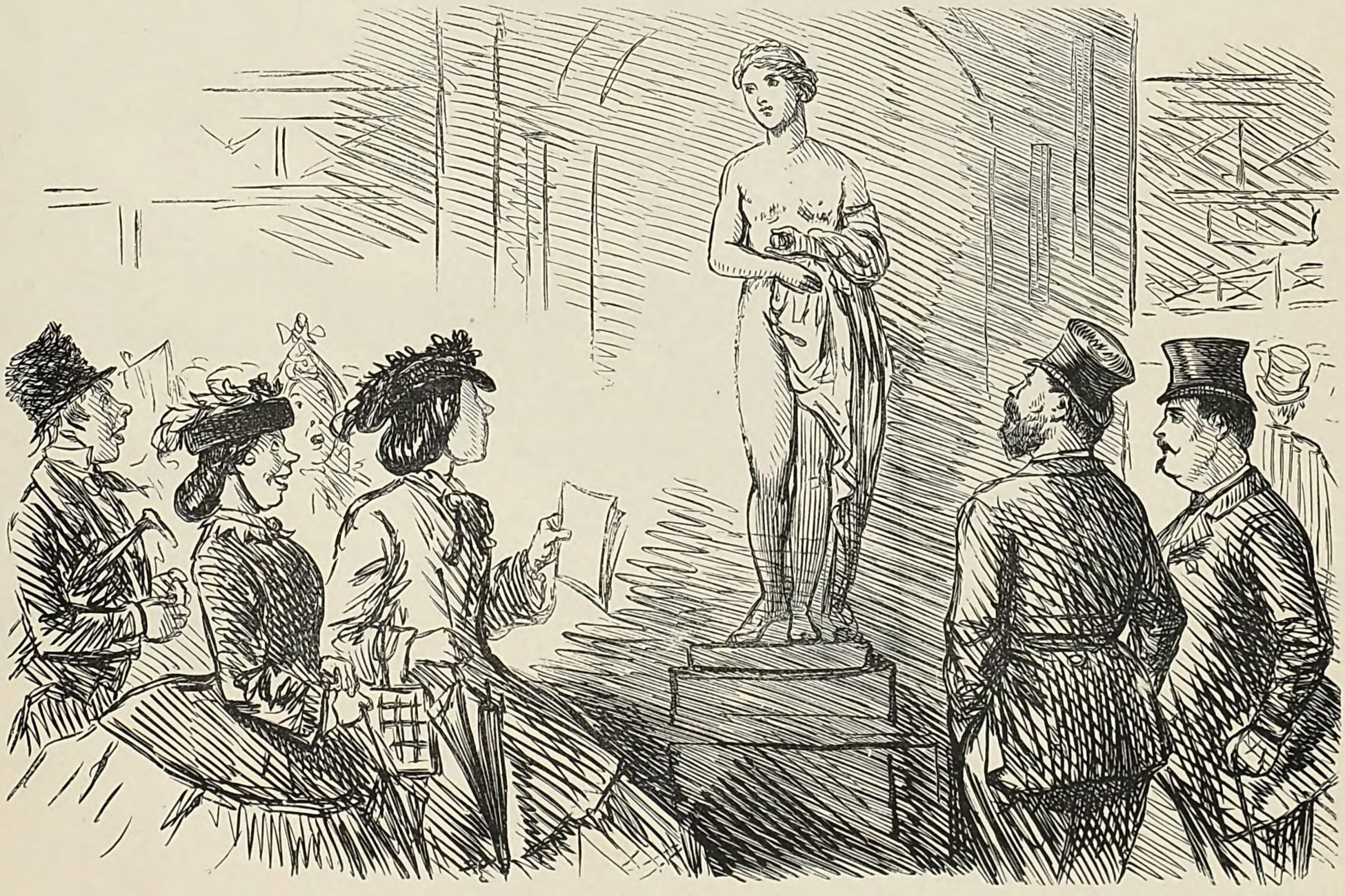
[MORAL. *Would it not be better if the Park Keeper attended to his duties a little?*

THE BITER BIT.

First Cabby. "I'M WAITIN' FOR THE MEEGER, YOUR HONOR!"

Second Ditto (in an audible whisper). "B'LIEVE ME, 'TIS THE GINERAL, AND I'M HIS KYAR."

Green (?) Ensign. "AW—BORE THAT—CAN'T TAKE ME, I SUPPOSE? I'M ONLY A CAPTAIN." [*Hibernians decidedly sold.*

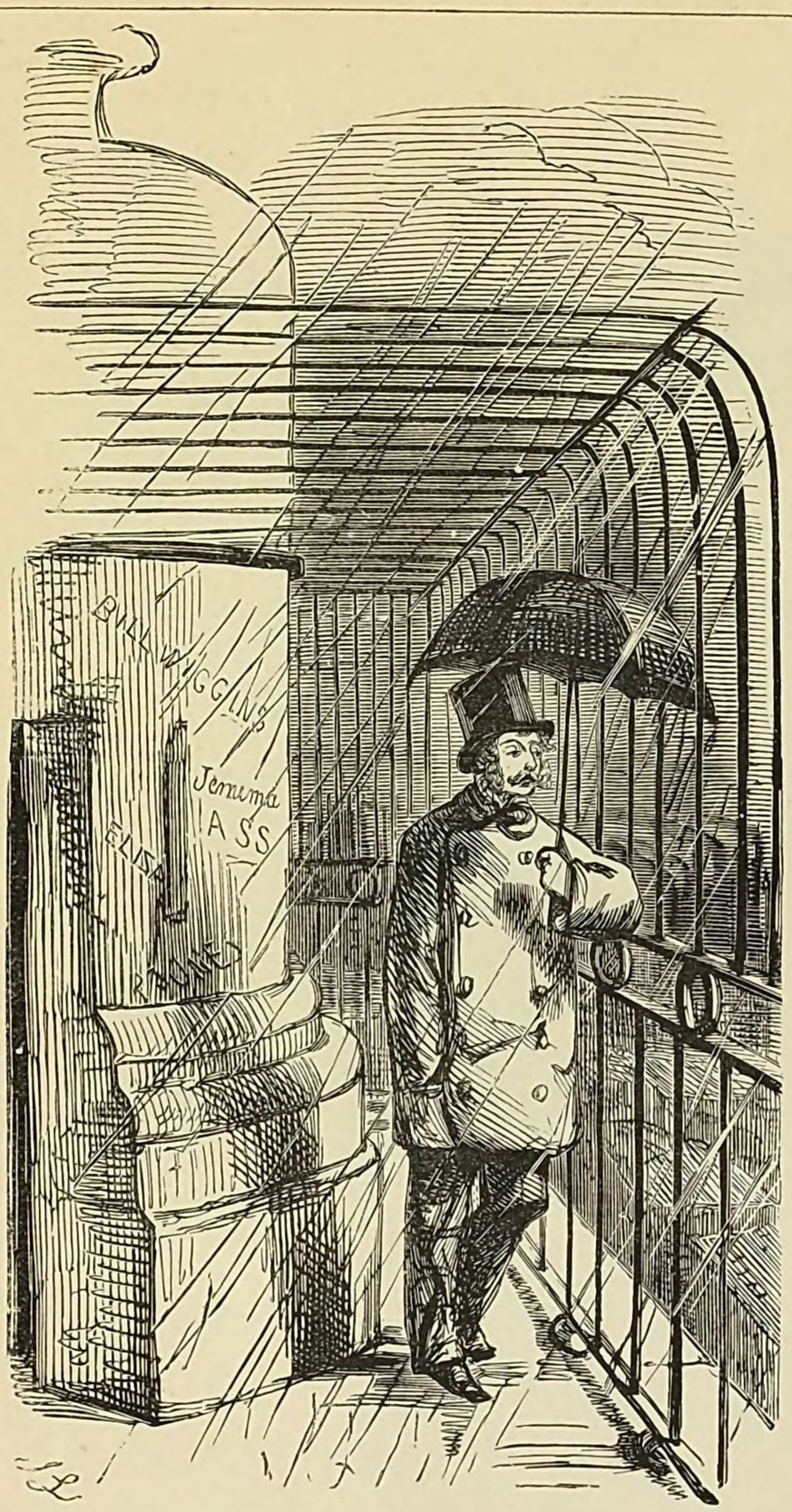


THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Sarah Jane. "LAWKS! WHY, IT'S HEXACT LIKE OUR HEMMER!"

A DAY AT

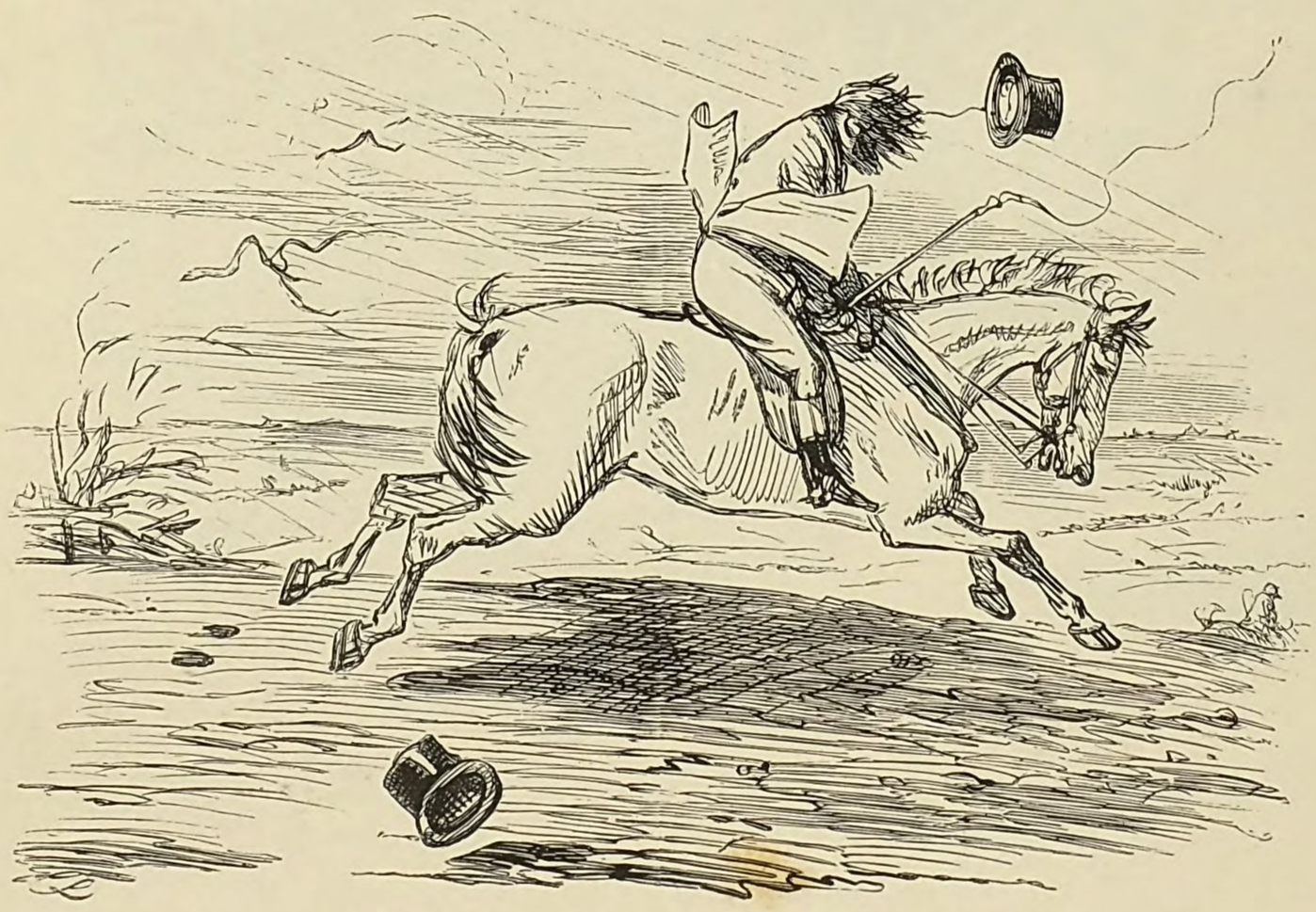
BIARRITZ.



IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.

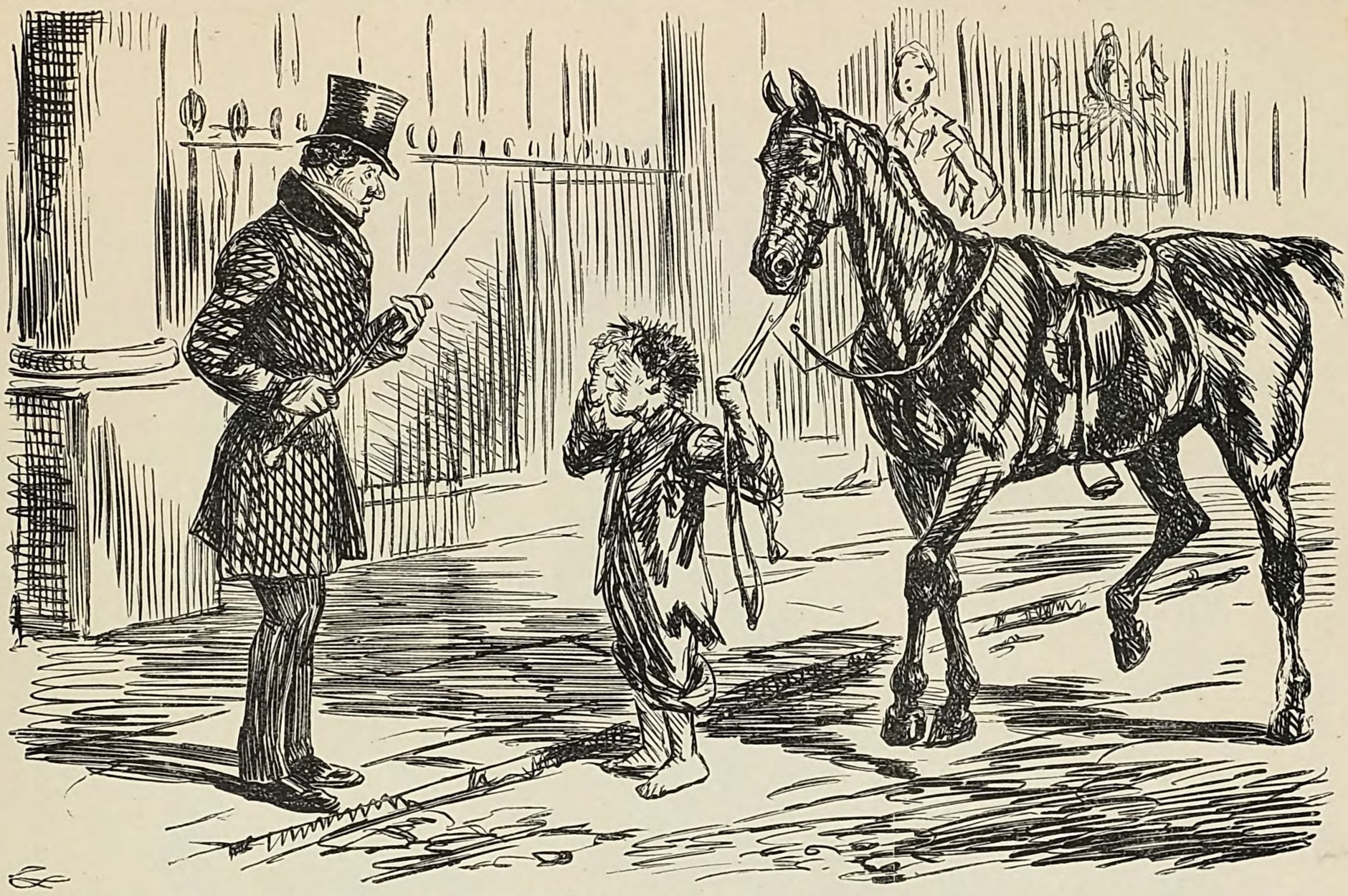
TRYING THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT ON A WET AFTERNOON.

THE BLACK DIAMOND—THE REAL MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT!!



THE SPORTIVE ELEMENTS.

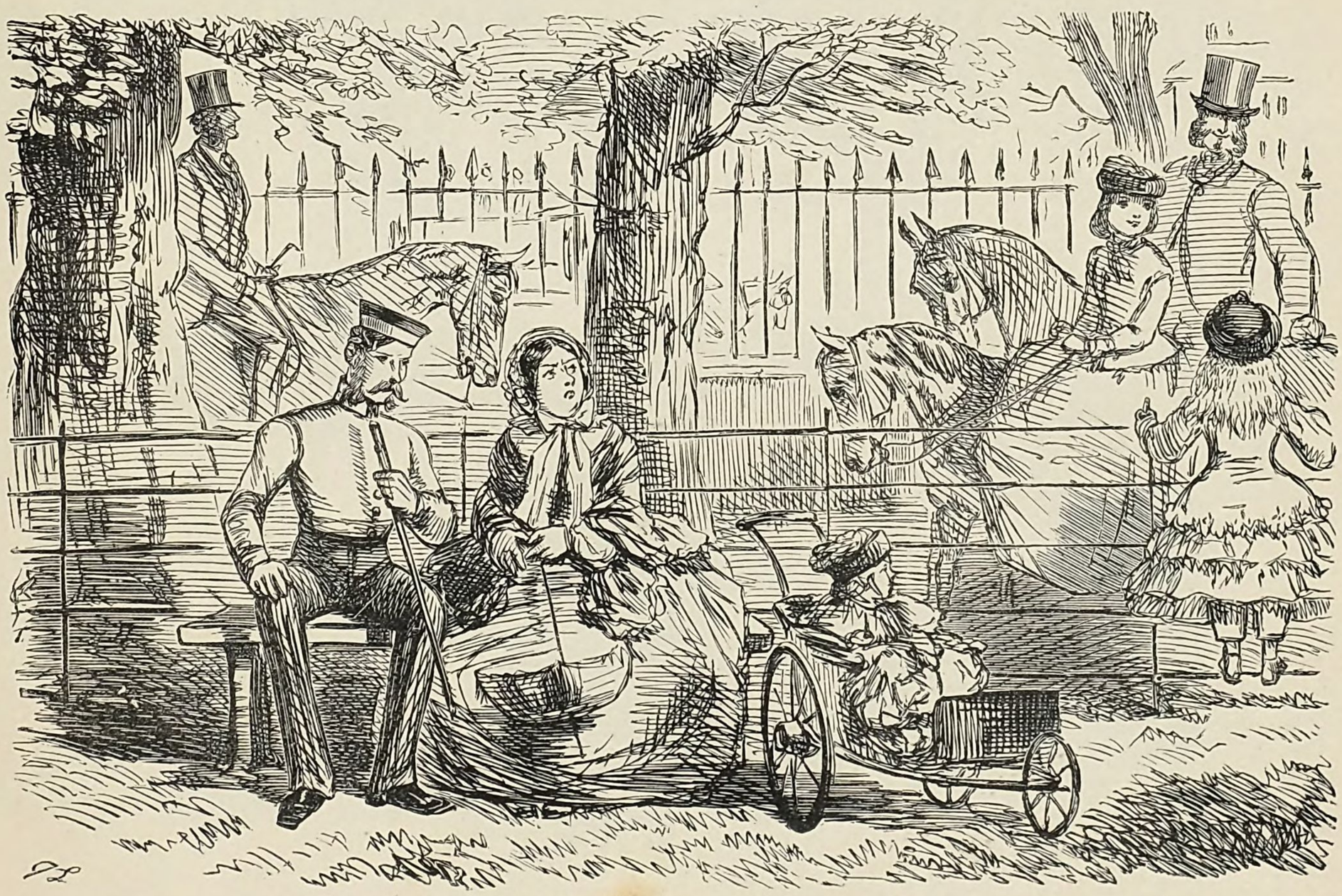
FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN A GALE OF WIND.



DOING A LITTLE BUSINESS.

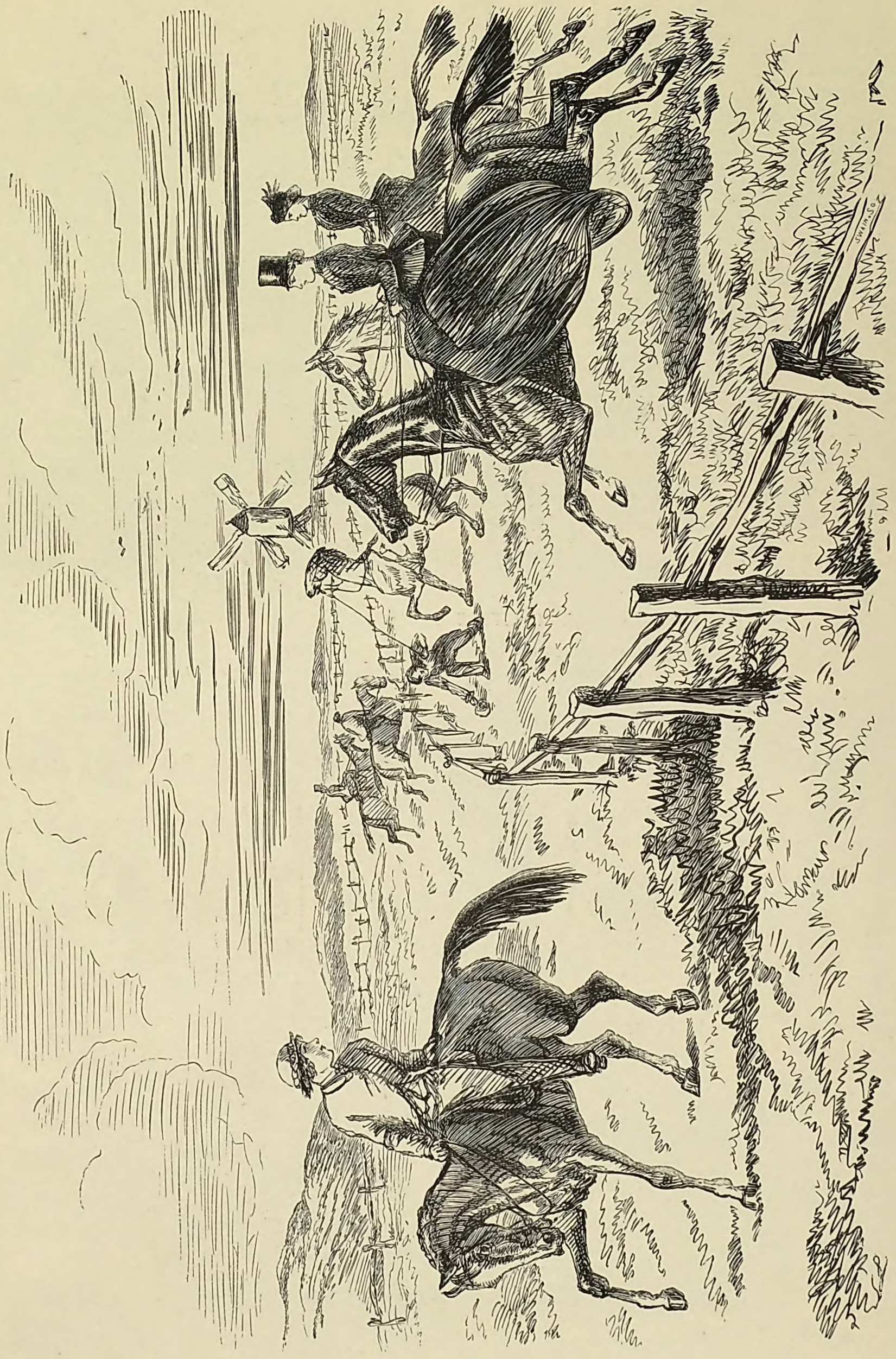
Old Equestrian. "WELL BUT—YOU'RE NOT THE BOY I LEFT MY HORSE WITH!"

Boy. "NO, SIR, I JIST SPEKILATED, AND BOUGHT 'IM OF T'OTHER BOY FOR A HARPENNY?"



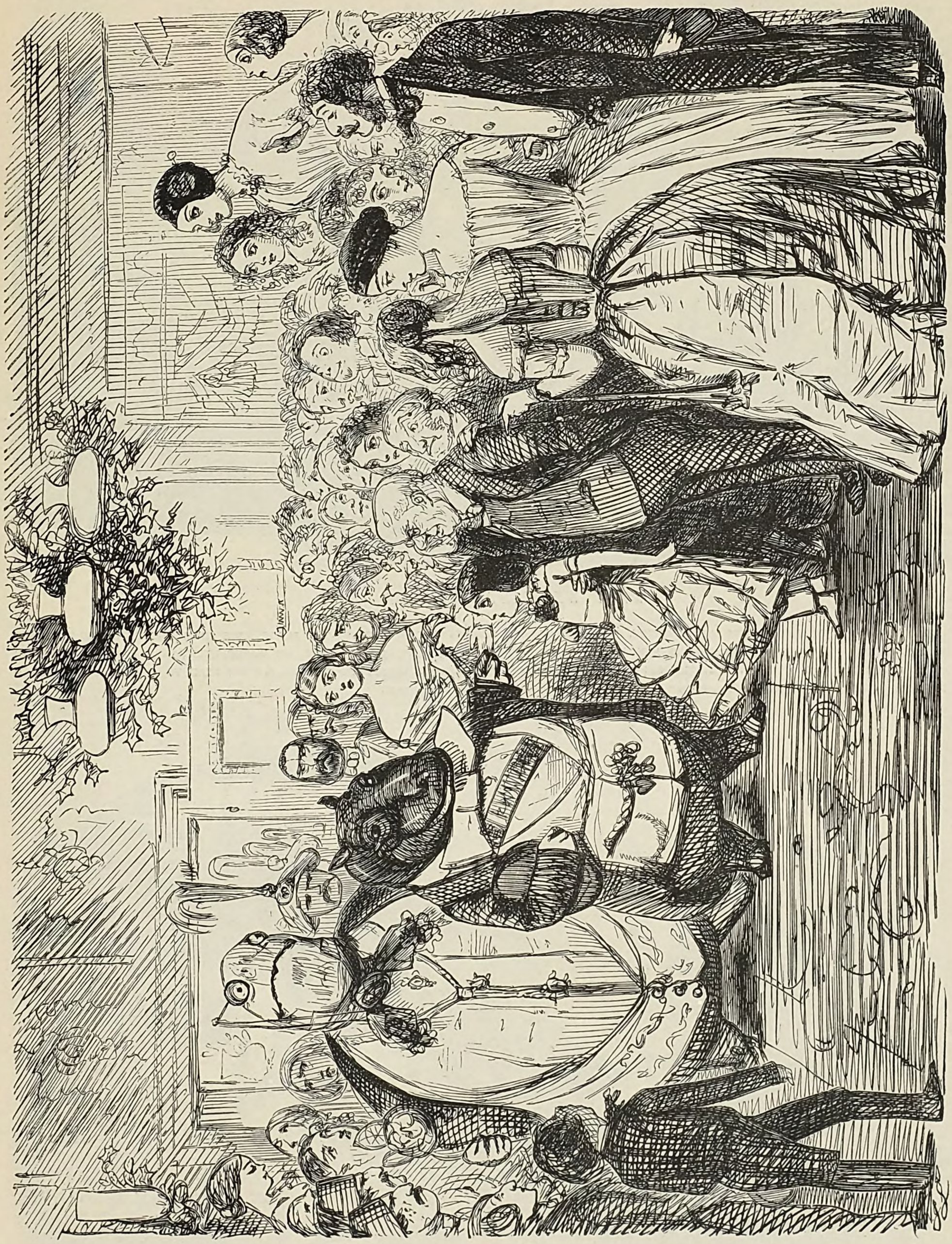
THE NEW RIDE. FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

SHALL OUR PRIVACY BE INVADED? SHALL OUR CHILDREN BE RIDDEN DOWN BY A BLOODTHIRSTY AND A BLOATED ARISTOCRACY? ARE OUR WIVES, DAUGHTERS, AND DOMESTICS TO BE TORN TO PIECES BY FEROCIOUS MASTIFFS? NEVER! UP THEN! MARROWBONES TO THE RESCUE!



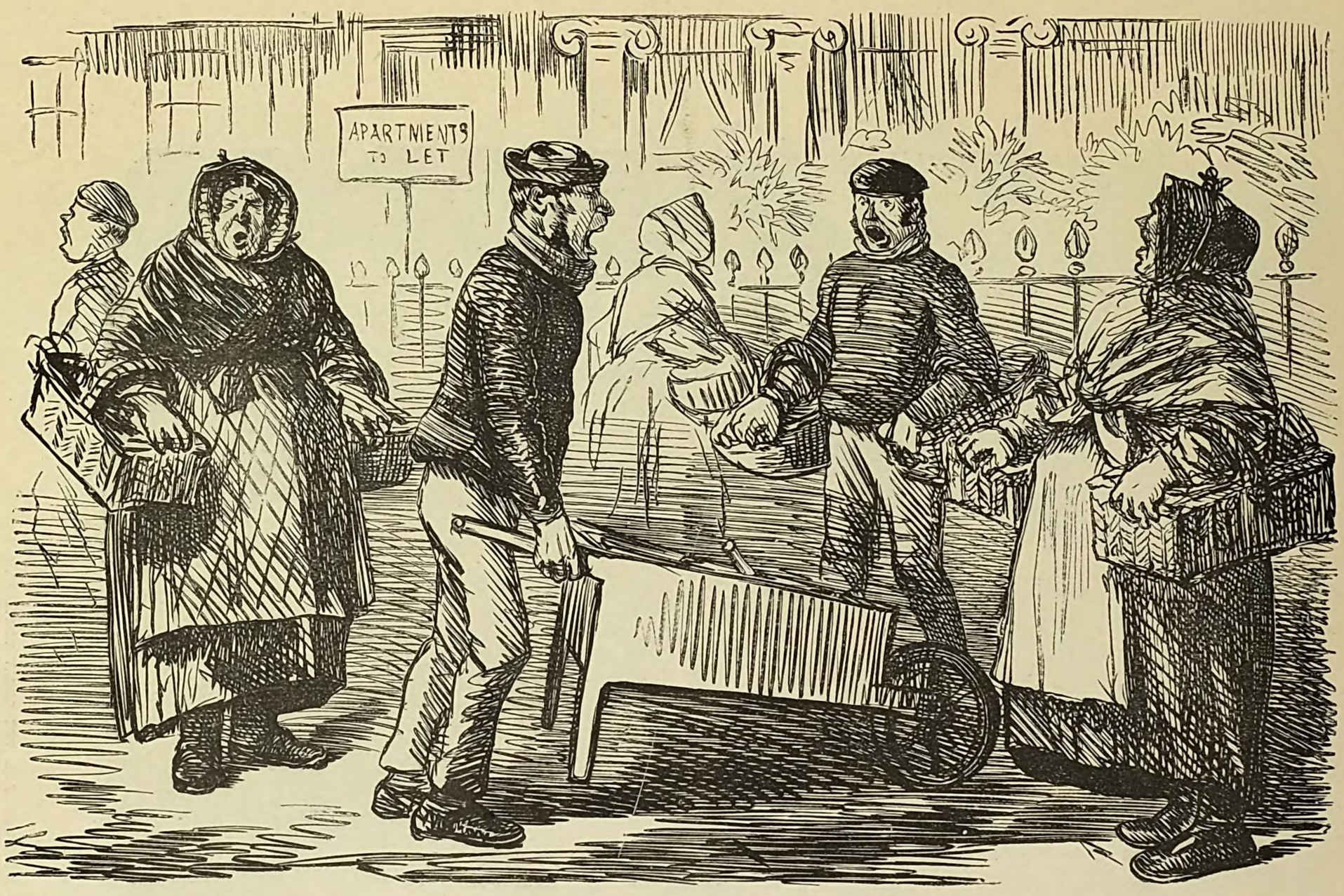
THE MORNING RIDE.

A NICE SENSATION FOR BRIGHTON.—POP OVER THE RAILS AND HAVE A GALLOP ON THE RACECOURSE.



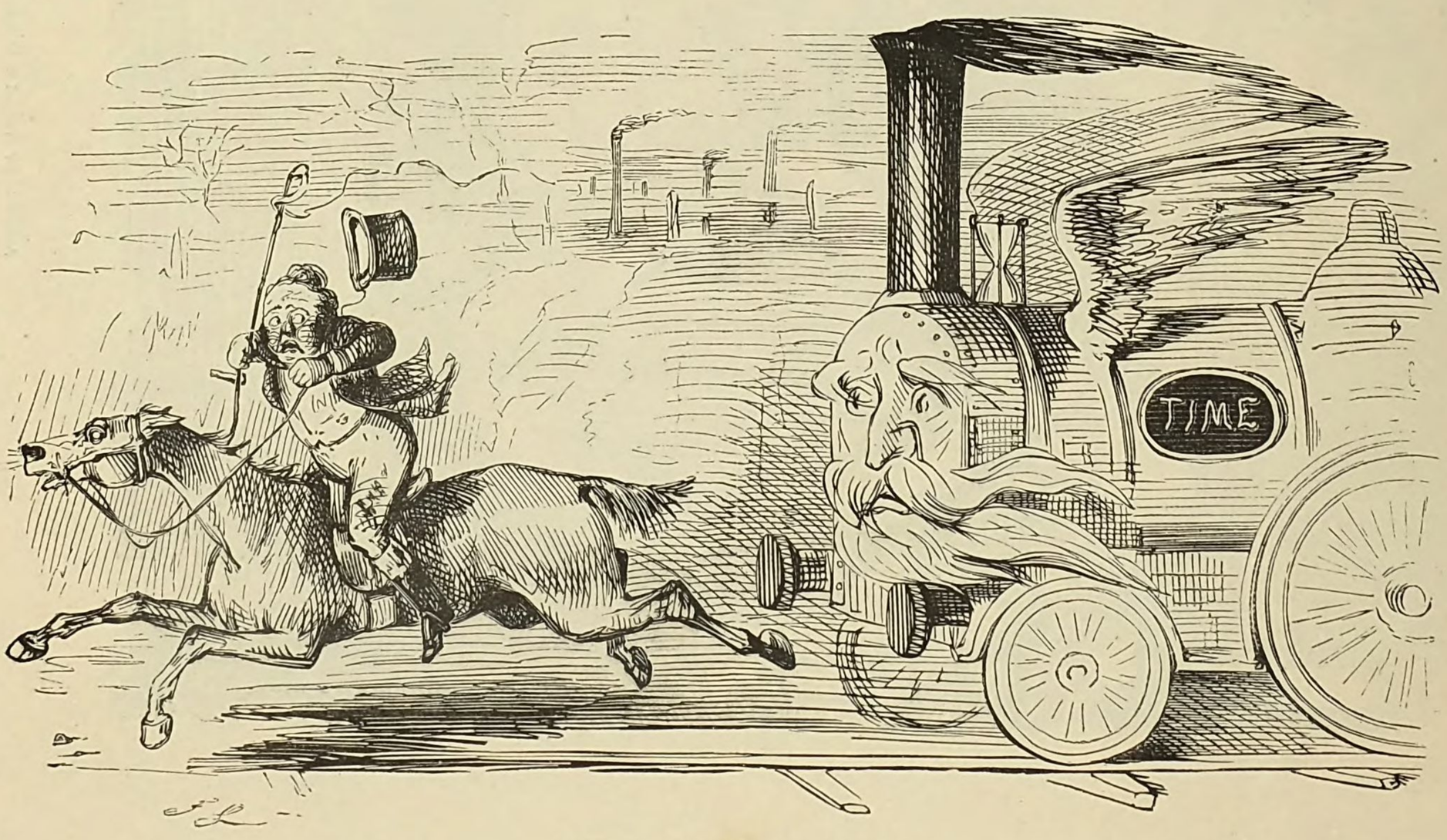
IN GOOD SOCIETY.

ARRIVAL OF THOSE DISTINGUISHED "LIONS," THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND THE GREAT TORTOISE.



WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

WE WANT TO KNOW WHY THE AUTHORITIES AT BRIGHTON, SO SENSIBLE AND CONSIDERATE IN KEEPING THE PLACE FREE FROM THE DETESTABLE ORGAN-GRINDERS, SHOULD PERMIT THE TERRIBLE NUISANCES INDICATED ABOVE? FRESH PRAWNS, WHITING, OYSTERS, OR WATER-CRESS, ARE CAPITAL THINGS IN THEIR WAY, AND WE SHOULD THINK THAT THE JADED MAN OF OCCUPATION, OR THE INVALID, WOULD VERY MUCH RATHER SEND TO A RESPECTABLE SHOP FOR SUCH DELICACIES, THAN HAVE THEM "BELLOWED" INTO HIS EARS MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.



NOT A DOUBTFUL RACE.

THE RAILWAY ENGINE AND THE FOXHUNTER—WHAT IT MUST COME TO.

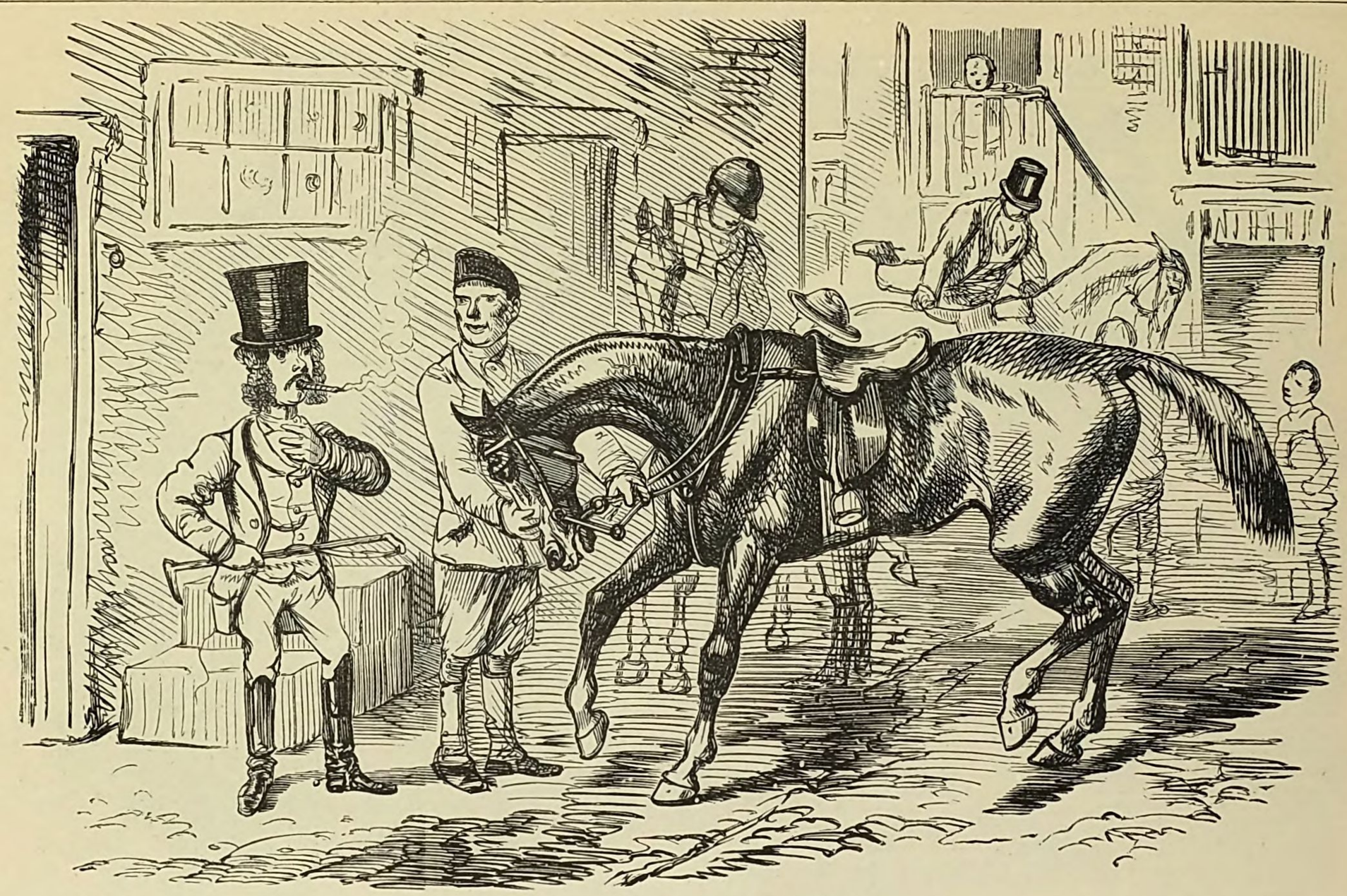
SHOEBURYNESS.

Captain Limber, R.A. "HAVING PLACED OUR BURSTER AND PREPARED OUR PERCUSSION FUSE, WHICH, YOU REMEMBER, EXPLODES BY THE SIMPLE FALL OF THE NEEDLE—WE PROCEED TO * * * *"

[PROFESSOR DABBLES *quite sees that the Artillery is a Service of itself, and having an appointment at the Megatherium, hurries off by the train.*

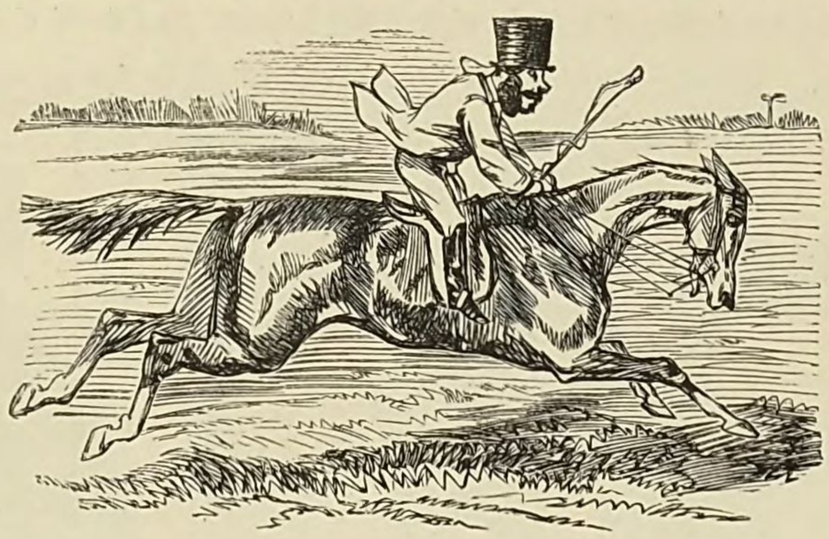
SHOCKING INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

Enter Bachelor Brother (who has come from a long day of business). "THAT CONFOUNDED ORGAN, AGAIN! ALTHOUGH I TOLD HIM TO GO! BUT—PHEW!!—MY DEAR REBECCA, WHAT DREADFUL ODOUR IS THIS IN THE ROOM?" [*The truth is, Rebecca has had the Grinding Ruffian to sketch from.*



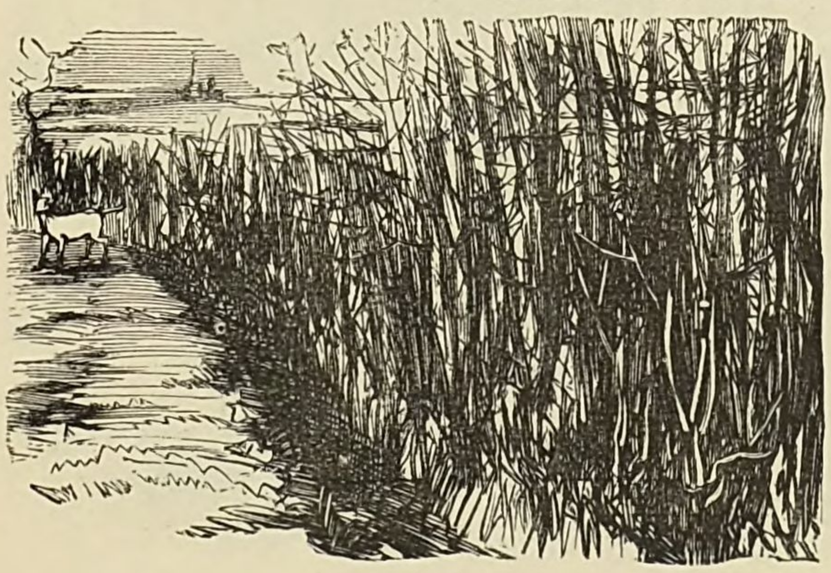
A DAY WITH THE STAG.—No. I.

TOM NODDY DOESN'T TAKE HIS OWN HORSE WITH HIM, AS HE THINKS IT IS BETTER TO HIRE A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE COUNTRY. THE GROOM ASSURES HIM THAT HE COULDN'T BE BETTER MOUNTED, FOR THE HORSE IS VERY FAST, WITH TRE*MEN*DJUS JUMPING POWER.



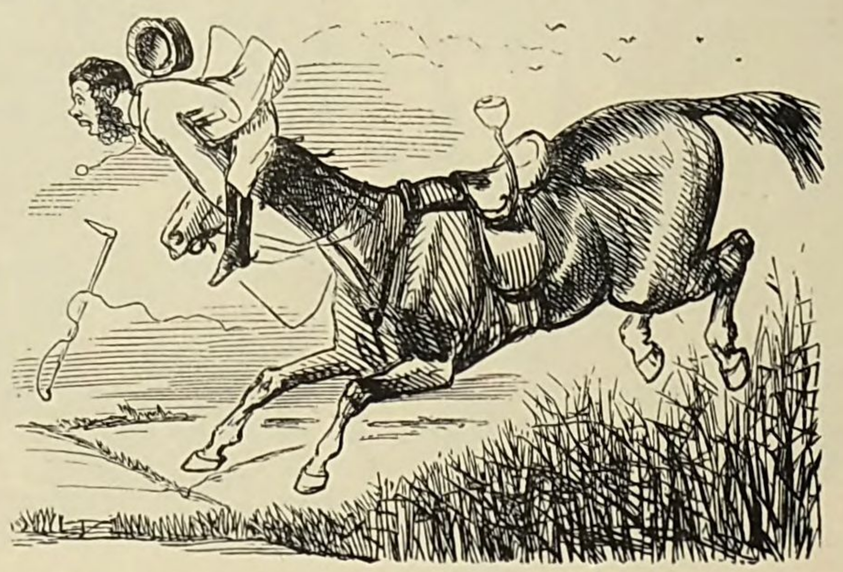
No. II.

* * * IT IS A BEAUTIFUL FIND, AND T. N. GETS WELL AWAY WITH THE HOUNDS. THE FIRST FIELD IS A LARGE PASTURE, AND HE AND HIS HORSE AGREE WONDERFULLY. OUR LITTLE FRIEND THINKS THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GRASS COUNTRY—UNTIL HE COMES



No. III.

TO THIS PRETTY THING—OVER WHICH HE AND THE HORSE (WITH TRE*MEN*DJUS JUMPING POWER) GO, AND ENTER THE NEXT FIELD IN



No. IV.

THE FOLLOWING ORDER:—T. N 1
HIS HORSE . . . 2

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

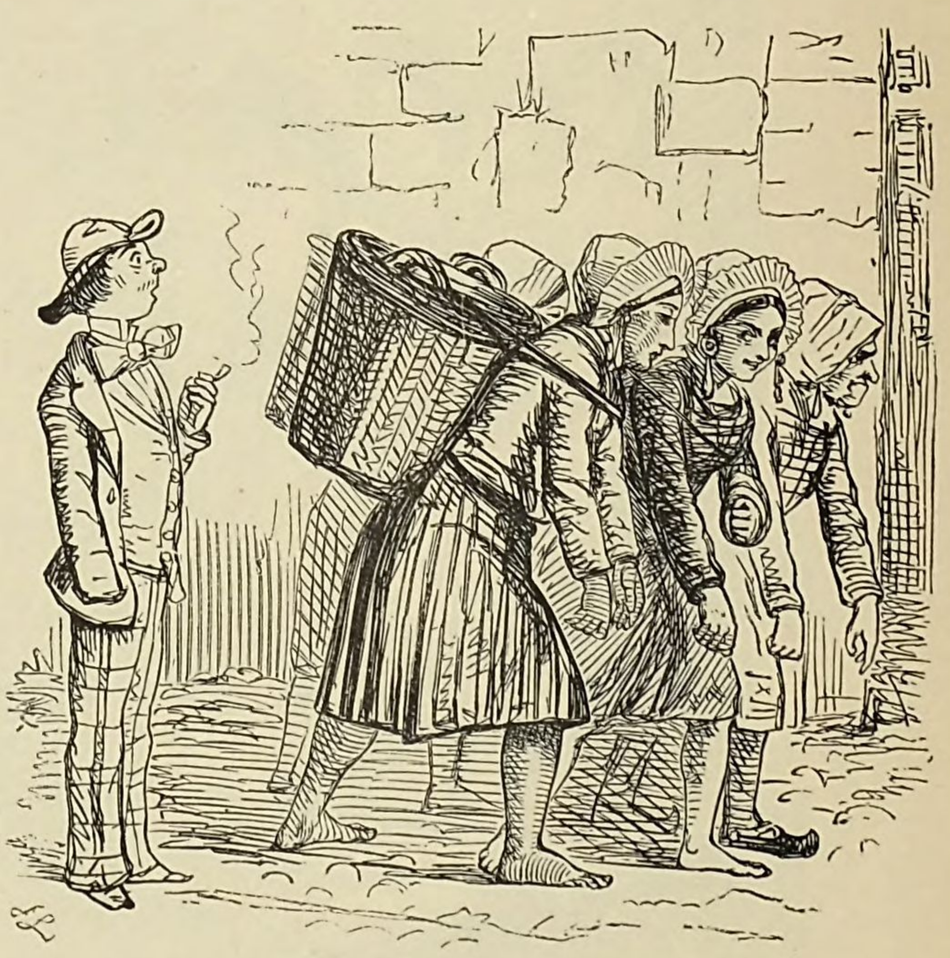
Little T. N. "SHALL YOU TAKE A SINGLE, OR RETURN?"

Friend. "WELL, I SHALL TAKE A RETURN, BECAUSE I KNOW THE HORSE I'M GOING TO RIDE,—BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE A SINGLE AND AN INSURANCE TICKET!"

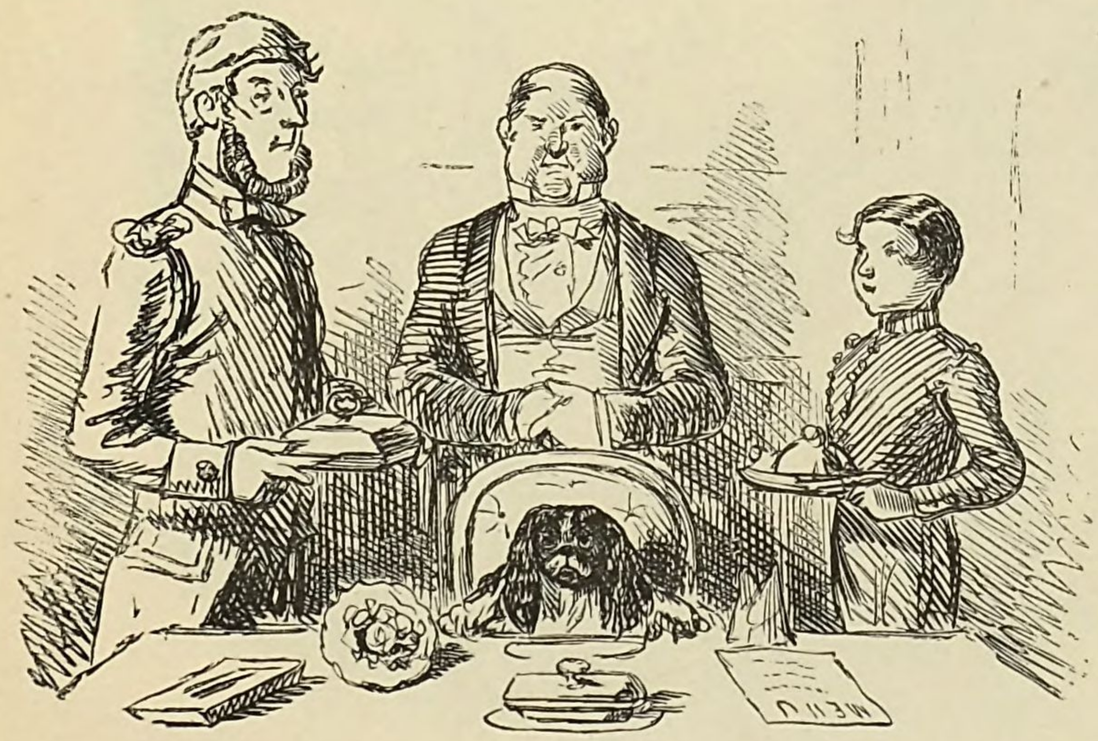
OUTRAGE UPON A GALLANT TURK.

SUCCESSFUL ANGLING.

THE GREAT BONNET QUESTION.



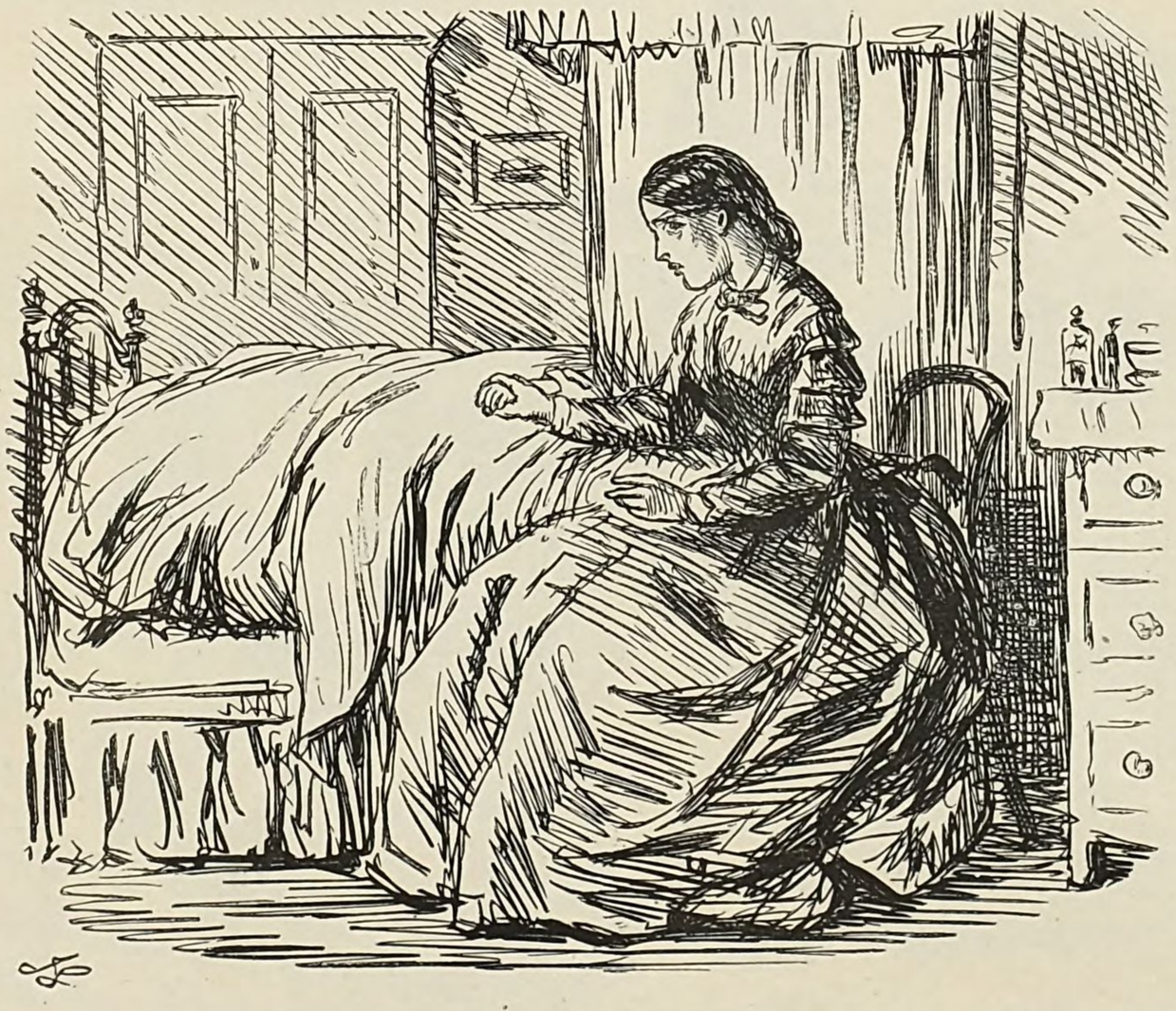
A COCKNEY AT DIEPPE.



THE LADIES' LAP-DOG SHOW.

THE ORGAN-GRINDING NUISANCE.—No. I.

Old Lady (1). "BOTHER OVER THE WAY! WE LIKE THE HORGINS!"

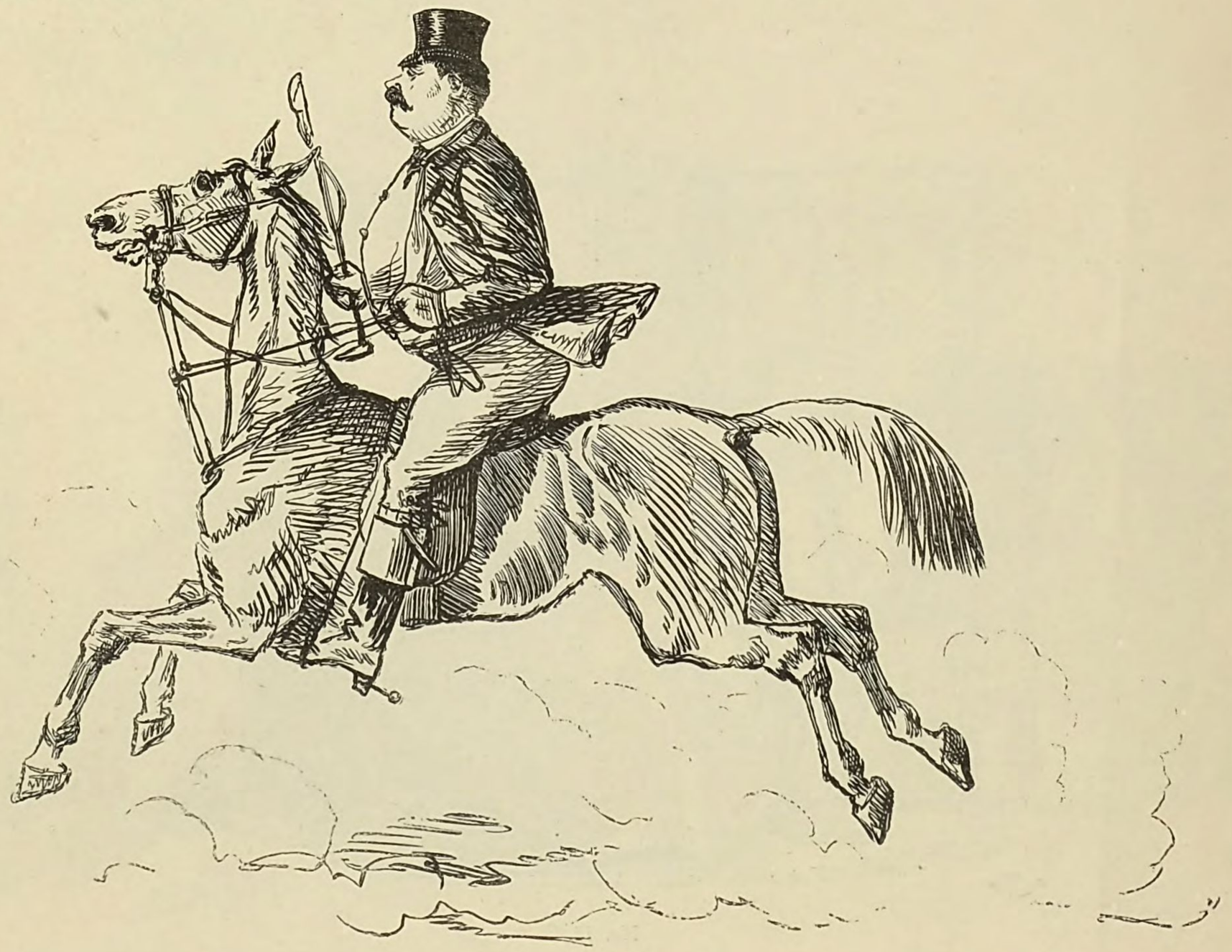


No. II.

OVER THE WAY—THE INVALID.

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

THAT AWFUL SWELL PERCY DE GOSLING FINDS HIMSELF BY ACCIDENT AT BRIGHTON ON WHIT-MONDAY. HIS NERVES HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY SHOCKED. ALREADY HE HAS BEEN ASKED IF HE WANTED ANY TEA-ACCOMMODATION; AND NOW A BOATMAN REQUESTS HIM TO "JINE THIS PARTY, AND MAKE UP THE 'ARF DOZEN FOR A ROW."



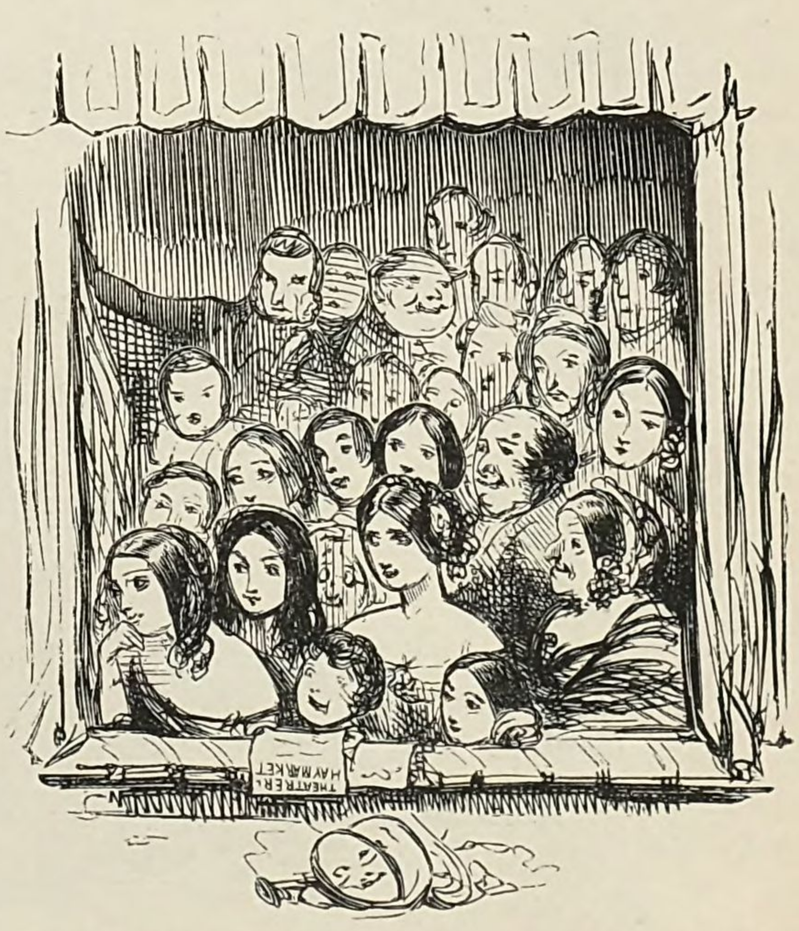
LE SPORT.

HOORAY! MOSSOO GOES TO THE DERBY, AND IN HIS FAVOURITE COSTUME OF "BRITISH SPORTMAN!"

AN OLD FRIEND.

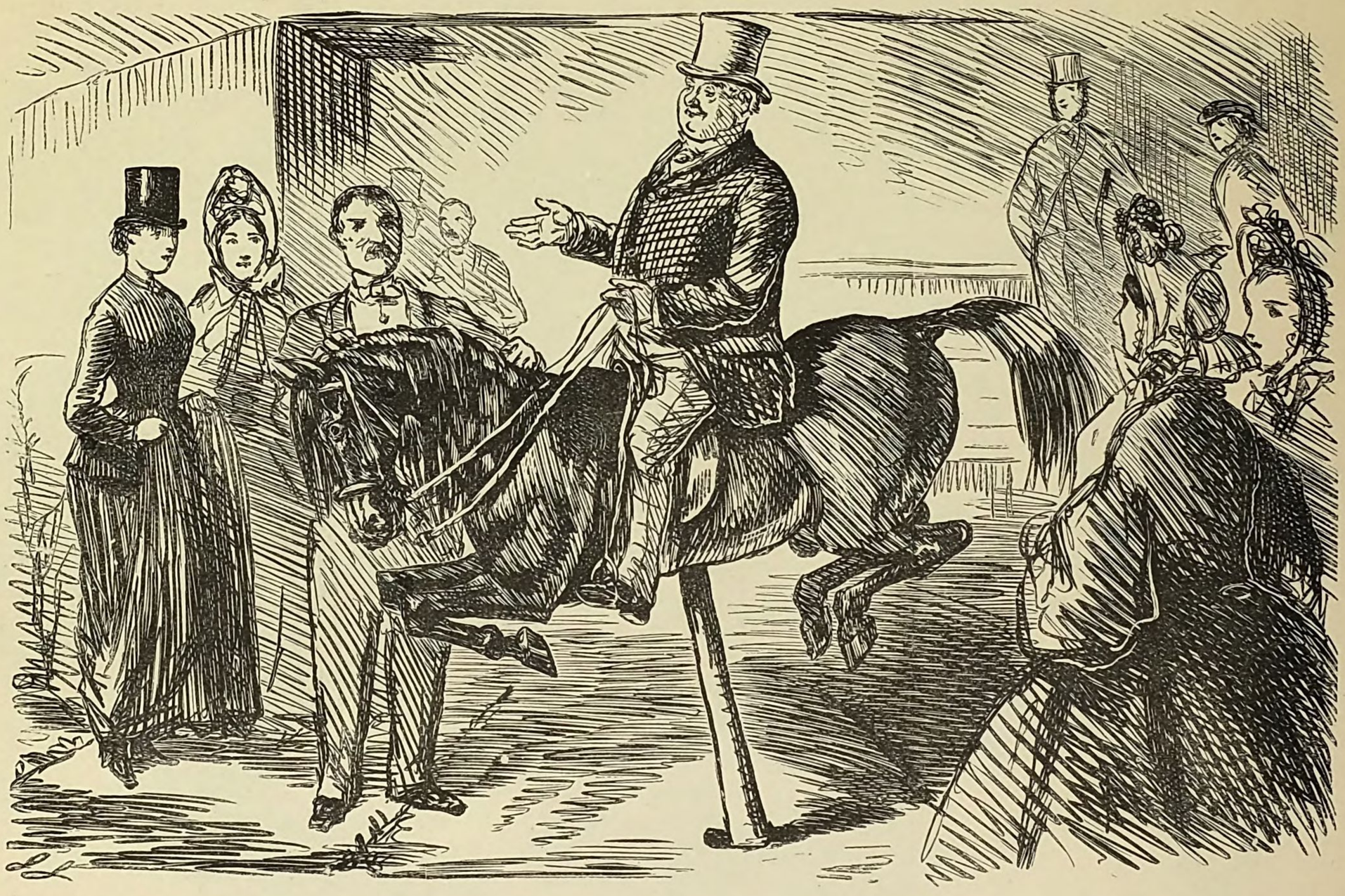
OH DEAR NO! OLD BR—GGS IS *NOT* DEAD—HE HAS TAKEN TO YACHTING FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH.

A JUNIOR COUNSEL.



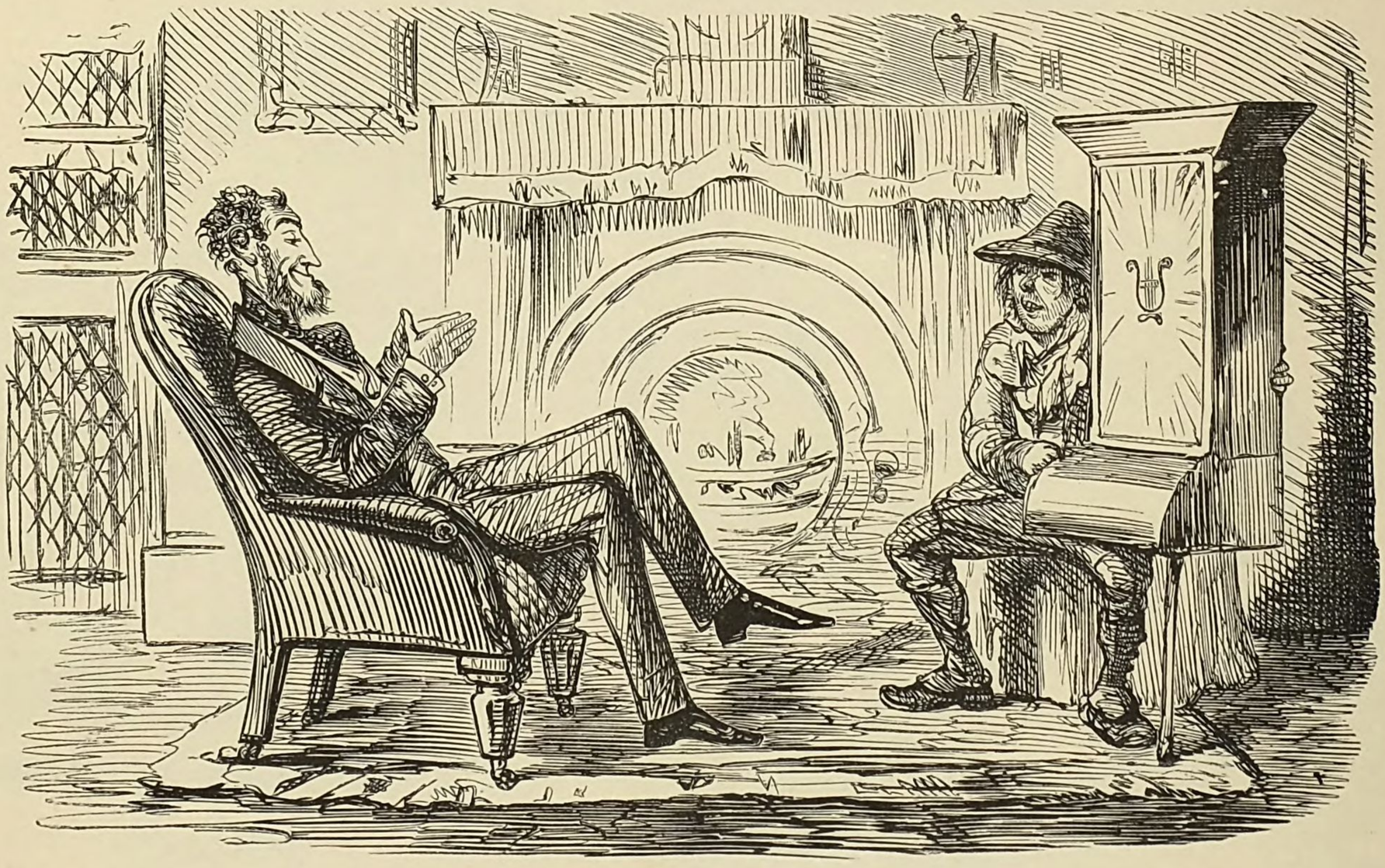
A FAMILY BOX AT THE THEATRE.

MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE-TAMING EXPERIENCES.



No. I.

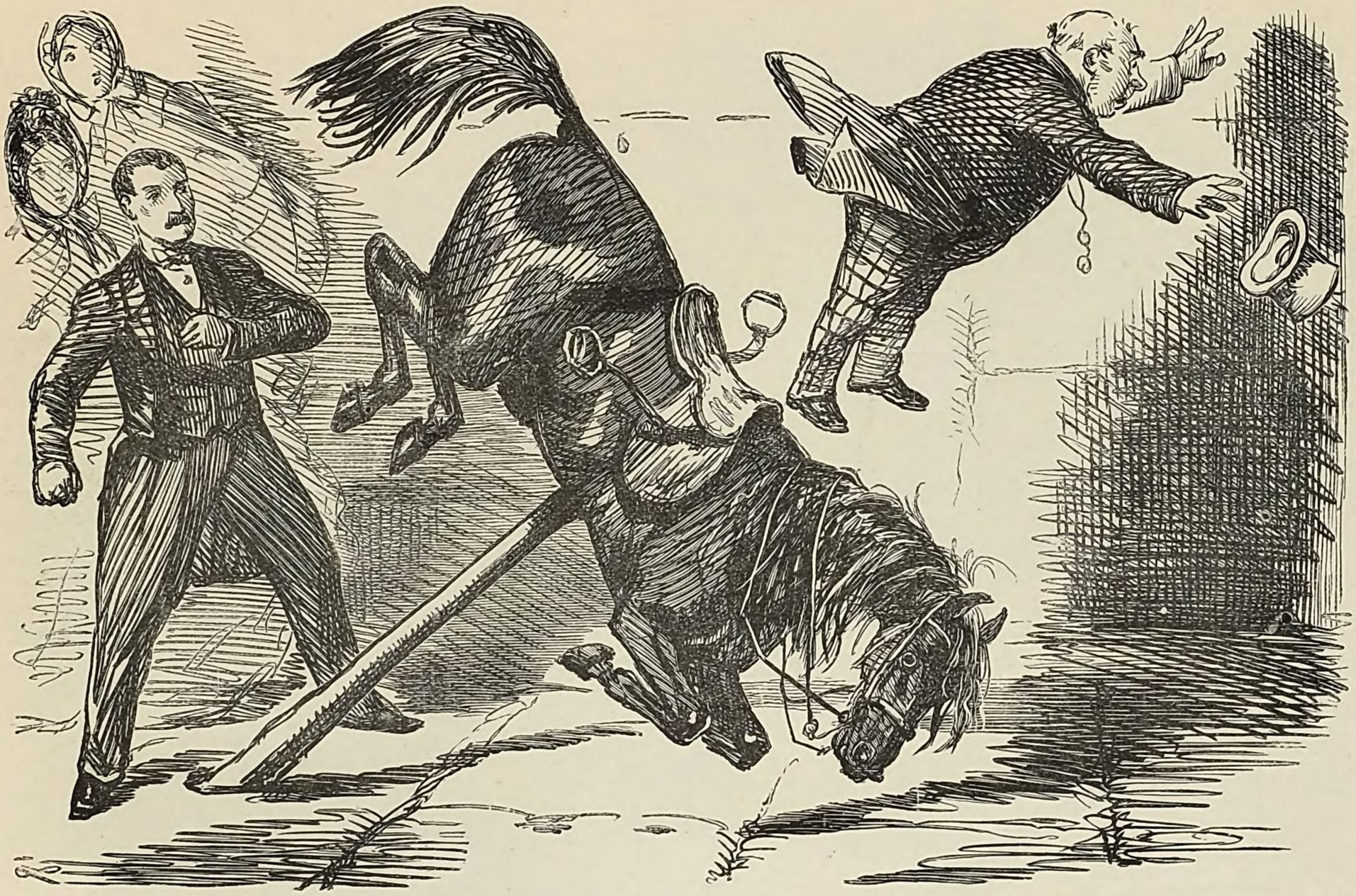
OUR FRIEND B. GOES WITH A PARTY TO SEE THE MECHANICAL HORSE. HE OF COURSE TRIES ITS POWERS. FIRST, THE SLOW AND GENTLE MOVEMENT!——



DE GUSTIBUS, &c., &c.

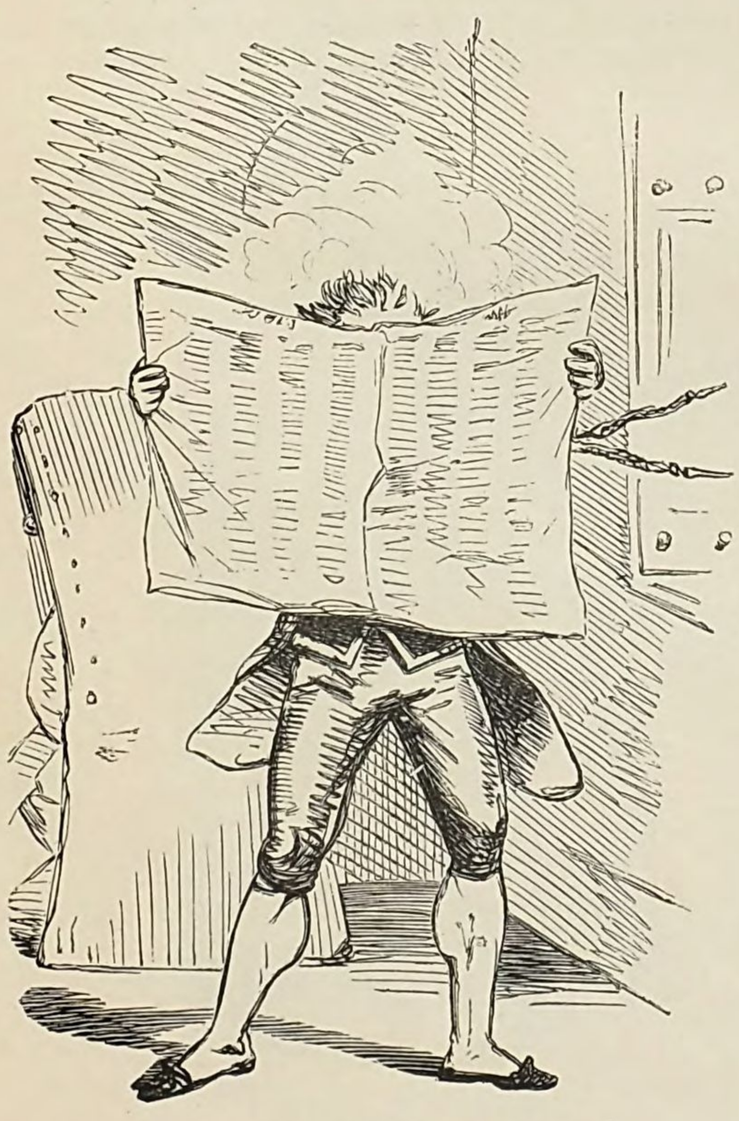
FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE NOBLE LORD WHO FINDS ORGAN-GRINDING AN "AGREEABLE RELIEF."

MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE-TAMING EXPERIENCES.



No. II.

AND THEN THE QUICK AND STRONG!



THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

HORROR OF JOHN THOMAS ON FINDING THAT UPPER SERVANTS ARE TO PAY THE INCOME TAX.

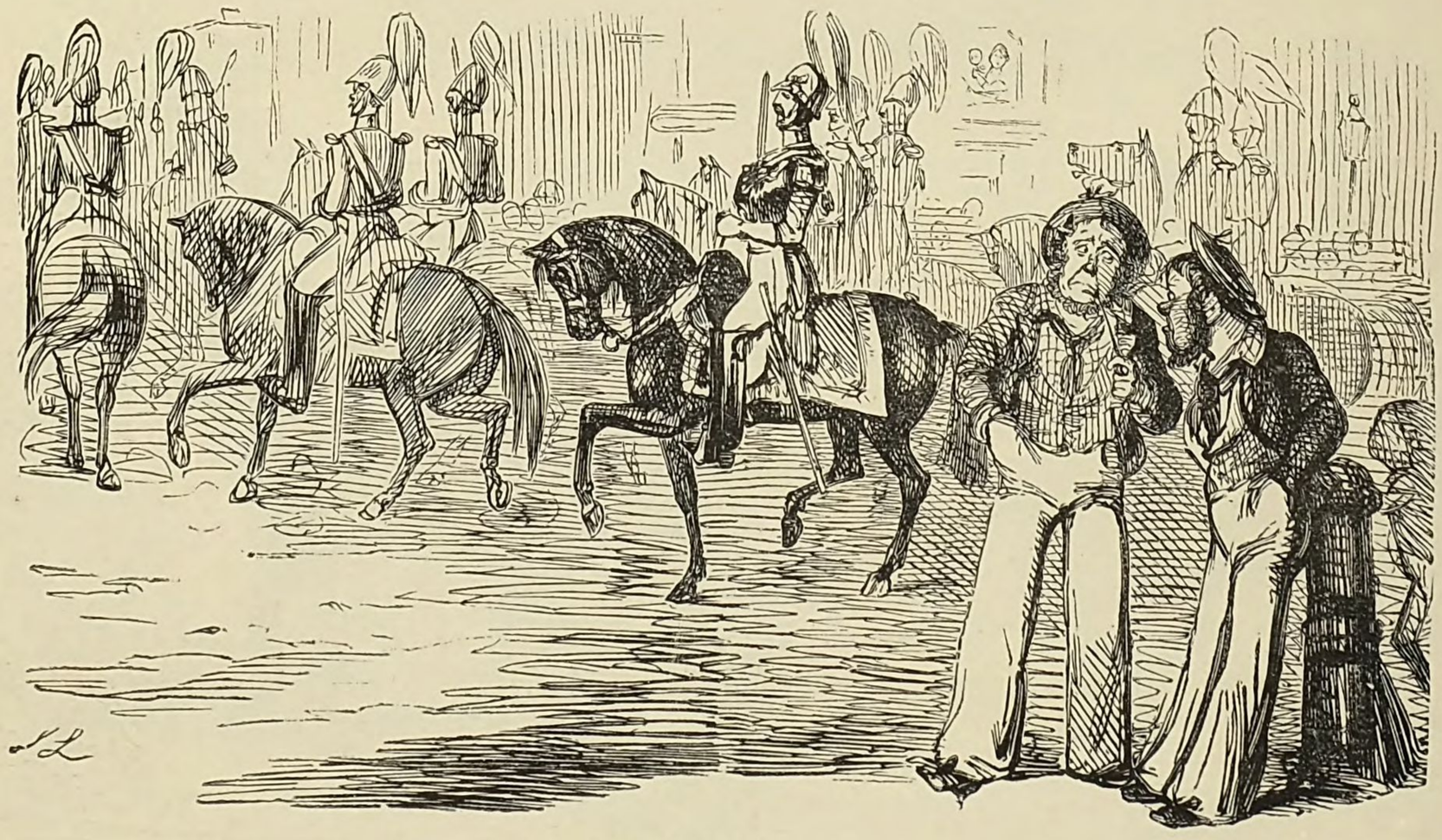
THE DINNER-BELL.

MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE-TAMING EXPERIENCES.

No. III.

OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BR—GGS, WHO HAS BECOME VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE HORSE HE RIDES, PURCHASES ONE OF THOSE EXTRAORDINARY COBS, UP TO WEIGHT, WARRANTED NEVER TO TRIP NOR SHY, AND WHICH ARE SO INVALUABLE TO AN ELDERLY OR A TIMID RIDER! THE ANIMAL HAS, HOWEVER, AMONGST A FEW OTHER PLAYFUL PECULIARITIES, A HABIT OF TRYING TO JAM HIS RIDER'S LEG AGAINST THE WALL, TO SAY NOTHING OF WALKING ABOUT ON HIS HIND LEGS, AS IF HE WERE A BIPED!

[*Tableau. Mr. B. as he appeared on the pavement.*



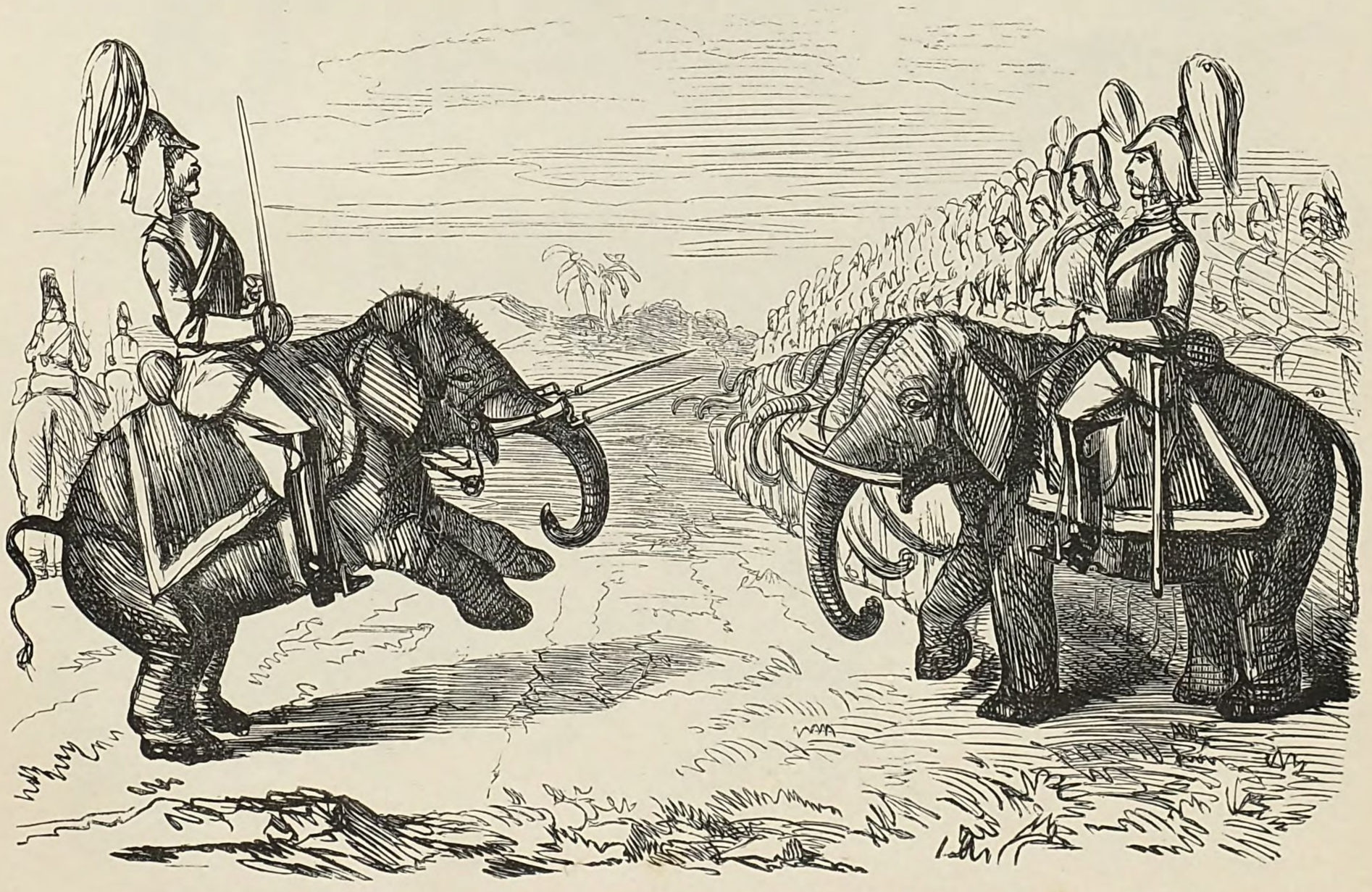
A ONE-SIDED VIEW.

Sailor (confidentially). "I SAY, JACK, ISN'T IT QUITE MELANCHOLY TO SEE THEM POOR FELLOWS DRESSED UP LIKE THAT 'ERE?"

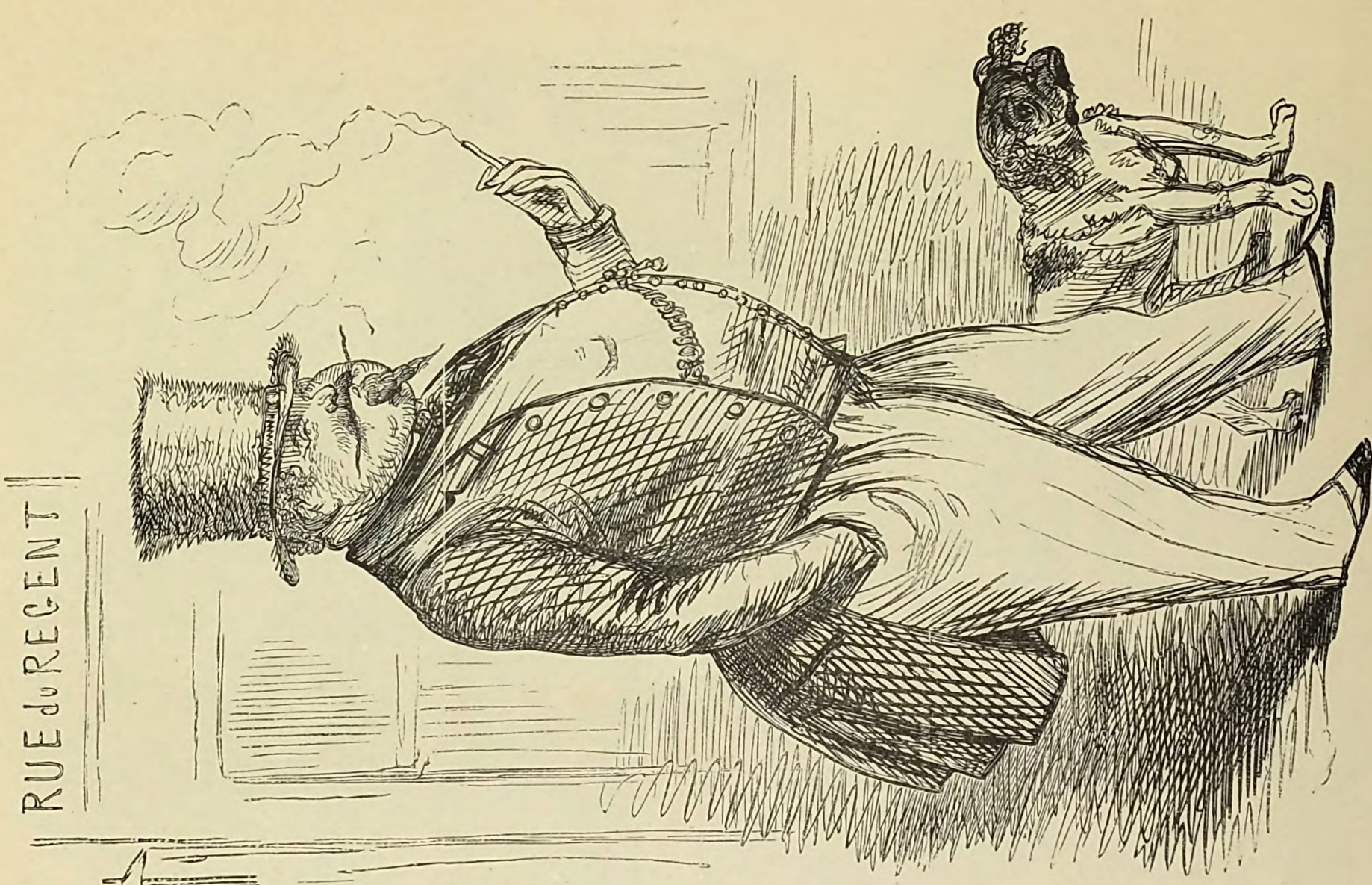
MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE-TAMING EXPERIENCES.

No. IV.

TO SHOW WHAT PERFECT CONTROL HE HAS OVER HIS ANIMAL, HE SEATS HIMSELF ON ITS BACK WITH HIS FACE TO ITS TAIL, AND—SUDDENLY OPENS AN UMBRELLA.



A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION, PRESENTED GRATIS TO THE HORSE GUARDS BY MR. PUNCH.



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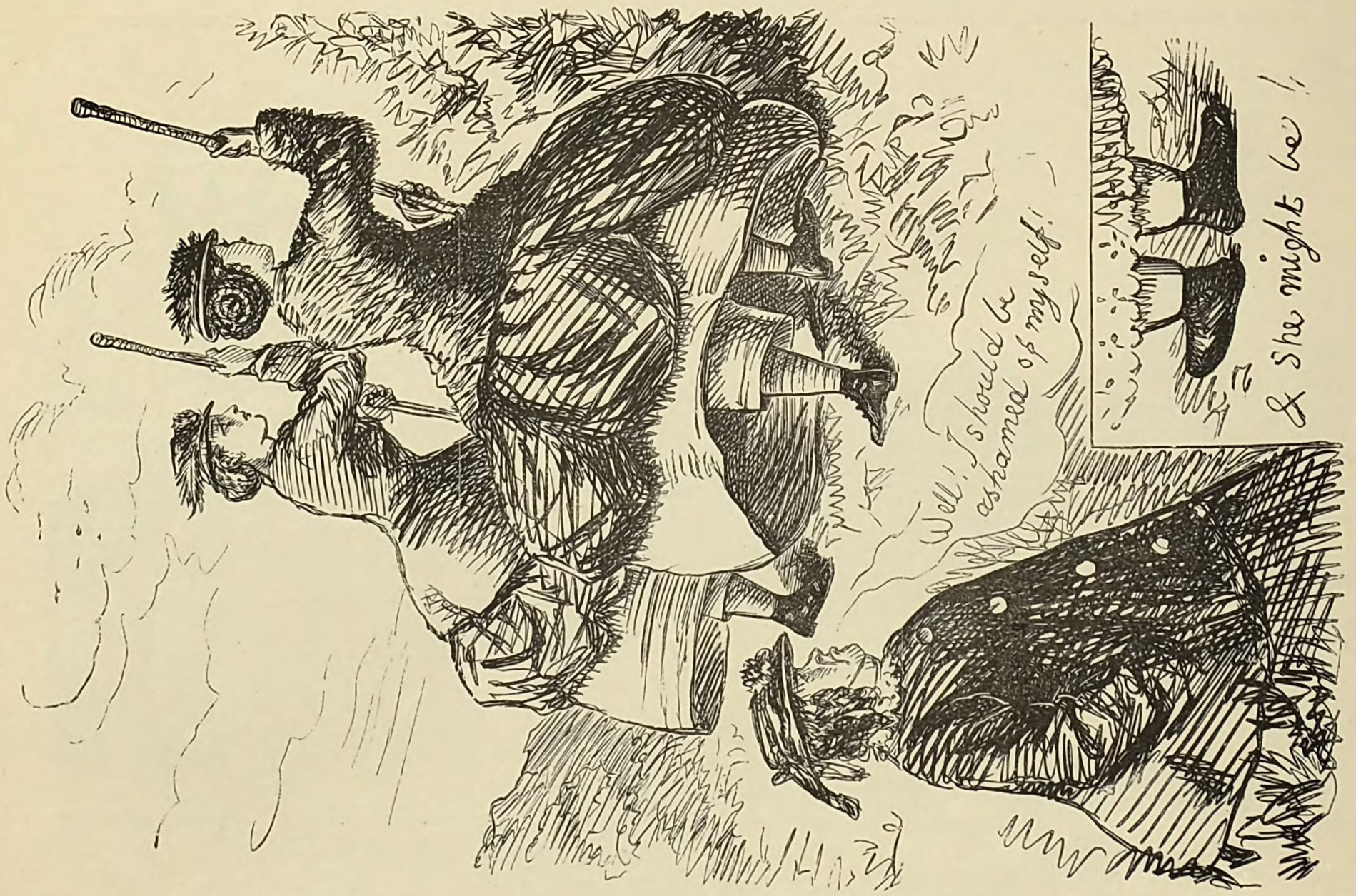

THE MALVERN HILLS.

HURRAH!

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT—CHAIRING THE BEST SHOT IN ENGLAND.

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LONDON

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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LONDON: BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Leech, John

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character From the Collection of 'Mr. Punch', (1842 - 1864)

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